

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

OVER 220,000 COPIES SOLD EVERY WEEK

FREE NOVEL

Vol. III. No. 12.

Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney, for transmission by post as a newspaper.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1935.

21 AUG 1935

PAGES. PRICE 3d.

SYDNEY



Fishing

By PHYLLIS DUNCAN-BROWN

Sally's on a fishing trip,
Laughing in the springtime air,
All the little sunny winds
Have tossed her crisping hair.

Cheeks are rosy through their tan...
Blessing of unclouded skies.
All youth's honesty looks out
From clear and happy eyes.

All the rippling water laughs
With dulcet airs of spring...
Sally of the sunny smile
Has taught the world to sing.

AIRMEN Who Are Forbidden to MARRY



Sky Bachelors of Point Cook Where Love Is Locked Out

Love is locked out at Point Cook.

In a bachelor quarters behind high thick hedges and a series of well-guarded gates live nearly a hundred young Australians.

The physical and mental qualifications demanded for admission as cadets to the Royal Australian Air Force ensure that they are the pick of Australia's young manhood.

An air cadet is the one lover in the world who should be able to say to his beloved, "Fly with me," and literally mean it.

But because of Air Board regulations he cannot even ask her to "larry on the tarmac."

ALTHOUGH our air cadets are among our most eligible bachelors, young girlhood may sigh in vain for several years, for the air cadets at Point Cook are forbidden to marry during their training, and strongly discouraged from doing so during their first few years as pilot officers when they transfer to Laverton.

The reason is that the Air Board considers their salary—£102/10/-—is inadequate for a married man to live on. An air cadet who is up in the air about the size of the gas bill might come down out of the air very suddenly if his mind were distracted from his job as pilot or navigator during instruction hours.

A contributing cause to bachelorhood is that young girls are often content to postpone their weddings until their air heroes are in better positions because they are not enthusiastic about living in married quarters at Laverton, which is nearly five miles from a railway station and many miles from the city.

THE Air Board may forbid cadets to marry, but it cannot stop them falling in love. A cadet may see two lovely eyes in the blue sky or golden curls in a fleecy cloud but, provided he can talk intelligently about velocity and throttles, land a plane without spectacular damage, settle down to his home-lessons in the evenings, and keep his romantic thoughts

to himself, he is secure from the frowns of the Air Board. Practical work begins at 8 a.m. every day and finishes at 5 p.m., and there are lessons to learn after dinner at night, so the cadet must organise his day-dreaming very thoroughly.

Three or four times a year there is a party at Point Cook and the cadet—a breath-taking figure in his smart uniform—can dance with his beloved, introduce her proudly to his officers, and wait on her gallantly at supper.

Parties will present difficulties, however, this year. Owing to increased opportunities for sending Australian airmen to the R.A.F. in England the number of cadets has been increased to 75 a year, and a party for cadets and their friends puts a big strain on the limited accommodation at Point Cook.

THE soldier in barracks can gaze with respectful devotion at the Colonel's daughter, but the air cadet or pilot officer has not even this solace. Officers retire early in the Air Force—officers up to the rank of squadron-leader at 45, and wing-commanders at 48, so that married officers in the Air Force have very young families.

When the pilot officer or flight-lieutenant is free to marry and can gaze at his bride across the breakfast-table instead of seeing her in visions in the sky, they have a nice little nest-egg accumulating in the bank.

From the time he becomes a pilot officer our bridegroom receives deferred

pay—increasing from £26/10/- a year for a pilot officer to £109/10/- a year for a wing-commander. The deferred pay accumulates until he leaves the Air Force.



THIS IS THE latest portrait of Princess Margaret Rose, who celebrates her fifth birthday this week (August 21). As she leaves her babyhood behind her, her likeness to her sister, Princess Elizabeth, becomes more marked.

—Photo by Air Mail.

—Mareva Adams.

AND NOW We Are FIVE!

Princess Margaret Rose Manfully Tackles the Three "R's"

From MARY ST. CLAIRE—By Air Mail

IN summer, she and her elder sister, Princess Elizabeth, generally wear the daintiest frilly frocks, usually exactly alike, and of delicate pastel shades. They don't often wear hats, and their hair is tied at the side with bows of ribbon to match their frocks.

PRINCESS MARGARET has begun to do lessons, as she got so bored having nothing to do while her sister was hard at work. I hear she can already read little stories in words of three letters, write her own name and tell the time. Both the little princesses are brought up very simply and very sensibly. They have their friends to play with them like any other small girls and they are made to be respectful to grown-ups and considerate of the servants' comfort. They are being trained exactly as their mother was, though as yet they haven't the disciplinary influence of brothers.

I hear that Margaret Rose is to spend her birthday at Glamis Castle, that

lovely old Scottish home where she was born. The whole family are to be the guests of the Duchess of York's parents, the Earl and Countess of Strathmore. Here at Glamis the children will have more freedom than they can enjoy in London. They are learning to swim in preparation for this lovely holiday, and I hear that there are to be ponies placed at their disposal.

In any case, they will both run about with just sandals on their feet, and no one will mind how dirty they get. That will all be part of the fun. It is rumored that "Granny's cook" is making a very wonderful birthday cake for the occasion.

LOIS FAR LOVELIER



she's a wise, wily maiden, this Lois of the petal-soft skin! Nobody may see her without her cherished Revelry face powder because she has to admit in her heart, that her complexion is really the most ordinary thing. Praise be to Revelry that makes it look so flawless.

Revelry
that artful, flattering Face Powder

2/6 Box — at all Chemists and Stores

Also Revelry Face Creams, Revelry Talc and Revelry Perfumes — echoing the same exciting fragrance.

J. & E. ATKINSON (AUST.) LTD.



MA 8.17

FASHION NEWS From PARIS

What Latest Collections Reveal

From MARY ST. CLAIRE—By Beam Wireless

PARIS, Saturday.

The latest collections reveal the following fashion highlights. The daytime silhouette favors slender, lithe curves. Skirts flare slightly at the hem. The waistline is lower, and the skirt-length one or two inches shorter than last season's.

The evening silhouette shows three main trends—the gracious lines of the Italian Renaissance, classical draperies, and sheaths with fullness below the knee.

FABRICS include satin-faced woollens, much velvet by day and by night, crumpled cloques, silk jersey for evening, satin cloques, lames, spangled chiffon, cellophane, lace, satin, and brocade.

Favorite colors are Italian-reds, Madonna-blues, purple, green, grey, much black, and many combined shades. One sees a dash of green and grey with red, amber with grass-green, brick with purple and brown, purple with deep blue.

Dresses and Coats

Slender-waisted coats with full sleeves are wrapped round the figure and finished with high-necked collars of bronze seal, silver fox, and Persian lamb. Military coats with wide belts and flared hems are trimmed with band-master braid across the chest. Other coats feature half the sleeves and boleros of fur with fullness across the front of the waist. Still others are classically

tailored, with half-belts, flower button-holes, and square collars. Half-length box coats in tweed are

semi-fitting and circular, or with deep inverted pleats at the back.

SMARTEST among the dresses were smooth woollen skirt-waist frocks, belted with suede, and vertical fastenings, blouse backs, full sleeves, and narrow waists. Silk frocks used fullness across the front, and the Italian influence is seen in sleeves and neck drapery, swathed waists, magar sleeves, fringe as trimming, or ruched velvet ribbon and embroidery.

Evening capes, like Bishops' copes, are fashioned from magnificent brocades and velvets. A few coats and frocks give a stained-glass window effect, with much church embroidery in metal thread and colored stones.

Infant Conductors in Eisteddfod Events

INFANT conductors will have a chance to show their mettle on the second day of the City of Sydney Eisteddfod this week, when six schools will send tiny youngsters to compete in the Infants' Percussion Band Competition. It will be worth making an effort to reach the Assembly Hall at nine o'clock on Thursday morning to see these small enthusiasts under the batons of conductors chosen from the bands themselves.

Wednesday is the first day of the Eisteddfod contests, and will be devoted mainly to judging juvenile choral competitions. It is amazing to see the number of schools from which teams have entered for these events; amazing and, at the same time, very encouraging for the future of music in this State.

Juvenile piano contests commence next Monday. Enthusiasm among entrants for under eighteen sections is at fever heat. Competitors from Queensland and widely-separated districts of N.S.W. are anxious to determine the winner of The Australian Women's Weekly £100 Scholarship will be staged.



"Come on, fellows, we'll show 'em how."

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



RECENT ARRIVAL

MISS BETTY SHAW, who recently arrived in Sydney, will act as assistant-adjudicator to Mr. Frank Clewlow in the Speech Training sections of the City of Sydney Entertainment. Miss Shaw studied for three years at the Central School of Speech Training and Dramatic Art, under Elsie Fogarty, and gained her diploma of dramatic art at London University and also at the Central School. In addition, she holds a certificate of the Board of International Phonetics, and is a registered member of the Association of Teachers of Speech and Drama (England).

Miss Shaw was in the Verse Speaking Choir which took part in "The Rock" at Sadler's Wells Theatre, London, in 1934, and in the winning Verse Speaking Choir of the English Verse Speaking Festival at Oxford in 1933.



GREAT ACTRESS

ELIZABETH BERGNER, said by many to be the greatest living actress, was born in Austria of Jewish parents thirty-four years ago. She is red-haired and liquid-eyed, and differs from other great actresses on stage and screen by complete lack of temperament and extreme punctiliousness. She has never been known to disappoint an audience. Once she played for a fortnight with a black eye, and another time with a badly burnt leg. Just over a year ago she became the wife of director Dr. Paul Czinner.



BOOK CENSORSHIP

CATHERINE DUNCAN, who is a staunch worker for the Book Censorship Abolition League, steps into the breach as acting-secretary whenever the secretary, Theo Lucas, has to leave Melbourne.

Miss Duncan is well known on the air for her "Camera Eye Looks Abroad," a series of talks including overtures news of politics, fashions, the theatre, and so on.

A few years ago she cut short her Arts course at Melbourne University to go on the stage with Theo Shaw. After that she turned to broadcasting, and is often heard in radio plays. She got her first experience broadcasting a children's hour, so she is particularly clever at portraying old grandmothers, witches, and ogres.

Recently she was given the job of dramatising May Gibbs' "Cuddlegut and Snuggles," so that is another treat in store for young listeners-in.

ALL EYES On The LEAGUE Of NATIONS

Some little-known facts about the First World Society

By F. W. L. ESCH

With war clouds gathering over Abyssinia, the world's attention is focused on the League of Nations at Geneva, where, during September, the fate of Peace will be decided, if not once and for all, at least once again.

Everyone is asking, "Will the League stop war?"—isn't it about time someone asked, "Will war stop the League?"

THOUGH the situation in Abyssinia is serious, the League has dealt with many similar disturbances in recent times with distinct success.

There have been failures, too, but these are in the minority—a point which many people are apt to forget.

What Geneva needs to-day more than anything is a good wide-awake publicity man who will present a barrage of arresting arguments in favor of peace and the League. Some of the League propaganda is of a namby-pamby kind. It is far too apologetic and ready to admit its failures while not aggressive enough in presenting its achievements.

One result is that the world's cartoonists present the League as a timid old man, and sometimes even as an old woman, when it should be represented as an athletic youth, purposeful and courageous.

PEOPLE don't know the strength of the League. How many know, for instance, that the League has stopped between 30 and 40 potential wars since it started? Every international dispute is a potential war, in a greater or lesser degree.

Some of these quarrels had all the earmarks of world wars. In many of them fighting had already broken out. Remember the assassination of Dr. Dolfus, and the shooting of King Alexander of Yugoslavia. The League fixed these extremely delicate situations, and many others as bad.

It failed in one or two cases, but what of it? Nothing succeeds all the time. The difference between success and failure depends on which one has most of it. There have been minor wars since the League started, but there has not yet been a world war.

Large Membership

HOW many people know the number of nations which are members of the League? There is a false impression current that it consists of only a few nations, the majority having drawn out.

Actually there are 57 members. This is nearly ten more than the League had when it started.

Peak membership was in 1924 when there were 60 members. That was only last year. They come and go. One or two have drawn out, and are now back. But the bulk of nations have stuck together in the League, and they are still sticking.

ANOTHER point not many people know is that of those nations which are not members, nearly all are partially interested in the League in some way or other.

America, for example, is one of several States which, though not in the League, participate in the benefits of the World Court of Justice at The Hague. An American is one of the 15 permanent Judges.

The U.S.A. is also a member of the International Labor Bureau, an important branch of the League, and America contributes towards the League finances.

A Million a Year

TALKING of finances, is £1,100,000 a year too much to spend on peace? For this is about the average annual cost of the League. England's share being 10 per cent, and Australia paying about £26,000 a year.

Each member nation contributes a number of units to its upkeep. The larger the nation, the greater the number of units. All finance is reckoned in gold francs.

Since the League was formed 15 years ago it has received £12,500,000. Of this the International Labor Office has spent £4,000,000, the Secretariat £7,500,000, and the World Court of Justice at The Hague £1,000,000.

League statisticians point out that, even at this rate, the League could be kept going for 65 years at the cost of world armaments for one year.

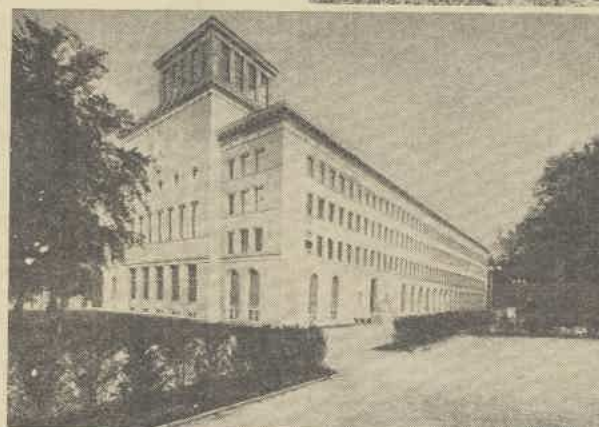
This argument is based upon the armament figures for 1929.

As for Australia's £36,000, it would hardly keep a battleship like the Canberra going for 12 months.

AN indication that the League had come to stay was given by the Assembly in 1924, when it decided to erect a permanent building at Geneva.

The plan was an ambitious one, and to many people who recognised only the peace-making work of the League it must have seemed like building a castle in the air.

The necessity for the building was thoroughly investigated beforehand, however, and it is now complete, and



THE INTERNATIONAL Labor Bureau at Geneva, a most important office of the League.

will be opened some time this year.

The new building has very much the same dimensions as the Palace of Versailles. Governments of member nations made gifts to provide interior decorations.

Rockefeller, Jun., donated two million dollars to build a library. This is additional to another large annual Rockefeller grant made to the League. Architects, draughtsmen, and workmen were drawn from ten different nations to complete the League's new home, which was financed from surplus funds.

Besides incorporating all the main branches of the League, apart from the International Labor Office, which is in a separate building, and the World Court of Justice at The Hague the new building contains studios for the League's wireless station, which goes under the name of Radio-Nations, and is one of the most interesting developments of the League's recent work.

Its Own Wireless

IN times of emergency, Radio-Nations can be used for broadcasting peace propaganda to war-seared nations. The station has transmitters capable of broadcasting to the whole world.

At present it does important communication work for widespread member nations of the League, and on Saturdays gives popular talks on the doings of the League in English, French, and Spanish. English and French, by the way, are the official languages of the League.

Members' representatives who cannot speak either have to provide interpreters.

The League maintains another wireless station at Singapore, controlled by the Health Organisation. It does very valuable work broadcasting the outbreak of tropical diseases to shipping, thus saving thousands in quarantine costs.

So numerous are the departments of the League that it would be impossible to describe them all in a short article. An interesting point, however, is that many of them were in existence before the League was founded.

The idea of international co-operation did not spring into being with the establishment of the League, and it is not likely to be upset by a temporary war.



ABOVE: The new building for the League of Nations at Geneva which will be opened this year. LEFT: The Institute for the Unification of Private Law at Rome, which is one of many international associations run by various countries affiliated with the League.

was set up in 1901, and this is now the First World Court of Justice.

Other departments of the League also found their origins in pre-Great War days.

The League, it seems, then, is not so much a new idea which has yet to be proved, but a better way of doing an old one.

How It Works

THE League works through an Assembly which meets once a year in September. There is also a council which meets about four times a year, unless special meetings are called.

Then there is a permanent international Civil Service, which constitutes the secretariat, consisting of about 1100 men and women from more than 50 different nations.

Considerable work is done in the co-ordination of international economics and finance, transit and communication, child welfare, minorities, mandates, educational co-operation, and the suppression of opium and drug traffic and white slavery.

"Whatever happens to the League, these organisations must continue to function as a sort of clearing-house for the world," says Seymour Jackson, a League finance expert in "International Affairs."

Australia's official representative at the League of Nations Assembly is Mr. Stanley Bruce, the Commonwealth's resident Ambassador in London.

When the League meets next month to consider the Italian-Abyssinian dispute, as well as other problems, Australia will be represented, and only the very worst turn of events will result in a breaking-down of negotiations.

At the Hague Palace of Peace an arbitration court for international disputes



FASHIONS

were different
then...

FASHIONS have changed since the days of the crinoline and bustle, and woman to-day may be wiser in her choice of clothing.

She is certainly wiser in her increasing appreciation of assurance as a means of financial provision (not dependent upon chance or happy circumstances) for her (and her family's) future. She is not only wise, but wisest in her generation if she selects the Prudential—the Company whose huge assets of nearly \$300,000,000 guarantee entire security.

A comparatively small sum invested in a Prudential policy now would guarantee sufficient later to completely finance a trip to Europe. Ask the Prudential for particulars.

**The PRUDENTIAL
ASSURANCE
CO. LTD.**
(INCORPORATED IN ENGLAND)

Head Office for
Australia and New Zealand
66 Pitt St. Sydney.
Branches in all
Capital Cities.

MACHINE-MADE Breathing... Cures LITTLE GIRL

Respirator Not Likely to Be Installed In All Hospitals

Ruby Currie, aged 6, of Melbourne, has made history. She is the first patient successfully treated in Victoria's only Drinker respirator. There are only two of these respirators in Australia.

Suffering from paralysis of the diaphragm following diphtheria, Ruby lay in the respirator for sixteen days, and after a few days was able to eat, play with her toys, and talk to her friends while the machine breathed for her.

THE Drinker respirator was invented in 1929 by Prof. Drinker, in charge of the Public Health Department of Harvard University, America.

Before the invention of the machine the only means of artificial respiration was the Schafer system still used by life-saving societies for resuscitating drowned people.

Before the Schafer method the

only means of restoring breathing was with bellows. This method was in use from the 15th century until about 50 years ago.

THE Drinker respirator at the Children's Hospital, Melbourne, is the only one in Victoria. It was given to the hospital in 1933 by the Rotary Club, and cost £350, the Government having exempted it from duties.

Since its installation seven patients suffering from infantile paralysis or accident have been treated in the machine. Ruby Currie is the first one treated suc-

cessfully. The hospital attribute a large measure of its success to the promptness of Fairfield Infectious Diseases Hospital in sending the child to the Children's Hospital for respirator treatment.

Dr. Williams, of the Children's Hospital, said the machine can be used in any condition where artificial respiration is needed—notably infantile paralysis, accidents, poisoning by various drugs—and in certain cases of paralysis of the diaphragm. Similar machines are in existence for reviving new-born babies.

The machine works on much the same principle as a vacuum cleaner, except that where the cleaner draws in dust, the patient draws in air into the lungs.

Lamp-heater

THE machine is a wood and metal box with a movable front to which is attached a rubber cap which fits closely round the patient's throat. A cot fits in under the machine.

A low-powered motor creates a vacuum inside the box, inducing the patient to draw in air, and a small motor breaks down the vacuum at regular intervals of 30 a minute, creating changes in the vacuum to induce the patient to breathe out air, the movements approximating to normal respiration. The patient is covered with blankets and a



AN INTERESTING glimpse of Mr. H. D. McIntosh's recently-opened milk bar in Fleet St., London—the first milk bar to be opened in England. Canon "Dick" Sheppard, of St. Paul's Cathedral, is leaning on the counter with his glass in his left hand. Another notable patron, shown in the photo holding his glass in his right hand, is Webster, the famous sporting cartoonist.

—Photo by Air Mail.

25 candle-power carbon arc lamp gives extra warmth.

The only other Drinker machine in Australia is in the Children's Hospital, Sydney. It was provided by the Federal Government.

In the opinion of Dr. Williams, the machine has a limited field of usefulness and is not likely to be installed in all hospitals. Its greatest usefulness is in children's hospitals and possibly in infectious diseases hospitals where disorders in respiration resulting from infectious diseases are more likely to occur.

In America, 48 children were treated successfully in respirators during an

epidemic of infantile paralysis. Recently six cases of diphtheritic paralysis were treated in England, four of them successfully.

Low Cost

THE maintenance cost of the machine is low—not more than 4/- per day while the machine is in use. The machine is fitted with emergency hand-bellows. During treatment of one case in the Melbourne machine the electric motor broke down and the hand-bellows were used for two days, the hand-bellow operators working in relays.



Your Coffee—VACUUM PACKED

TO-DAY, or many weeks ahead, you can have Coffee always fresh. The Coffee you most enjoy, Bushell's Pure Coffee, is now vacuum packed.

Vacuum packing draws out the air and scientifically seals up the fresh Coffee with all its richness and aroma.

PACKED FRESH—STAYS FRESH

You'll see these tins at your grocer's. Ask him to show you Bushell's Vacuum Packed Pure Coffee in tins or glass jars, the finest and richest Coffee, vacuum packed fresh.

Taste the new freshness in your Coffee cup. Order Bushell's—vacuum packed.

Secure Them Now!

HOSE of our readers who have made reservations for the "Illustrated Family Doctor" and "The Silver Jubilee Book" are reminded that these volumes are now available, and The Australian Women's Weekly cannot accept the responsibility of holding books reserved indefinitely. Meanwhile the tokens will continue during September to enable readers who have made late reservations to qualify.

Reservations for "The Children's Treasure House" will still be accepted until August 31. The tokens for this beautiful book will continue to be published each week until the end of October. Send reservations early.

"HONEYMOON" Flight From Here to ENGLAND Young Couple Arrive with High Hopes

The latest in "honeymoon" trips is to be a flight from Australia to England according to Mrs. Dampney, an English girl who has just arrived in Australia with her husband.

JOHN LESLIE DAMPNEY, who arrived at Fremantle on Friday, accompanied by his wife, on the Jervis Bay, stated that he intended flying to England non-stop at a later date.

He is over 6ft., and good-looking, whilst his wife, a striking blonde, is 5ft. 10in.

In a special interview she said she was born in Brentford, England. Her maiden name was Joan Eileen Higgins, and, though Irish-named, she is an Englishwoman.

Her sister is the Welsh international golf player, Miss Sylvia Higgins. Mrs. Dampney was formerly a nurse, and first met her husband when she nursed him, two years ago. They have been married five months.

Mrs. Dampney does not hold a flier's licence at present, but is determined to gain one as soon as possible in Australia, so that she can take a turn at the controls of the machine when her husband attempts his record flight to England.

She has two hours' flying to her credit at present, though, of course, she has flown with her husband for longer; also, she can handle the plane in mid-air, but has not yet done any landings or risings.

"I always accompany my husband in the air," she said, "as I consider a wife's place is always with her husband. I am longing for the flight back home, and intend to do my share. We are, in

a sense, on a honeymoon trip, since we have been married only five months."

MRS. DAMPNEY said her flying suit would be white trousers, tunic, helmet, and goggles. Before she left England she made no mention of the flight to relatives, because she wanted to surprise them.

She will arrange for concentrated food to be carried on the flight and will cook for the first day's flying herself.

Mrs. Dampney said both she and her husband were very fond of car racing and both have driven in high-speed races. She hoped to be able to do some of this here.

Her father and mother never offered any objection to her flying.

The Dampneys are looking forward to participating in sports such as surfing.

Where to Find

BOOKS	12
BEAUTY	37
COOKERY	30
FASHION	8
FASHION PARADE	9
FILM NEWS	24
KNITTING	43
LOWER	11
MOTHERS AND WIVES	28
PATTERNS	39
SPORT	47

Georgette
Heyer'sGAY
AdventureIllustrated
by
Boothroyd

...A really LOVELY, unreasonably RICH HEIRESS steps into the world of SOCIETY, and becomes involved in an amazing MYSTERY.

WHEN Judith Taverner and her brother, Sir Peregrine, decided to come to London to set up an establishment worthy of their fortune, they met with a mixed reception from the social lights of the day.

None could deny Judith her great wealth and beauty, but her spirited, frank manner pleased some and made enemies of others. Only the opinion of society's famous leader, Beau Brummell, firmly established the Taverners socially. He encouraged Judith to do anything that would make her out of the ordinary.

Owing to the extraordinary will of their father, the young Taverners learned that they had been made wards of one Lord Worth. To their horror, they found their guardian to be none other than the gentleman with whom they had quarrelled on their way to London. His manner constantly provoked Judith, and there were many scenes between the two. He provided Judith with a chaperon, Mrs. Scattergood, a distant relative of his.

A cousin, Bernard Taverner, impressed the young heiress with his sympathetic manner, and she found herself attracted to him.

Peregrine's fast living caused Judith some concern, and she was relieved when he became infatuated with Miss Harriet Fairford, a shy young lady not long out of the schoolroom, and secured Lord Worth's approval of his engagement. Now he would settle down, she imagined.

Peregrine became involved in a dispute with a Mr. Farnaby. Farnaby, who seemed to have some secret motive, forced the issue and insisted on a duel next morning, as the only way to settle their difference. Peregrine's friend, Mr. Fitzjohn, called at the Taverner home to finalise details.

leave, and went out of the house into the street. He paused for a moment on the steps, considering which surgeon he should engage, shook his head at a couple of chairmen who were signalling their readiness to carry him anywhere he pleased, and after staring abstractedly at a shabbily-dressed lad who was lounging against the railings of an adjacent house, set off in the direction of Great Ormond Street.

Arrived there, he ran up the steps of Dr. Lane's establishment, knocked loudly on the door, and was soon admitted. He came out again presently with all the satisfied air of one who has successfully accomplished his task, called up a hackney, and drove back to Cork Street.

Half an hour later a tilbury drove up Great Ormond Street and stopped outside Dr. Lane's house. A second gentleman knocked on the doctor's door, and was admitted. His visit lasted a little longer than Mr. Fitzjohn's, but when he at length emerged he, too, wore the look of one perfectly satisfied with the success of his mission.

MEANWHILE, Peregrine, when Mr. Fitzjohn had left him, finished his toilet with less than his usual care, and tried not to think too much about the morrow. His thoughts, however, showed a disposition to creep back to it, and he found himself recalling all the fatal duels of which he had heard. Happily none of these were very recent. The only recent duels he could call to mind were the Duke of York's meeting with Colonel Lennox (which had taken place three years before his own birth), and Lord Castlereagh's late affair with Mr. Canning. Neither of these meetings had proved fatal, but Peregrine could not but acknowledge that there might have been a score of others between lesser persons of which he had never heard. An exchange of shots between himself and Farnaby would in all probability end the quarrel, but the possibility of a more serious outcome had to be faced. With a sigh and a heavy heart Peregrine went down to the saloon to compose a letter to his sister.

He was engaged on this difficult task when Mr. Bernard Taverner was shown into the room.

Peregrine looked up with a start, and quickly concealed his letter under a blank sheet of paper. "Oh, it's you, is it? Good morning; did you come to see me or Judith? She's out, shopping with Maria, you know."

Mr. Taverner scrutinised him rather closely for a moment. He said, coming further into the room: "Then I am unfortunate. She mentioned the other day that she had an ambition to see Madame Tussaud's Waxworks, and I came to propose escorting her. But another morning will do as well. I am not interrupting you, I trust? You were busy, I think, when I came in."

"Oh, not in the least; it is of no particular moment," said Peregrine, stretching out his hand to pull the bell. "You'll take a glass of wine, won't you?"

"Thank you, a little sherry, if I may."

The servant came, the order was given, and Peregrine begged his cousin to be seated. Mr. Taverner began to talk on a number of idle topics. Peregrine's replies were delivered in a mechanical way; it was plain that his thoughts were elsewhere. When the wine had been brought and the servant had gone away again Mr. Tav-

erner said in his quiet voice: "Forgive me, Perry, but has anything happened to put you out?"

Peregrine disclaimed at once, and tried to start some other topic for conversation. His cousin's eyes were upon him, however, and he presently gave up the attempt to appear at his ease, and said with a jerky little laugh: "I see you have guessed it; my mind is occupied with another matter. I have certain dispositions to make. Well, you are a good fellow, Bernard; I can trust you. The fact is I am engaged to meet Farnaby to-morrow morning at—well, it's no matter where."

Mr. Taverner put down his wineglass. "Am I to understand an affair of honor? You cannot mean that!"

Peregrine shrugged. "There was no avoiding it. The fellow insulted me, I landed him a facer, and received his challenge."

"I am sorry for it," Mr. Taverner said with a grave look.

"Oh, as to that, I do not anticipate any very serious consequences," said Peregrine. "But it is well to be prepared, you know. I was writing a letter to Judith, and another to—Miss Fairford when you came in. In case I should be fatally injured."

"I take it it is impossible for you to draw back?"

"Quite impossible," said Peregrine decidedly. "I need not engage your silence, I am sure. You will understand that I don't want the affair to come to my sister's or to Miss Fairford's ears."

Mr. Taverner bowed. "Certainly. You may trust me in that. Who acts for you?"

"FITZJOHN," Peregrine fidgeted with his job. "Bernard, if anything should happen to me—if I should not return in short—you will keep your eye upon Judith, won't you? She is in Worth's hands, of course, but she don't like him, and you are our cousin, and will see she don't come to harm."

"Yes," said Mr. Taverner, rather curtly. He got up. "I'll leave you now; you have your affairs to settle. Believe me, I am sorry for this."

Peregrine spent the rest of the day very sensibly. He went to Jackson's Saloon, and forgot his troubles in sparring; and from there drove to Albemarle Street to solicit permission to take Miss Fairford in the park in his tilbury. Dinner at Richardson's in the park in his tilbury. Dinner at the Plaza Coffee House ended the day, and he returned soon after midnight to Brook Street too weary to be kept long awake by his thoughts.

His valet who had of necessity been taken into his confidence, drew back the bed-curtains at six o'clock next morning, and began to get the shaving tackle ready, while Peregrine, with his nightcap over one eye, sat up and sipped a cup of hot chocolate. One of the chambermaids

brought in a faggot and kindled a fire in the empty grate. It was a raw morning, and the fact of being obliged to dress by candlelight was curiously depressing. When the chambermaid had gone Peregrine got out of bed, put on his dressing-gown, and sat down before the mirror to be shaved. His valet, whom he had brought with him from Yorkshire, was looking very gloomy, and when Peregrine made a careful choice among his many suits of clothes he heaved a gusty sigh and seemed to think such particularity frivolous. But Peregrine, wondering in his heart whether this might be the last choice he would make, was determined not to let it appear that he had not cared to bestow all his usual attention on his appearance. He put on a pair of buff pantaloons, and a light waistcoat, arranged his cravat with great nicety, struggled into a blue coat with silver buttons, and pulled on a pair of hosiery with swining tassels. "My new hat, John, and I will wear the large driving coat with the Belcher handkerchief."

"Oh, sir!" groaned the valet, "I never thought to live to see this day!"

Peregrine's underlip trembled slightly, but a gleam entered his eyes, and he said with the quiver of a laugh: "You! Why, it is I who might rather be wondering whether I shall live to see very much of this day!"

"If only we had never come to London!" said the valet.

Please turn to Page 42



Mr. Fitzjohn watched her manoeuvres in a great deal of astonishment—



ever abroad until midday! As for Perry, he is a bad case; did you find him in his bed?"

"No, no, he is up," Mr. Fitzjohn assured her. "I had a little business with him; nothing of importance, you know, but I thought I might call."

Miss Taverner, who was holding a very pretty built snuff-box in her left hand, flicked it open, and took a pinch with an elegant turn of her wrist. "I think it must have been important to bring you out before noon," she said.

Mr. Fitzjohn, watching her manoeuvres with the snuff-box in a good deal of astonishment, said: "Oh, no, just a trifling question of a horse he had a mind to purchase. But Miss Taverner—don't be offended—in the general way I don't like to see a lady take snuff, but upon my word, you do it with such an air! It passes everything!"

Miss Taverner, who had spent a week in practising the art, was more than satisfied with the effect it produced on her first audience.

Mrs. Scattergood appearing at that moment at the head of the stairs, Mr. Fitzjohn took his



Miss Taverner was more than satisfied with the effect produced on her first audience.

A LONG Complete STORY!

By
Arthur
Tuckerman



Illustrated
by
FISCHER

"Go in," commanded Borg, his watch in his hand. Little did Helen guess how those words were to affect her life.

SOME MEN are Too NICE

Who wins in the end. . . . he who
commands, or he who obeys a woman?

THE lights of the Malay coast were already visible off the port bow, someone remarked during dinner. For a brief moment, Helen Watson wondered vaguely whether there'd be a cable from Adam awaiting her at Penang. At the same time she seemed so unimportant. All the way out from Marseilles—at each port of call—there had been a cable from Adam Trowbridge. Benevolent, reassuring cables, like his own kind personality. It was a wonderful thing, she had thought, receiving the first message at Naples, to know that she'd never have to be lonely again; to know that a splendid and honest man loved her. It was fine of him to be so constant, she decided, reading the second at Port Said. "How thoughtful," she had remarked to herself, glancing over the third cable at Colombo, while Mr. Borg called down the deck to her that there was barely time to catch the last tender for the shore excursion to Kandy.

Now, the twenty-third day out from Europe, she thought of Adam with a tinge of wistfulness that verged on guilt. His image was becoming dimmed, as in an old mirror, obscured by the magic lustre of the East, the very sheen of the tropical stars. Obscured, she admitted to herself finally, by the huge, portentous figure of Mr. Borg, who had come swinging up the ship's ladder at Port Said—only fifteen days ago, just think!—as if he owned the whole steamer and the whole Transatlantic Navigation Company as well.

She hurried through dinner, praying that she'd have a chance to be alone with her thoughts. But the passengers were restless that night—no doubt due to the imminence of another port of call—and they were all over the ship. It was going to be hard to find a quiet place. Emerging from the dining saloon, she came upon a group surrounding Fursur Harrigan's notice-board, and someone was reading aloud in a steady monotone: "The Cirassia will arrive at Penang at 9.30 this evening and will remain in port until midnight. Last tender will leave the Customs Pier at 11.45."

She felt both gay and in a state of tension. Mr. Borg had persuaded her to have a cocktail in the smoking-room before dinner. It had been a strong potion, a Singapore Special—the kind he drank, he asserted, on his coffee plantation in Sumatra, whither he was bound. It had burned her throat, and even now she felt tingly and was convinced that her cheeks must be a give-away. Mr. Borg had taken no fewer than three Singapore Specials because, as he said, life was short and it was his last night aboard the Cirassia. He was disembarking at Penang, to catch the connecting steamer across the strait to Sumatra. Helen Watson, after her cocktail, found herself somewhat perturbed over the prospect of his departure.

AND on their way down to dinner she had courageously murmured: "I'll miss you, Mr. Borg. Really and truly I will. You have made things wonderfully pleasant for me during the voyage. I wanted you to know that I sincerely appreciate —"

And then the amazing, the unbelievable thing had happened. "My dear girl," Mr. Borg had boomed at her in his huge voice. "My dear Helen, we're at the beginning. Not the end. I want a serious talk with you after dinner."

And he had deliberately leaned forward and kissed a spot on her bare shoulder. And what had she done? She had surprised herself. She had not been angry. Not even annoyed. She had giggled a little, she remembered, flushing, and had simply hurried on. Simply hurried on.

She looked around the companionway, and felt adventure in her blood.

Nearly all the male passengers were wearing white mess jackets, an authentic tropical note, and there had been mangoes and chutney for dinner. The electric fans were humming at full speed. It was all like some story of Mr. Kipling's, she thought; and she recalled tenderly the well-worn green volumes she had so often handed out from the shelves of the Kinghampton Public Library. Adam Trowbridge liked Mr. Kipling's works, she recalled. Adam, who, unlike Mr. Borg, respected both her literary judgment and her sex.

Abruptly she discovered that there was nothing exciting about Adam. Not even his cables. Perhaps it was because she had known him for ten years—ever since she had first taken the job at the library. Perhaps, too, it was because she knew by heart every move of his daily routine. The brisk walk down to town from the green-and-white cottage on King Street Hill, which, some day, he hoped she'd share with him. Adam always spoke of sharing. Then the arrival at his office at five past nine. Second floor of the red brick Mercantile Trust Building on Court-house Street. Adam Trowbridge and John Leger, Solicitors. She could see him now; his honest, serious, pink face, with the complexion of a baby. His grey eyes beaming over the tops of his gold-rimmed spectacles as she entered the office to join him for their usual Saturday luncheon together. Dutch, of course. Half-a-crown table d'hôte at the Orange Tree Rooms, and a pretty good meal, too.

She went out to the promenade deck, leaned her elbows on the rail, and watched the Strait of Malacca sweeping by in a dark, undulating panel which seemed like glass filigreed with silver caught from the stars. The sky was

dark, enveloping and intimate, a canopy of rich velvet slightly marvellous in its implication. Not at all like the aloof cathedral roof which soared above Kinghampton on a winter's night.

"In an hour we shall land. You are going ashore with me to see Penang, aren't you?"

AS usual, she jumped at the sound of his voice. As usual, it was commanding. It was a deep, booming voice which resounded through her whole body and vibrated to the very soles of her feet like a loud clashing discord. She turned and saw him coming toward her silently on his rubber soles, a great hulk of a man in white linen, with sparse, sandy hair. She noted that he was smiling, and she was glad, for she knew that he was a creature of moods—sometimes silent and almost morose; sometimes roaring out his good humor from one end of the ship to the other.

"I will go ashore with you," she said in her sweet, slightly timid voice, and she brushed a tendril of brown hair from her forehead, where the hot night wind had disarranged it. Every sentence she uttered to-night, it seemed to her, sounded committal—of tremendous importance. But how silly, when he was going out of her life in just a few hours!

"You will meet me in the main companionway at 9.30," he said, taking his place beside her. It was a command, but she was glad, overjoyed, to obey it. Why, she wondered, were women bound to comprehend that language of command? Why hadn't Adam Trowbridge learned its value? Perhaps it was because he was too nice. She'd read in books that some men were apt to be too nice. But she hadn't believed it at the time, ascribing it to the sordid minds of unscrupulous novelists.

She suddenly felt, rather than saw, that they were alone together on the deck. The rest of the passengers had crowded forward to the bows in an intense state of excitement over the mere passing of a lightship. Whenever she was alone with Borg, she realised, she was acutely aware of the fact.

She said: "I'm truly sorry it's your last night on board." She wanted to add "with me," but could not bring herself to it.

He was standing, looking down at her with that amused, tolerant smile on his large, aquiline face—the smile he nearly always employed in her presence, as if he considered her a child.

"That dress is becoming," he remarked. "You should always wear white—plain white. Or perhaps black."

Not those fussy things with flowers on them. You have a neat, pretty head, and a gamin face with your little turn-up nose. Such things must be accentuated by some severity. You see what I mean, Helen? Or course!—he chuckled throatily—"you should never have been a librarian. That was one of the Almighty's little jokes, huh? You should have become a danseuse, with those long, slender legs of yours. They are like a chorus girl's."

How intimate! How personal! She felt herself blushing. "We can't all choose, can we?" she replied gaily. And she added, allowing her humor to get the better of her discretion, "but I'm glad you think I have possibilities as—as a public entertainer. Unfortunately, Kinghampton still frowns upon the stage."

"My dear, you are priceless," he said. "So prim, so correct, and still so pretty—without knowing it." And without further ado he seized her in his arms. She felt the hardness of his tunic buttons cutting sharply into her. He held her in an appalling grip, like a great bear, half lifting her from her feet as he crushed his mouth to hers. Then, as suddenly, with a roar of gusto, he set her down again, as if she were a toy or a doll. She was half laughing and half crying, and wanting to accomplish both fully. "How foolish we humans, we women are," her racing thoughts hammered. "Love comes in curious disguises, to hide its furtive intent from the rest of the world. For surely, this must be love. . . . Poor Adam, with his courteous cables."

A necklace of yellow lights came creeping over the dark waters toward them, and the Cirassia's engines ceased their patient cadence down below.

"Pilot boat," Borg announced. And he turned to sweep the length of her with a single but prolonged appraisal, which contrived to lend the moment an enormous significance. She felt both elated and ashamed. She had never been looked at in that fashion.

The pilot boat hove to and lay painting within the white disc of a searchlight cast from the captain's bridge.

Now that the Cirassia had ceased to move, the night closed in, descended upon her, relentless and stifling. Already there were clusters of green insects gathered about the frosted glass of her deck lights.

Borg, leaning over the rail beside her, clamped his hand over hers. "Helen, I

These Gifts I Crave

Dear God, the boon of laughter,
The gift of lark-sweet song!
So come what may hereafter,
My soul is armed strong
To meet life's every wrong.
Though life be sordid, tragic,
Or dull, secure from death,
Give me the light heart's magic
To sweeten ways of earth
With care-defying mirth!
Beset by hope, fear, passion,
Despair and wild desire,
Grant me of these to fashion
And string my poet's lyre,
Touched with Prometheus fire!

—Mariel Lee.

am a lonely man. You also, are lonely. I think we are necessary to each other. Will you come to Sumatra with me—to the plantation? It is five up there. Miles above the sea, and not like this. I have a big terrace, plenty of native boys. You would be happy in such a place." He turned and pinched her cheek tenderly, his face illumined by a vast but gentle smile. "Come, Helen. This may seem sudden, but all important decisions are made in this manner. We are sympathetic, we two—aren't we?"

Sympathetic! That, she laughed, was a quaint way of putting it. "Oh, I don't know—Ah, I don't know," she flustered. At the same time she felt, for the first time in her life, of some consequence. Even important. He was watching her expression minutely, and this confused her. She was glad when he produced a long, pale Sumatran cigar from his vest pocket and began to cut off an end with a penknife. It gave her a chance, a moment to think. He wanted her. He, Axel Borg, wanted her to come and live with him on his plantation, to marry her. Probably in one of the little white Dutch chapels he'd told her about nestled in the palms.

Please turn to Page 28

RETURN Engagement

By

L. Charles
Douthwaite

Ferraby felt small fingers hard about his arm. "It's Bullring!" Jean whispered tensely.

suggested Bullring as substitute.

"Only thing that worries me," the promoter remarked towards the end of the discussion, "is how

long that old-timer can stand up to a hard-hitting feller like Oulette. No man can go on takin' it all the time."

And that was Ferraby's lingering fear, also, for by now not much of his original fortune was left, and he was hoping the result of the match would add perceptibly to the residue.

Bullring, too, was worried, for he alone was able to realise how far heavy punishment over the years had taken toll. This in mind, he called at Half Moon Street, and even though Jean was there, laid his cards on the table.

"I'll do me best, o' course," he concluded, "but there's no gettin' away from it."

Ferraby interrupted.

"Your best is good enough for me, Bullring," he said quietly.

Characteristically, however, Bullring was not to be sidetracked.

"Go easy with your bets, sir," he pleaded earnestly, and looked appealingly at Jean, who met his glance gratefully.

"After all, even Bullring's only human," she pointed out.

"That's the reason I'm backin' him," Ferraby returned confidently, and turned to the pugilist. "I've told Ledbury to pick me up here on your way to the hall," he said.

CLARE-EYED and alert on the morning of the fight, not even the trainer suspected how lavishly his years of fighting had drawn on Bullring's vitality; to bring home the bacon for Ferraby, what little there was left would have to be very expertly husbanded.

As the taxi drew up to the flat, the

A Long Complete Story

trainer cast a surprised look at Bullring, to discover that stalwart's lips compressed and his eyes hard. The sounds from behind those brightly-lighted windows were too eloquent for reassurance.

Within matters were as the outside suggested. Clustered vociferously about the table were half a dozen or more of Ferraby's "friends"—including "Ferdie" Driffield, whose honesty was so much less impeccable than his betting. And before Ferraby, who for the first time Bullring saw not completely sober, was a pile of banknotes.

night indulgence, in surprising festive. Nor would he listen to apology.

"Any sympathy that's going is due from me to you," he said decidedly. "Incidentally, how are you feeling?"

Bullring hesitated. "All I know about what's happened in that scrap I've had to be told," he said slowly. "Don't remember a thing since going to bed the night before."

Ferraby glanced at him shrewdly. "You don't remember calling for me here to go to the hall?"

Bullring shook his head.

an aunt a couple of years or so ago—and that I haven't used because it struck me that one day you might need it."

Here was undreamed loyalty—and shame that she should so clearly have realised the way he was going.

"If I'd the rest of the money," he told her, "that would be your share of the partnership. As it is..."

RETURNED to her flat, Jean telephoned for Bullring, who, at the end of her exposition, scratched his bullet but now slightly grizzled head.

"I could have all I've got," he said sincerely. "The trouble is, every penny I saved went into the 'Wait For The Waggon'—an 'short of sellin' the place, lock, stock and barrel, there's no chance of gettin' it out again."

Jean shook a red-gold head. "Not to be thought of, in any case," she said sternly.

Then, quite suddenly, Bullring's battered features lightened.

"I got an idea," he said, and obviously to avoid questioning, hurried from the room.

Three days later Ferraby accepted an invitation from Sir Wilmot Sampson to one of the surprise-item functions for which that millionaire eccentric was famous.

Sampson, a big and rather flabby young man with a good-humored face, greeted him effusively.

"Just your meat—what I've got ready for to-night," he shouted. "Meanwhile, isn't that Miss Raymond lookin' so hard at you?"

Surprised to discover Jean in this particular gallery, Ferraby hurried over to her.

"You can search me," she said in reply to his question. "The card arrived in the usual way, and as I've heard so much about these parties—why, I just came."

They danced, and at midnight the band stopped abruptly. Taking position in the middle of the floor, Sampson called for silence.

"Will you please all follow me to the gymnasium," he cried.

Surrounded by chairs, the centre of that large and elaborately-equipped

My Favorite Poem

Do I Love Thee?

I ask my heart, "Do I love thee?"
But how can I ever forget
The feelings of joy and rapture
That thrilled me when first we met?
The memory of each glad meeting
Is treasured within my heart,
Which has well-nigh ceased its beating,
Since, in sorrow, we had to part.

Each night, as I seek my pillow,
I murmur a prayer for thee,
I breathe thy name, as the sun-beams
Flash red on the Eastern sea.
Thy spirit is still the beacon
That guides me 'mid care and strife,
And there 'till remain for ever,
My darling, my love, my life.

—Thos. E. Spencer.

Sent in by Madge McBride, 83
Rose St., Darlington, N.S.W.

room was occupied by a boxing ring, where already referees and timekeeper were waiting. Sampson climbed to the ring.

"A few months ago," he announced, "one of the best and hardest-fought contests within my recollection ended in a way that was as unfortunate as it was unsatisfactory. Hence, it occurred to me that a return meeting would be of more than usual interest. I am happy, then, to announce that I have been able to arrange it for to-night."

A side door opened. Followed by Ferraby's stare of incredulity, the dressing-gowned figures of the contestants passed through and to their corners.

Ferraby felt small fingers hard about his arm.

Please turn to Page 22

Illustrated by
WEP



punishment won the approval of Ferraby, who stopped his car to see the fray.

Three times the gargantuan wife-beater brought a full-arm punch directly to the paladin's jaw; thrice the lighter man came back for more; the last time, spreadeagled his man.

As a policeman thrust through the crowd, the victor forced a passage towards Ferraby—who threw open the car door.

"Jump in," he said.

Fanting, the man glanced at him; then, climbed up beside him. Ferraby let in the clutch.

"Dirty 'ound!" the passenger muttered.

"Meaning me?" said Ferraby, but the man shook his head.

"Tying a woman!" he said, pursuing the one idea. "I'll get down 'ere. An' thank you, sir."

"Plenty of time," Ferraby said easily, and in due course ushered the protesting stranger into his flat.

"Beer, or whisky?" he invited, but the other declined.

"On the wagon, sir," he explained. "Trainin'." Only I can't get a fight.

"That," Ferraby said, "is easily remedied." Next day he placed his protégé in the care of the knowledgeable Bill Ledbury.

Too short in height and reach for championship class, once in the ring, Bullring—as he came to be known—always, and from the first tap of the gong, was so flat out for victory, and so indifferent to punishment, that five years later found him the most popular supporting-act fighter in London.

Unfortunately, however, as he climbed the ladder to independence, his friend and mentor slipped as steadily down it. To be a successful Stock Exchange gambler needs a cool head, and Ferraby was in love with Jean Raymond, who was lovely and desirable enough to unbalance anybody.

When a sprained thigh forced the British title-holder to cancel his match with Eugene Oulette, of Havre, Ferraby

The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Laif,
sketched by Petrov

INDIVIDUALITY!

The Keynote of the Spring
Hat Theme...

It is a great season for individuality in hats. There are huge flat cartwheels; sailors that turn up all round; brims that roll up one side and down the other; tiny shapes galore with unusual trimmings; straw bonnets with flowers clustering under the brim on the hair, and twisted fabric turbans. Crowns are so shallow as to be almost non-existent. Straws are rough, smooth, dull, shiny, coarse, and fine. There are fine felts, piques, taffetas. Colors are lovely, and nearly every hat is trimmed with flowers, fruit, or vegetables.



● LIKE a maharajah's turban is this hat made of pink taffeta with black stripes. The whole thing is cleverly draped — just as though you had wound a scarf around your head.



● UPTURNED sailors are worn with every type of dress or suit, in coarse straw, fine straw, felt, and fabric. This one is in the finest primrose panama, banded with navy-blue. It is worn down over the right eye.



● ONE OF the many mushroom shapes you will see this summer. The brims scoop downwards all round, leaving the tiniest crown on top. This one is white panama with black grosgrain ribbon run through slots in the crown.

● HYACINTH-BLUE in a fine Milan straw for this little round toque. Artificial hyacinths in the same shade surround the crown and end in a bunch centre-back.



● BLACK straw for this little hat. Trimmings with a bunch of composition glass vegetables, radishes, onions, and chillies. Red crepe seen with red wooden beads for the collar.



● COARSE STRAW shining like glass is used for this immense cartwheel. Cornflower-blue is the color. Field flowers in Carmen fashion over the left ear and more on the brim.

● VERY smart for late afternoon or evening is this black taffeta off-the-face model trimmed with white marguerites. More flowers at the neck of the dress.



● MADAME SUZY has won herself a world-wide reputation for her clever hat tricks. In the little model shown at the left she has achieved another triumph. Made of blue lacquered straw, it has an unusual shaped brim, which turns up slightly at each side. The trimming of blue velvet ribbon ties in a saucy bow at the back. The stiffened veil of navy has two big blue velvet spots, which match the shade of the trimming.

PETROV.

HEIM Discusses . . . the HAUTE COUTURE



● ABOVE at left: Black wool coat trimmed black astrakhan. Belt and lining of hood in black satin.

● CENTRE: Black marocain dress with green silk drapery at neck. Black jacket in china silk with printed flowers of all colors.

● ABOVE: Striking "Pirate" gown for evening in printed cretonne—white with big blue designs by the famous painter, Raoul Dufy.



THIS SMART sun-baking suit by Heim is of printed wool jersey in brown and white. The necklace, which carries out the South Sea touch, is of white shell flowers.

Photographs of Heim Models and article from M. Heim, by Air Mail from Paris.

once a tiny, artistic undertaking into busy factories. Now we are back to art and small business.

The epoch of mass luxury, mass good taste, and general madness brought with it a frenzy of changing styles from which we are still suffering. Every three months we are expected to bring out a new showing of models, each an enhancement of personality.

This is sheer nonsense, for personality cannot be bought. It is something that the individual has, and which no couturier can give. The woman of great personality is the one who clings to a style of her own and does not change it feverishly with every change in the fashion world.

PERSONALLY, I would like to see a revival of the past, when women bought a beautiful gown, paying big money for it, and then kept it for a long time. A dress should last some time. I have a horror of these quickly-changing styles, for I feel them to be symbolic of our period of general unrest.

When designing my new models, I usually jot down my ideas on paper first, and only afterwards do I put them on the mannequin to see the effect on a moving figure. I seek new ideas, new effects, and, like all people who create, I may make mistakes. But it is my belief that we are returning to a healthier epoch in dress creation. Gone the period of mass production of anachronistic luxury. Gone the search of an affected poverty and a forced simplicity in clothes, that weak simplicity which took away the poetry of our creative work. We are working once again for the few French and cosmopolitan rich, women brought up to dress, who really understand and appreciate a work of art. We may be poor to-day, but the field for imaginative creation is opening up before us once again.

The overgrown couture houses are turning to ready-made clothes in order to dress that mass of women to whom the haute couture is no longer accessible. As a result, the majority of women will be even better dressed than before, but it will not be exclusive in style. It is a question of mass production for the masses, the best at comparatively low prices.

The creative couturier is now once again free to create for the few in order to give ideas for clothing the mass. This is sociology, but we couturiers have to be sociologists as well as artists. We were forced to be business men on a big scale, and to almost recognise what was

JUST as the world is going through an evolution in its political and sociological conceptions, so, also, is the couture, one of our leading luxury trades of France, obliged to evolve and change in its handling of both the art and the business of dress designing.

The world depression hit the couturiers a mortal blow, and each house has sought to save itself in a different way. Gone the day of customers clamoring for clothes; gone the orders pouring in from all foreign countries.

Women are now divided into two classes. Those who, owing to financial difficulty, are going elsewhere for their clothes, and those who have money and can still pay for the creations of the haute couture. We have taken a step back to the pre-war period.

We now have once again a class of

the elite, which comes to us for clothes. The door is open once again for imagination and real creative work, for we are again only dressing a few hundreds, those few who understand and truly appreciate what we can do to make them more beautiful.

Heim

**HEARNE'S
BRONCHITIS CURE**

Don't neglect your
COLD

Treat it with the
Best Remedy—
**HEARNE'S
BRONCHITIS CURE**
Obviously the Best
Remedy is the Best
Treatment.

Hearne's Glo-Rub
PREVENTS COLDS
A Vaporizing Rub for 2/-

For
Coughs and Colds

An Editorial

AUGUST 24, 1935

PAPUAN PARADISE— LOST?



THE archives of mankind hold no more interesting document than Mr. Jack Hides' just-released report on his Papuan expedition.

Vividly and sympathetically, Mr. Hides writes the early chapters of a story such as we could not believe the world still held. What will Australia now do with this newly-discovered, primitive Papuan?

For countless years his mountains have hidden him from the avid eyes of the white man. Unmolested, he has tilled his fertile lands, evolving slowly from the apeman stage. What have the centuries taught him?

Mr. Hides' diary "records May 1 as being the happiest day of the patrol, for on that day friendly natives, playing pretty tunes on primitive hand-pipes, led them to a district where food was found in abundance."

This Papuan has learned, then, behind the safe shelter of his mountain walls, friendliness, music, laughter. Very far behind him is the jungle law.

But now his mountain walls have failed him. The white man is winged now. Clearing the air, he spies out the primitive valley paradise. Then comes the exploring party. Now the Papuan is ours for the spoiling. What shall we do with him?

Shall we civilise him? Teach a lesson to this simpleton who welcomed the white man with merry music and gave him food and rest? Seize his lands, steal his women, violate his tabus, desecrate his sacred places? All for his own good, of course.

If we do this we shall only be following the well-worn path trodden by centuries of white men, Englishmen, Germans, Dutchmen, Frenchmen, Belgians—whose history among the nations is without this stain?

But today in Papua Australia has a chance to write a new chapter in the story of the white man's treatment of his black brother. Let us make it a chapter which our children shall be proud to read. Let us respect the natural rights of this contented and harmless Papuan. Is it too much to ask that we interfere only to protect him and assure him undisturbed possession of his own lands?

Last of the black men to have his domains violated by the white, can we not leave him in peace to work out his own destiny? Is there not room in the whole wide world for this one valley where a happy, primitive black man may remain happy and at home?

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

Women in China

INTERESTING sidelights on the status of the woman in China have been furnished by Mr. J. Gardiner, a visiting Chinese Island Missioner, who is on furlough in Australia.

"China," said the missioner, "is a land devoid of typists and stenographers, and where unwanted girl babies are callously thrown away." He added that there were only 135 ideographic words in the Chinese language relating to women, of which only 14 had a good meaning, 85 were indifferent, and 38 distinctly bad. Two women depicted together signified a quarrel, and three women together stood for gossip and intrigue. A man about to marry was expressed by the picture of a woman being led by the ear at the heels of her lord and master.

However, the Chinese have one singular exception. They regard the mother-in-law as an all-important person, who is empowered to rule the house with a rod of iron, and to chastise the bride when she thinks fit.

Our New G.G.

THERE are those who hold that State and Federal governments should always be appointed from suitable Englishmen. They back their opinion mainly with the argument that the responsibilities of these offices demand a man who has always been free of the turmoil of our party politics, and so may be expected to have a longer vision and wider sympathies than any native-born aspirant to the positions.

Others contend that the highest administrative positions of the State and Commonwealth should be achievable by the Australian-born. All agree as to the noble manner in which Sir Isaac Isaacs has discharged all the duties of his office, earning the public thanks of the King, as well as the respect and admiration of his fellow-Australians. He has done much to break down the prejudice against Australian-born governors for Australia.

In the appointment of his successor, a happy compromise has been effected, which must, for once, please all factions. English-born, Sir Alexander Hore-Ruthven has had such long and varied experience of life in Australia that he is practically Australian by adoption.

"Mo" Thrills!

AUSTRIAN girls are destined to share with their German cousins a thrill practically unknown to women since the days of their grandmothers. Young Nazis have been secretly ordered to cultivate a "Hitler Moustache," as an emblem of allegiance.

When Gran was a girl, all the gentlemen sported moustaches, my dear. They varied from neat little toothbrushes to fierce, great moustaches and were almost always neatly waxed. When the fashion of clean-shaven came in, Gran condemned it. She has been heard to say that "kissing a man without a moustache was like eating an egg without salt." But her flapper daughter banished the "mo" with a "moue" of disapproval.

Whether Adolf and Rudolph will retain their "mo's" will really depend on Gretchen and Katje—for all Herr Hitler's forces.

Spiritual Shyness

ALTHOUGH census records taken in previous years show that over 97 per cent. of the Australian people profess some form of Christian religion, no fewer than 848,943 people objected to state their religious beliefs at the recent census. This represents about one-eighth of the total population.

At the 1921 census only 46,268 people expressed a similar objection, while in 1911 there were 83,003 who refused to tell. Although the disclosure of one's religious beliefs is optional, so far as the census is concerned, the number of people who are shy as to declaring their faith is remarkable, in view of the fact that information given on the census returns is treated by the Government as strictly confidential.

Luck of the Navy

WITH the advent of glorious spring weather, the Royal Australian Naval Squadron has set out on its annual spring cruise of the northern waters. Five of the vessels, including the flagship Canberra, have gone direct to Brisbane, and they should be able to ensure that, during the progress of the festivities associated with Exhibition Week, there will be no interference by either Italy or Abyssinia with the peaceful celebrations of the great Queensland carnival.

Leaving Brisbane on August 26, the squadron will divide into sections, and cast a watchful eye over the natives in the various islands between New Guinea and Noumea. Returning to Sydney on October 21, the whole fleet will assemble and leave for Melbourne, arriving there on October 25.

"Important business" will necessitate the fleet's stay in Port Phillip until November 15. As usual, the Victoria Racing Club has



ON TOUR: This girl is calling at a South of France pension to look for moderately-priced rooms, while on tour of Europe. Most women find this a trying experience. To help them, The Australian Women's Weekly has now opened a Travel Bureau, and one of its services is to find accommodation for travellers in any part of the world.

Lyric of Life

England

How great the heritage to England's throne,
To the years of gallantry she has known,
To the honor far on her wide winds blown,
To colonies scattered across the world
Where the proud flag of England,
The banners of our England fly unfurled.

How great this heritage to England's throne,
To the Dream of Empire proudly grown
From seeds in her earliest ages sown;
To outposts where her pioneers have one,
Those sturdy sons of England
Obey the voice of England . . . and carry on.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

English As It May Be 300 Years Hence

By MAYDEE DOBBIE

Nearly 600 years ago Geoffrey Chaucer wrote his "Canterbury Tales." About 300 years later Shakespeare wrote his famous plays. To-day we can read them both, but if we were to read them aloud, our pronunciation has changed so much that neither Chaucer nor Shakespeare would recognise them for his own.

IF we returned to the earth 300 years hence would we be able to understand the English of that day? Would our English, in its turn, have become unintelligible to our descendants? Would the people of that day understand the talkie, "Cavalcade," should it be preserved in an historical museum, or would it only be regarded as a linguistic antiquity?

What English would be spoken? Would "parked the body" have survived in preference to "gone to bed"? Would the American pronunciation, "laf," be used for "laugh," or would English have changed so much that we would not recognise the mother tongue we used to speak so easily?

Perhaps "phonetic English" would have prevailed, and we would not be able to understand either the spoken word or the written page. Galsworthy and Kipling would only be studied in universities as representative examples of that dead language—20th century English.

Fascinating Dialects

SUPPOSE the Oxford pronunciation was standardised, wouldn't we lose a great deal of the atmosphere, picturesqueness, and glamor of words? In England itself there are many dialects. The Oxford man does not speak as the Londoner, the Yorkshireman as the Cornishman, or the Scotchman as the Irishman; in fact, each of these finds the other hard to understand.

Doesn't the different pronunciation or accent as we call it often enhance their individuality and charm? Would Ramsay MacDonald be quite the same person without his Scotch burr? Would the Irishman be quite as lovable without his rich Irish brogue? If Jess Oakroyd, of "Good Companions" fame, had said simply "mucky plugs" instead of the broad Yorkshire, "mookey ploogs," we would have been deprived of a smiling memory.

Each country has its typical words. In England we speak of "a brook," in Scotland "a burn," and in Australia "a creek." Would we have a standard word for these, and so lose their local characteristics?

Changing Words

LANGUAGE is never static. Pronunciation has altered. We used to pronounce our vowels differently. We used to accentuate different syllables. When Shakespeare wrote this line: "Fishes tongues in trees, books in the running brooks," the "i" in "fishes" would be pronounced as we now pronounce it in "machine," and the "oo" in "books" and "brooks" as we pronounce it in "food." War, immigration, the proximity of one race of people to another, all have their effect upon it.

Each day with new industries and inventions new words are arising. These in their turn will bring their own problems. Already we have "airplane" and "aeroplane." We have Great Britain using "motor car" and the United States using "automobile."

America has given us many expressive words. Are there British equivalents for "stunt," "dud," "park," or "wangle"? What shall we do? Choose the best from everywhere and thus form the perfect standard English? But, as Mr. Weekley says, if America comes half-way and agrees to say "half-a-pint" instead of "half-a-pint," will England, in her turn, come half-way and agree that "tomato" should correspond with "potato."

The simplification of spelling is another consideration. Dr. Melvil Dewey was the pioneer and inspirer of this movement. Great men such as Andrew Carnegie have supported it. Their followers say that the spelling of English words no longer indicates the pronunciation—that if "have" was spelled "hav," "tongue" "lung" and "untouched" "unfucht," the learning of English would be simplified.

Others ask what would happen in the case of words of the same sound whose different spelling indicates a different meaning (rite, right, write, and wright, or to, too, and two).

WHO knows that perhaps in another 300 years we may have completed a great sound cycle and speak and spell as they did in the days of Chaucer. Be that as it may. But as "The Times" says: "The English language, like all things else on this planet that proceeds from its fiery origin to its unknown destiny of collision or frost, is on an adventure."

"It is our bounden duty, as we love it and live with it, to do our best to preserve the best of it as we judge the best."



GHASTLY GHOSTS in a HAUNTED HOUSE

Shivers and Shakes On a Dark and Stormy Night

By L. W. LOWER

Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by
WEP

I was invited by the Hon. Howe-Orvil to stay the week-end at Ghastleigh Towers, the country seat of Earl of Drefful, the last time I was in England.

Having missed my train I arrived late and there was no one to meet me at the station. The night was dark and stormy. The wind was blowing the lightning in all directions. I would have been struck a couple of times only I saw the flash coming and ducked.

WHEN I reached the castle the door was opened by Miss Terious, the housekeeper. "The butler has been strangled," she explained, "Or he'd have been here to attend to you. That's the fifth butler in two weeks. It's getting quite monotonous."

"I'm sorry to hear that," I said, dumping my bag and billy-can in the hall. "Is the Earl about?"

"He's been strangled, too," she replied.

"How annoying!" I replied. "Who strangled him?"

"There is a theory that the butler first strangled Earl Drefful and then, realising that he was becoming dangerously insane, strangled himself in self-defence. I'll show you your room."

She led the way along a gloomy corridor and flung open a door.

"This is the least haunted of the lot," she said. "I'm sorry about that bloodstain on the floor, but we can't get it out."

Just then a frightful shriek rang through the building.

"My crikies!" I gasped. "What was that?"

"Must be ten o'clock," said the housekeeper. "I didn't know it was so late. It always shrieks at ten o'clock. Oh, by the way, it's no use locking your door because they come in just the same. I hope you will be comfortable. Good-night!"

And she left me.

The Boys Call In

HASTILY undressing I got into bed and switched the dark on. Immediately there was a low moan from under the bed. My hair stood on end and my

moustache stood out like a cow-catcher. Then I heard stealthy footsteps outside my door. There was something standing at the foot of my bed. "Go away!" I said.

"I want to tell you the story of my life," it said in a low, moaning voice. "Have you met the rest of the boys? Come out from under the bed, Alfred."

A figure crawled out from under the bed with its head under its arm.

"Do you mind me putting my head on the mantelpiece?" it said. "I'm sick and tired of carrying the thing around. Half the time I'm mislaying it, and when I want a smoke I've got to search all over the house for my mouth."

"Alfred was a politician in his lifetime," explained the first ghost. "His head was never of much use to him."

By this time I was becoming more composed. "Did you strangle the Earl?" I asked the first ghost.

"Dash it all!" it replied. "A chap doesn't strangle his own relations. I was his great-grandfather. I suppose that Terious woman has been spreading tales as usual. I'll admit I garrotted a couple of butlers, but a man must have a hobby of some kind."

He turned to Alfred. "Go and tell Leslie he's wanted on the ground floor." "Poor old Les," he added, laying a clammy, phosphorescent hand on my forehead. "He's a lift-driver with a curse on him. Whenever he wants to go to the top floor he immediately finds himself on the ground floor. He spends all his time pressing buttons and waiting for himself."

"Who is that who keeps on saying, 'M two Oh eight one. Hello! Hello!'" I asked.

"Oh, that's Oscar. Very sad case. He's got a curse on him, too. When he was alive he was one of those people who go into telephone booths and stay there for hours keeping people waiting. Now he has to carry the booth around with him and get on to wrong numbers for eternity."

"And how long have you boys got to stick around here?" I asked.

"Until we find the secret document," it moaned.

"What's it like?"

"It starts off something like this: 'Ye Prosperity Club, Faith, Hope and Charity. This chain was started in ye hope of bringing prosperity to you. Within three days or sooner make five copies of this letter . . . I forget the rest.'"

"You broke the chain!" I exclaimed.



"THESE VISITATIONS unnerved me. I had to leave the accursed spot," says Lower.

"Yes," he moaned. "It was started in 1720, too." "You said!" I said bitterly. "Leave the room!" It uttered a loud, piercing wail, and disappeared. I had had enough. I

dressed myself, picked up my bag and billy-can, and left the accursed spot. I have since heard that the Hon. Howe-Orvil was found in the moat, strangled. Keep your fingers crossed.



I feel so old when I
take my dentures out

Pyorrhea
destroys
teeth

YOU may conceal it from others, but not from yourself. Nothing makes you feel old and grow old like a couple of plates or "removable bridges." They are always on your mind.

Pyorrhea is a relentless foe. It destroys clean, healthy-looking teeth. It undermines the gums. It is responsible for more than half the losses of adult teeth in this country.

Take the offensive against Pyorrhea! Don't wait. Have an immediate consultation with your Dentist. He is the only one who can detect Pyorrhea symptoms in advance. Your Dentist knows how Pyorrhea saps below the surface of the gums and often takes years

to show itself to the non-professional.

And in your home brush your teeth and gums with Forhan's. Don't think it is just a cleanser, or a sweet-flavored cosmetic. Forhan's is a serious toothpaste, intended to supplement the Dentist's care. It is worth while for you to get the best when the dental health of your family is concerned.

Don't wait for bleeding gums. Be serious about it now. Put the whole family on Forhan's twice a day. It is the best Dentifrice that can be made. It is pleasant to taste, and just thick enough to be economical.

Price, 2/-; extra large tube, 3/-. Australasian Agents—The Sheldon Drug Co., Ltd., 131-135 Clarence Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

Forhan's for the gums

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE—IT PREVENTS PYORRHEA

Why does she never look Her AGE

BECAUSE she keeps in perfect health with the aid of a regular nightly dose of Bile Beans.

Beauty is more than skin deep; bright eyes, a clear complexion and a sunny disposition all come from internal cleanliness.

A nightly dose of Bile Beans tones up your digestive organs, keeps the blood stream pure and ensures internal cleanliness by daily and completely eliminating all food wastes.

So if you want your friends to say "she never looks her age" don't forget to take that nightly dose of Bile Beans.



"I feel better in every way than I did 20 years ago, for Bile Beans have banished all my health worries. My husband tells me that I am actually growing younger, and I can certainly walk as far as any young girl without feeling in the least tired."—Mrs. E. Oakes.

"Bile Beans have restored my energy, brightened me up and brought a good healthy colour into my cheeks. No other medicine suits me so well or acts in such a gentle and certain way as these splendid vegetable pills."—Mrs. E. Deakin.

BILE BEANS

SOLD EVERYWHERE

**Reduce
and HIPS
10 DAYS WITH**

**WEAR IT FOR
10 DAYS AT
OUR EXPENSE**

**YOUR WAIST
3 INCHES IN
the SLIMFORM
PERFORATED
GIRDLE**



"I read an ad. of the Slimform Co. and sent for their FREE folder"

"They actually allowed me to wear the Slimform for 10 days on trial..."

"The massage-like action did it... the fat seemed to have melted away"

"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 3 inches and my weight 20 pounds"

**You can TEST the
SLIMFORM GIRDLE and BRASSIERE
For 10 DAYS at our expense!**

WE want you to try the Slimform Perforated Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself—in your Own Home—for 10 Days at Our Expense. Then, if you have not reduced at least 3 inches around WAIST and HIPS, they will cost you nothing!

**THE MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION
REDUCES QUICKLY, EASILY,
and SAFELY**

The massage-like action of these astounding Reducing Garments takes the place of months of tiring exercises. It removes surplus fat and stimulates the body once more into energetic health.

**KEEPS YOUR BODY COOL
AND FRESH**

The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. There is no irritation, chafing or discomfort, it keeps the body cool and fresh at all times. It gives perfect freedom of action while walking, dancing, golfing, swimming, surfing and at all sports.

**NO DIET, DRUGS, OR
EXERCISES!**

The wonderful part of the Slimform Girdle method of reducing, is its absolute Safety and Comfort. You take No Drugs—No Exercise—You Eat Normal Meals—and yet we guarantee you will reduce at least 3 inches in 10 days or it will Cost You Nothing!

**SEND FOR 10 DAYS
FREE TRIAL OFFER**

You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this efficient Slimform Girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny, try it for 10 days... then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the results.

Do not wait any longer as the offer is limited. Send 2d. stamp for Leaflet Illustrating and Describing the Slimform Girdle and Brassiere and particulars of the 10 Days Free Trial Offer.

**SLIMFORM GIRDLE CO.
228-2 Pitt Street, Sydney**

NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

A Beautiful and Finely Written Love Story

Helen Thomas first published her love story in two separate parts, "As It Was" and "World Without End." These books appeared some time ago. They provoked very little attention in Australia when they first appeared, but now that Heinemann's are reissuing them in one volume readers in this country will have no alibi for missing such work a second time.

This book is a fine piece of unaffected writing; more than that, it is a tender, beautiful, and poignant love story, certainly one of the finest written in this century, and possibly one that, by reason of its truth and sincerity and simplicity, will pass into the ever-living body of English literature.

HELLEN THOMAS was the wife of Edward Thomas, an English poet who was killed—just as his genius was beginning to flower—in the World War. They met when they were very young, she just seventeen and he a few months younger. "As It Was" is the story of their courtship, the very lovely growing-up of a passion between a boy and a girl both very innocent and unconventional, but both keenly alive to beauty and incapable of any ugliness of thought or action.

They were married shortly before the birth of their first child. The second section of the book, "World Without End," tells of the years that followed, years of hardship and suffering that, however difficult, yet failed to dim the clear flame of the love between Helen Thomas and her husband.

Helen Thomas writes in a clear, unaffected manner that is more telling than any sophisticated style could be. There is a clarity and conviction about her style that can only come from complete sincerity and absence of all affectation. To her, the love she had for her husband has been the great thing of her life and so, in writing of it, there has been no need for the melodramatic and false sentiment that is needed to bolster up less heartfelt work. Her sentences are her thoughts and emotions set down on paper.

THE book, like the life of the author, touches serene heights of happiness and depths of tragedy. Both extremes are treated without any of the usual literary artifices which, too often, are called in to increase the poignancy of such situations.

Happiness, to Helen Thomas, came on those days when her lover was careless and together they roamed the countryside, observing flowers and birds, or when, at night, they sat in the intimacy of lamplight, he reading to her, she listening to his deep, clear voice, so quiet, so vibrating, so tender.

At such moments "I was caught up

into heaven; all love, all beauty, all content were mine. Life gave me all it had to give."

There are few, even in this hard-case modern world of 1935, who will be able to read unmoved of the final Christmas these two spent together. Right up to the last it appeared that Edward, now a soldier, would be unable to get leave. He got it, and a totally unexpected cheque made festivities possible. These days were the end; he was to go to France immediately afterwards. The last evening came. The children were read to and, putting them to bed, he said: "Remember while I am away to be kind." Then a last reading together, a sleepless night, and in the misty morning, him striding away down the valley, calling back as long as his voice would carry.

"Coo-ee!" So faint now it might only be my own call flung back from the thick air and swirling snow. I put my hands up to my mouth to make a trumpet, but no sound came. Panic seized me, and I



ALICE GRANT ROSMAN, the South Australian novelist, whose latest book, "The Sleeping Child," is reviewed on this page.

ran through the mist and the snow to the top of the hill and stood there a moment dumbly, with straining eyes and ears. There was nothing but the mist and the snow and the silence of death.

Few men have the good fortune to be loved as Edward Thomas was loved, and few women the great happiness of being capable of such emotion. But to those others of us who have to be satisfied with the unimpassioned tranquillity of everyday affection, this book, with its high order, its beauty, and its loveliness of outlook, will open up new vistas. (Heinemann. Our copy, Moore's Book Shop, 7/6.)

SHORT REVIEWS

"THE SLEEPING CHILD." Alice Grant Rosman. This South Australian novelist, who has resided in England for many years, always writes of very likeable people, and seldom introduces anything but the mildest types of villainy into her stories. In her latest novel, "The Sleeping Child," she has without being technical touched on an interesting psychological problem. The story hinges round a tragic incident in the early childhood of the heroine, and all those connected with her never knew how much she remembered, or if subsequent environment had blotted the happenings out of her memory. Audrey Chevening's father killed his wife and then suicided. Audrey, quite a tiny child, was sleeping in an adjoining room when the tragedy occurred. She had

been taken away immediately by a second cousin, George Chevening, and for fifteen years had been brought up by him as one of his own family. Audrey was unusually fortunate in her relatives. They were a delightful family, and the author displays her usual ability for writing of wholesome, healthy-minded people in her record of their home life. The Chevenings never knew if Audrey remembered her parents or their tragic end, and it was an unwritten law that no one in the household should refer to it. But Audrey's engagement to Miles Buchanan made the neighbourhood remember the almost forgotten fact that she was not George Chevening's daughter, and the old scandal was revived in the gossiping of neighbors, some of it reaching Audrey's ears, then memory awakened and doubts began to arise. She feared hereditary mental tendencies and was on the point of breaking off her engagement when, through the wisdom and understanding of her aunt, everything was made right again. An interesting little story, pleasingly written. (Hodder and Stoughton. All booksellers.)

"THE HILLS SLEEP ON." Joanna Casnan. The major incidents in this story take place in Tibet, where James Raeburn, an Englishman, is endeavoring to obtain for the British Intelligence Department knowledge of the activities of foreign powers in that part of the world. It's a story full of adventure, and Raeburn, an alpinist of no mean ability, undergoes some extraordinary experiences in the snow-clad wastes of northern India before he finally succeeds in his mission and returns to claim his reward—but in this case it came from a source far removed from official headquarters. (Hodder and Stoughton. All booksellers.)

"THE SPY PARAMOUNT." E. Phillips Oppenheim. This author is claimed by his publishers to be "The Prince of Storytellers." It's a justifiable claim, for in his own particular field of story-telling Oppenheim is unsurpassed. "The Spy Paramount" is a story of international intrigues and wrangles, and it's here a man whose main object in life is to bring about world peace. He succeeds in effecting a pact between five nations—England, Germany, France, Italy, and America—which puts out all possibility of war. It's something more than the usual thrilling spy story, for it deals with present-day affairs, with particular reference to conditions in Germany. (Hodder and Stoughton. All booksellers.)

HOST HOLBROOK says: The Holbrook Olives are grown in the sunny olive groves of Spain. Tasted in Australia.

BRAN TUB No. 18

ONE OF THE LOCAL JUSTICES OF

PEP hah ed 2B 2w 3

GA

PRI SON

Ed

THE

BRAN TUB **£50** **MUST BE WON**

Can You Solve This Simple Puzzle?

Don't miss this splendid one-week competition! It is just a short and easily-worded paragraph about AN ESCAPED CONVICT, which appeared in an Australian paper some time ago, and has now been put into puzzle form by our artist. The opening words, "One of..." will tell you what it is all about—and, for the rest, the wording is simple and the sense of the sentence will help you. Each picture or sign may mean part of a word, one, two, or three words, but not more than three.

Solve the puzzle carefully and write your solution IN INK on one side of a sheet of paper. Add your name and residential address, and post the entry to: "BRAN TUB" No. 18, Box 4155X, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

All entries must be postmarked not later than FRIDAY, AUGUST 30th. The First Prize of £50 will be awarded to the competitor whose solution of the paragraph is correct or most nearly correct. In case of ties, the prize money will be divided but the full amount will be paid. Sealed Solution and £50 Prize Money is deposited with "Truth" Ltd., Sydney. A postal note for 1/- must accompany each initial entry, and 6d. each additional entry. Stamps not accepted. Any number of attempts may be sent on plain paper. Alternatives in single entries will be disqualified. Post Office addresses not accepted. Results will be published on Saturday, 14th September.

£50 WON

RESULT OF "BRAN TUB" No. 15

The Winning Competitors in this contest are:—
MRS. M. R. BOURKE, Glenfield, Mendooran, N.S.W.
MRS. L. P. CARROLL, 5 Hindman St., Katoomba, N.S.W.

Their solutions, containing only three errors, were the most nearly correct ones received, and the PRIZE OF £50 IN CASH is therefore awarded to them. Each will receive £25.

Prize money will be posted on Friday, September 6th.

SOLUTION TO "BRAN TUB" No. 15

"Although limping as a result of his 30ft. drop, the man scaled a wall 25ft. high with amazing agility, scrambled over a roof, and was ultimately trapped and manacled on an overhead gangway between two buildings."



When Somebody's overtired in your House

—“almost too tired to eat,” with nerves worked up and digestion too weak to benefit from ordinary food. Remember, there is nothing like Benzer's Food for quick recuperation. It soothes the distressed stomach, and is readily absorbed when the system is unable to digest ordinary food. Benzer's Food will help sufferers from the unrest of weak digestion. Post free from Benzer's Food, Ltd., 350, George Street, Sydney.

Prices in City & Suburbs:
No. 1 size — 3/-
No. 2 size — 5/6
Made at MANCHESTER, Eng.



AVOID INERT CREAMS

What woman does not sigh after this radiant freshness, this juvenile tint that excites admiration? CREME SIMON makes the skin lovely. —It is always active and is delicately perfumed.

For Perfect Beauty use
CREME SIMON
also
POUDRE SIMON
(7 Shades), and
SIMON SOAP



CREME SIMON
PARIS
Obtainable Chemists and Stores
Sole Agents: Jacobett & Jacobett Pty. Ltd., Melbourne

HORT HOLBROOK says: A few drops of my Worcestershire Sauce impart a delicious flavour to the simplest meal.***

Short Story

AN Affair of STARCH

By ...
Sidney Mattingly



scribed in colorless writing these words:

“Your wife has a secret.”

Mr. Cranmere was for a moment annoyed, chiefly because anyone should imagine him the kind of man to be away by anonymous suggestions. But only for a moment, for he saw humor in the idea. Eileen was not the sort of girl to have a secret—even with a small “a.” Why, she had never been able to conceal the manufacture of such innocent surprises as a pair of carpet slippers, or an embroidered tobacco pouch. A secret in connection with her was unthinkable, preposterous.

So Mr. Cranmere, with the air of doing the right thing, dropped the letter in the fire and set out to catch the 8.15 to town.

It was some seven years since Mr. Cranmere had married, and he had then virtually retired from business. To enable him to do so, he had taken as partner one Fostyn, an employee of the firm, who was still young and correspondingly energetic.

The business was an old-established family concern which manufactured starch in a humdrum but lucrative manner, and Mr. Cranmere asked no more of it than that it should continue to pay him its extremely satisfactory dividends and allow him to live at his little place in Devonshire, and there to devote himself to his yacht, his roses, his wife, and later his two children.

These calculations, however, were disturbed by young Fostyn. To begin with, the business which had for a generation or two paid a steady eight per cent. suddenly began to pay twelve. And then Mr. Cranmere began to see not only in newspapers and magazines, but on railway platforms and street hoardings appeals to the public to purchase Cranmere's Super-Starch. Finally, young Fostyn succeeded in firing Mr. Cranmere's imagination with a dream of conquest.

His idea was to sweep out of the way such rival firms as would be swept, buy up others, and in a word dominate the starch trade. He pointed a picture of a world whose shirt fronts, collars, cuffs, bibs, pinafores, and dickers were starched with Cranmere's Super-Starch and no other. He was

so eloquent that Mr. Cranmere sold his yacht and let his little place in Devonshire, bought a motor, and a house in London, and plunged into what the newspapers of the period called the Great Starch War. The result of the campaign was that the battlefield was littered with defunct starch firms while Cranmere's Super-Starch was left in splendid and highly profitable isolation.

From that time on Mr. Cranmere never looked back. He became absurdly rich; bought a mansion in Surrey, with lake, golf course, and view of the South Downs complete; made a collection of motor cars that was unique; worked sixteen hours a day, and seemed to like it. Naturally, any wife would be proud of such a husband, and contented with her lot.

NATURALLY, too, Mr. Cranmere dismissed from his mind the matter of the letter—dismissed it utterly, and without reserve—until the arrival of the second anonymous communication. It came on the morning of the seventh anniversary of his wedding and ran as follows:

“Your wife is unhappy. Unhappiness is the forerunner of divorce. Most divorces occur in the eighth year of marriage. How long have you been married?”

Mr. Cranmere did not burn this letter at once. He read it through twice, and pondered. It was an impertinence for anyone to mention unhappiness in connection with Eileen—the other suggestion was nothing short of an outrage—but still—

An agricultural axiom lays down that the planting of an acorn results in the springing up of an oak. So with Mr. Cranmere, the seed of unhappiness had been sown; and though he did rather thoughtfully burn the letter, he found himself unable to dismiss it from his mind.

Eileen, viewed across the breakfast table, was engaged in her daily task of insisting that Toby, her first born, should permit no heel-taps with his porridge. She looked, Mr. Cranmere thought, particularly serene and even more girlish than her twenty-eight years. It was true, Mr. Cranmere admitted, that at one time just after the inception of the Great Starch War Eileen had been—well, a trifle restless.

In Devonshire she had grown used to having him about the place—at hand to play a round of golf, nail up a picture or go out fishing. After the migration to London, graver tasks called him; and at first Eileen had not liked it, had even tearfully suggested that they should return to the simple life on its eight per cent. basis. For a time, in fact, her attitude, as Mr. Cranmere was forced to admit, had been unreasonable.

On one occasion she had even shown a trace of temper. Her husband had found her one day trampling underfoot a blouse, apparently an expensive article and fresh home from the laundry.

Asked the reason for this peculiar conduct, his wife had told him that the washerwoman had starched it too much.

“A fault in the right direction, my dear,” Mr. Cranmere had remarked mildly.

Eileen had turned on him with a stamp of her foot.

“Oh, I dare say you think so,” she had replied, “but you see I hate starch.”

Mr. Cranmere gave himself a sort of mental shake as if to shuffle clear of memories that annoyed him.

A sudden thought struck him. There was a matter to be discussed with his

wife that in the ordinary way he would have postponed till the after-dinner hour. But he felt a sudden desire to see how Eileen would take his news.

“If the children have finished their breakfast, my dear,” he said, “let them trot off. I want to talk to you.”

When they were alone, Mr. Cranmere made his announcement tersely.

“Either Fostyn or myself, probably myself, will be leaving for China within the next fortnight.”

“Charlie!” exclaimed his wife with, as it seemed to him, exactly the proper note of wifely surprise and solicitude. She added, “I must see about getting you some new socks and underdresses at once.”

“The trip will entail an absence of six months,” Mr. Cranmere went on solemnly. “The present is an inconvenient time in many ways, but Fostyn has discovered that there is an enormous market for starch in the Celestial Empire. We shall be the first to exploit it.”

“I am sure it will be very interesting,” said Mrs. Cranmere, “and I dare say the sea voyage will do you a lot of good.”

“I shall talk the matter over with Fostyn,” pursued her husband, “and decide within a few days who is to go and who to stay. I mention the matter now, because I fear in either case our trip to Grey Tor must be abandoned.”

Grey Tor was the little place in Devonshire, still Mr. Cranmere's property and now vacant.

“Why? If Mr. Fostyn goes—” began Mrs. Cranmere.

“We cannot both be away from the office,” said Mr. Cranmere testily. “In any case, as I say, Grey Tor must be abandoned. I shall send you to Bournemouth for a month with the children instead.”

“That will be very nice, I am sure,” said Mrs. Cranmere dutifully. “But if you don't mind, Charlie, Sybil Carstairs wants me to stay with her at Salisbury for a few days; and I could take the children to Bournemouth later.”

Mr. Cranmere inclined his head.

“Whatever you wish, my dear,” he said. “I am glad you are not disappointed about Grey Tor. Personally I am—very much so; but I cannot help it falling through.”

Please turn to Page 14



Pure Silk is strongest WHATEVER YOU SEW

WHETHER you are making a wispy evening frock or a heavy tweed coat—there's a right grade of sewing silk for the job. Silk has no substitute. It's the strongest, most elastic thread there is! All the brands quoted below are in a special cabinet at your nearest store. Ever so many shades, too!

CHOOSE FROM THESE FAMOUS BRANDS

- **IMPERIAL**, 50 yds.; Net Silk; for fine fabrics. Per reel, 3d.
- **EXTRA SUPER** 50 yds.; Spun Silk, No. 40; for medium fabrics. Per reel, 3d.
- **BULL'S HEAD**, 50 yds.; Spun Silk, No. 40; for medium fabrics. Per reel, 3d.
- **VERA**, 50 yds.; Spun Silk; 100/3; for medium fabrics. Per reel, 3d.
- **STEAMER**, 1/2 ss. Spun Silk; 22-36; for heavy materials. Per reel, 11d.
- **REGINA**, 50 yds.; Spun Silk; 120/2; for fine fabrics. Per spool, 21d.
- **REFORM**, 200 yds.; Spun Silk; 120/3; for fine fabrics. Per spool, 10d.

At all stores

SEWING SILKS LIMITED
2 Cavendish Sq., London W.1

MOISTURE PROOF
SANITARY
PINC-BAK
TOWELS
PINK BACK
MADE IN AUSTRALIA
COTTON DRESSINGS



Age 13

Old enough for strong drugs?

What the doctors say about giving children a medicine of adult strength.

in the hospital usually comes out with bowels working like a well-regulated watch.

Make the change now to pure, California Syrup of Figs instead of harsh medicines, you won't risk any more violence to your child's appetite, digestion, and general physical condition. Those little upsets and complaints just disappear as a rule and the child is soon normal and happy again.

Give that headachy, bilious child California Syrup of Figs when constipated, and a little less each time until bowels seem to be moving regularly and thoroughly without need of help.

THE “LIQUID TEST.” First: select a liquid laxative of the proper strength for children. Second: give the dose suitable to the child's age. Third: reduce the dose, if repeated, until the bowels are moving without any help at all.

An ideal laxative for this purpose is the pure California Syrup of Figs, but be sure the word “California” is on the bottle.

LET
Steele
MAKE YOUR POTS & PANS LIKE NEW

With less rubbing it thoroughly cleans aluminium, and polishes it at the same time. Steele is good, too, for baths, basins, sinks and for cleaning gas stoves. You get 5 weeks' supply... 5 pence and special soap... for 6d.



GOOD HOT SOUP
3 plates for 2d



Soup made with Foster Clark's Soup Cubes is economical—and very appetising. It's easy to make, too. Choose your favourite soup—and serve it tomorrow. Foster Clark's Soup is made in 8 delicious flavours: Tomato, Ox-tail, Mulligatawny, Mock Turtle, Lentil, Pea, Green Pea, Cream of Celery.

Foster Clark's
new 2d SOUPS

BACKACHE



For Backache, Lumbago, or Stomach, take one Genuine Vincent's A.P.C. Powder or Tablet every four hours, and continue until symptoms and pain disappear. Avoid irritants - they may be injurious.

12 for 1/6; 24 for 2/6. All Chemists and Stores or direct from Vincent Chemical Company, Limited, Sydney.

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY "VINCENT'S"

"O. H. of course I am disappointed, dear," said Mrs. Cranmere, "but things fall through so often, don't they? And it is so long since I have seen Sybil."

Three days later Mr. Cranmere informed his wife that he had decided to undertake the expedition to China himself. He was to sail from Tilbury Docks on the following Monday.

Mrs. Cranmere exhibited a cheerful resignation which her husband admitted was a credit to her common sense, and yet hardly what he had hoped for. She packed his trunks with wifely thoroughness and care and displayed as much emotion over the operation as if she had been despatching him for a week-end at Brighton. By the Friday afternoon everything was ready.

On Saturday morning Mr. Cranmere announced briefly that he was not going to China. Postyn would go after all.

Eileen received the intelligence with a proper and matter-of-fact display of wifely joy, which her husband considered would have done credit to an even greater actress.

For Mr. Cranmere had received a third anonymous letter, and this one he

AN AFFAIR of STARCH

did not burn. Rather, he read it many times during the ensuing days till every word of it was seared upon his brain.

"On Wednesday next," it ran, "Mrs. Cranmere will be lunching at 1 o'clock at the Cafe du Diable—at the small table by the middle window. In the afternoon she will attend the matinee of 'The Red Hat' at the Olympic Theatre. She will have an escort."

Mr. Cranmere was a man who was not afraid to face facts—so long as he knew what the facts were. But he was afraid of facts lurking in ambush. He longed to drag them into the light of day, to solve the miserable riddle and know the worst.

Sometimes he would assure himself that he had no real ground for suspicion; that he was torturing himself needlessly, but his assurance carried no conviction. He could solve the question once for all, of course. Any detective agency would give him the truth for a matter of so many guineas or he could discover it for himself by presenting himself at the Cafe du Diable at the right moment. But neither of these courses pleased him. Was it that he feared the truth or

could not bear to spy upon Eileen? He scarcely knew; but, in the end, he compromised.

If Eileen chose to act a part, he would fall in with her humor.

So on the following Wednesday at breakfast Mr. Cranmere said suddenly:

"Eileen, I am taking a half-holiday this afternoon. What about lunch and a matinee?"

"It would do you more good to play golf," said Mrs. Cranmere. "And I had arranged—"

Her husband broke in sharply.

"You will have time to alter your arrangements during the morning—I'll take no excuse. Lunch at the Cafe du Diable—meet me in the vestibule at one o'clock, and we'll do a matinee after."

If Mrs. Cranmere was frightened now and on her guard she gave no sign, but with wifely submission fell in with her husband's plans.

She was already waiting in the vestibule of the Cafe du Diable when Mr. Cranmere arrived. Without hesitation he led her into the restaurant and to a table by the window, decorated with pink carnations—Eileen's favorite

Continued from Page 13

flower. He brushed aside the protesting waiter, who pointed to a large "Engaged" card, and calmly seated Eileen at the table and perused the carte du jour.

When the maître d'hôtel fussed up, he condescended to explain.

The table ordered, quite so. Special flowers and a bottle of Veuve Clicquot on the ice. Mr. Cranmere assured the manager that the gentleman who had ordered the table would not require it. The flowers could be put on his bill, and a bottle of Dry Monopole substituted for the Clicquot.

With compliments upon this last piece of discrimination the maître d'hôtel bowed himself away, leaving Mr. Cranmere in possession.

It was a good lunch, but not a gay



Do You Know . . .

THAT a death penalty for any person revealing the methods of the silk-rearing industry, enabled the Chinese to keep their secret for 2000 years. The culture extends 3000 years into the past, although the date assigned to its beginning by the Chinese is the reign of Emperor Huang-Ti, 2536 B.C.

one. Mr. Cranmere was wondering all the time whose chair he was sitting in.

Mrs. Cranmere was wondering. Ah, that was it. What was she wondering? How much her husband knew? Whence he got his knowledge? Mr. Cranmere would have given much to read her thoughts; once he almost threw the damning letter on the table and asked her for the plain English of it.

But with the coffee and liqueur a calmer frame of mind began to possess him. He had warned Eileen—she was no fool, and must have read his purpose. Her good sense would restrain her now, however near the brink of an escapade she might have been tempted. It was better so. Perhaps one day Eileen would confide in him of her own free will. But unless or until she did, Mr. Cranmere suddenly realised that life was going to be rather a limp affair.

"I have taken tickets, Eileen," he remarked, as he paid the bill, "for 'The Red Hat' at the Olympic."

"How clever of you, Charlie," returned his wife.

Mr. Cranmere looked at her intently, but could not detect the flicker of an eyelid.

Thereafter the life of the Cranmeres resumed its normal way—for about a fortnight.

MRS. CRANMERE did not make any concessions, though her manner appeared as open as the day. Mr. Cranmere did not consciously allow his manner to reflect his knowledge of his wife's secret. He thought she was grateful for this, and at times he could almost have believed that she was genuinely glad he had not gone to China, so charming did she make herself. Mr. Cranmere was quite prepared to forgive her; in fact, was anxious to do so, if only he had something tangible to forgive. But he also felt that until he had forgiven her things could never be quite the same again.

Please turn to Page 16

IF MOTHER'S HEALTH FAILS

Housework Gets Beyond Her

The mother and housewife knows only too well the trials of managing her house and children when her strength is failing. Every little trifle becomes an annoyance, and with aching back and splitting headache, work and worry get beyond endurance.

A mother must look after her health; it is a duty expected toward her home and family. No woman can live cheerfully and contentedly if she always feels worn out and tired, suffering intense headaches and pains in back and limbs. If you are like this, see to the condition of your blood, for it is thin, devitalized blood that causes the flushes, palpitation, breathlessness, dizzy turns and weakness.

Replenish and revitalize your blood by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and experience the wonderful brightening and strengthening change these pills will bring. Because they help to enrich and increase the blood supply, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are always beneficial to women. Headaches, backaches, flushes and palpitation quickly disappear. Nervous become stronger and new energy, new life return after a short course.

But don't delay; take these pills after your next meal and begin to enjoy new health. At chemists and stores, 3/- bottle. Say "Dr. Williams'"—and take no other.

Out of a Designer's imagination comes this dramatic inspiration!

BEAUDURA-LASTIK ALLOWS FULL NATURAL MOVEMENT

AT last it is solved—the problem of how to make a foundation that will never ride up! With a revolutionary stretch of imagination, our designer took this new Lastex fabric, called Beaudura-Lastik, and, by controlling its tension scientifically, created delightful garments which do not ride up. They stay in place. They stretch. They control.

Beaudura-Lastik is a new kind of satin Lastex fabric, light and soft as a rose-petal, yet unbelievably strong. A 'live' fabric, with the same stretch as the human skin.

It gives with every body movement, yet returns instantly to its original shape the moment tension is released. And its 'liveliness' is lasting. This miracle fabric can be laundered safely and satisfactorily.

And another thing, Beaudura-Lastik relieves your stockings of all suspender strain; a definite help in the prevention of 'runs'.

FREEDOM OF MOVEMENT, and a poise born of the knowledge that your figure is perfectly controlled... Beaudura-Lastik gives you both.

TWIN-CONTROL is a feature of Berlei Beaudura-Lastik Foundations. At the back the stretch runs up and down; this gives comfort, yet prevents hip spread. At the sides the stretch runs horizontally; this preserves the lovely feminine curve of the hips, yet prevents bulges at this point. Panels of firm satin, that don't stretch at all, provide front control.

IT'S EXCLUSIVE to Berlei, this Beaudura-Lastik. You will not find it used in any but Berlei Foundation Garments.

THE 'LIVE' FABRIC WITH THE SAME STRETCH AS THE HUMAN SKIN

BEAUDURA-LASTIK

BERLEI LIMITED, SYDNEY - LONDON AND AUCKLAND

Latest "Quin" Studies in Expression



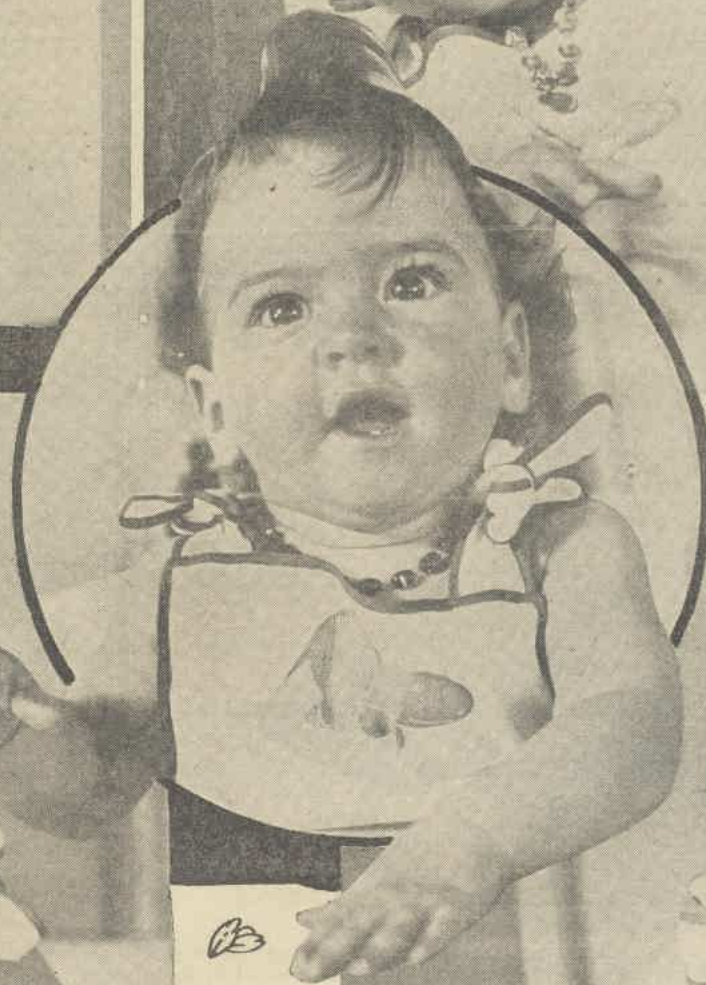
CONCILIATION, as portrayed by Marie.



DETERMINATION, as portrayed by Cecile.



EXPECTATION, as portrayed by Annette.



Above:
THE height of
jollification as
portrayed by
Yvonne.

These attractive
studies show
how satisfactorily
the famous
little Dionne
"Quins" are
thriving. Photos
are exclusive to
The Australian
Women's
Weekly.



APPRECIATION, as portrayed by Emellie.

Are You Bashful?



SHY?
NERVOUS?
EMBARRASSED?



NO WONDER YOU ARE A
"STAY-AT-HOME"

DO you ever feel embarrassed in the presence of strangers? Are you always bashful and confused when you meet people for the first time or when you are in company of the opposite sex?

You Are Self-Conscious!

Shame on you! There is no need for you to be nervous and embarrassed. Stop being shy. You can learn how to conquer the terrible fear of your superiors. Every individual now suffering from bashfulness (Self-Consciousness) and inferiority complex, will welcome this good news. My method used with great success

by thousands of people throughout the world. Be cheerful and confident of your future! If you're bashful—don't wait another day—Send for my fascinating, amazing book. Tells how to master and overcome Self-Consciousness, unreasonable fears—How to acquire a magnetic personality—Health, Power and Success. Write to-day!



This Book is Free!

MAIL THIS FREE BOOK COUPON

AUSTRALASIAN PHYSICAL COLLEGE
HARVARD HOUSE, 185 CASTLEREAGH ST., SYDNEY.

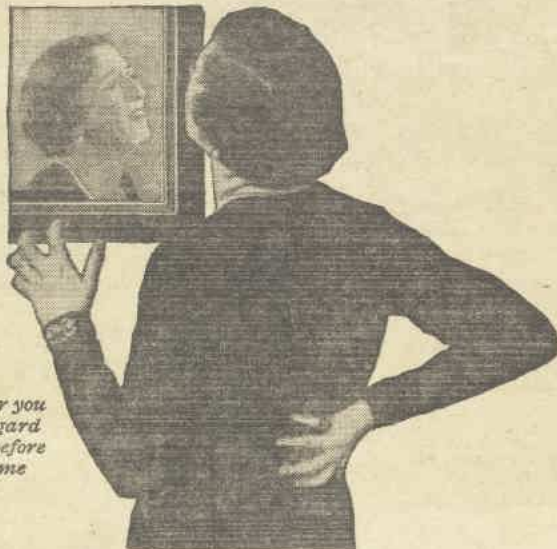
Dear Sir,—Without any obligation on my part please send me a FREE copy of your amazing book on Nervousness and Bashfulness. I enclose stamp for postage.

Name

Address

City

WEAK KIDNEYS



No wonder you look haggard and old before your time

IF EVERYBODY realised how vitally important to general health was the naturally healthy working of the kidneys, not one case of kidney weakness would go a day untreated. Every drop of blood in your system must pass through the kidneys, there to be filtered of all impurities and poisons—chief amongst them being uric acid. If the kidneys are too weak to discharge this duty properly the blood stream carries the uric acid all over the body. This uric acid will then form jagged crystals that settle in joints, causing painful swellings, stiffness and finally the stabbing agony of rheumatism. The crystals may actually lodge in the bladder, giving rise to gravel, stone or

chronic inflammation. Kidney weakness, which can be recognised by backache, heaviness and general lassitude, joint pains or baggy eyes, should be treated at once with De Witt's Pills.

DE WITT'S Kidney and Bladder Pills act directly on the kidneys, toning them up and assisting them to clear the blood stream of impurities. That the soothing, healing elements of De Witt's Pills actually reach the kidneys will be proved to you within twenty-four hours. Sold only in the white, blue and gold boxes, from chemists everywhere. Price 3/6, or the larger, more economical size, 6/6

Be sure you get the genuine—

De Witt's Kidney & Bladder Pills

For RHEUMATISM, BACKACHE, Etc.

AN AFFAIR OF STARCH

Continued from Page 14

ON the 6th of August Mrs. Cranmere went to stay with Sybil Cartmains for ten days. Her husband allowed no doubt or suspicion as to the purpose of the visit to linger in his mind. He resolved to treat the past as a bygone.

But the past was to have its say in the matter. Four days later—it was on a Friday just before lunch—a telegram was brought to Mr. Cranmere at the office. It ran:

"For your information, Mrs. Cranmere left Salisbury yesterday. She will be spending the week-end at Grey Tor. She will not be alone."

There are two species of rage which afflict human nature—the cold and the hot. It was the cold variety which seized Mr. Cranmere. With icy calm he rung bells, interviewed department managers, issued instructions, and generally made preparations for a short absence from the helm.

These completed, he took a taxi and caught the 3.30 from Paddington.

It was late in the evening when he reached his branch line destination. It was years since he had been there, and he passed unrecognised among the new staff at the village station.

"Is anyone staying at Grey Tor?" he asked a porter.

"Lady came yesterday, sir. Alone she is, but said I were to look out for a gentleman this evening. Shall I take your luggage along, sir?"

"I have no luggage, thanks," said Mr. Cranmere shortly.

For a moment he paused undecided outside the station. The man had certainly not arrived by his train. There was another in an hour. Should he wait? He decided not. He would go up and see Eileen. Get the truth out of her and then, well, when he knew the truth he could decide.

Ten minutes' walk brought him in view of the old grey house upon its hill. A single lighted window sent its beams across the misty road.

Mr. Cranmere climbed the steep garden path, entered the open front door,

and turned out of the passage into the lighted room.

The room was just as he remembered it—untidy, cosy, a kettle singing on the hob, a pair of men's slippers warming on the hearth.

MR. CRANMERE was gazing at them when Eileen entered the room. He transferred his gaze to her, and for a full quarter of a minute they stood looking at each other in silence.

"Where slippers are these?" asked Mr. Cranmere directly.

Eileen did not answer. "I am going to know the truth," said her husband. "That's all I've come for. Not to brawl or make a scene—just to find out the truth."

Then Eileen spoke suddenly. "The truth is that I was fed up."

"Fed up?" repeated Mr. Cranmere mechanically.

"Yes, with you, and starch, and motors and money. So I thought things over, and, after a time I came to the conclusion that it was entirely my own fault."

"Oh, that is the conclusion you came to?"

"Yes, I said to myself, Charles finds starch and motors and money—particularly starch—more exciting than me."

Thanksgiving

For the hope and joy of the springtime.

The unwinning of winter earth.

The faith, and the glorious wisdom

That comes with a blossom's birth.

For the untold glory of summer.

The light and fire of the sun.

The wind, and the rain, and the stiffness

That comes when the day is done.

For the mellow treasures of autumn.

The richness of hopes fulfilled.

The harvest of field, and of orchard.

Rich harvest from Nature spilled.

For the strengthening cold of winter.

The joy of the changing year.

The promise of life eternal

That conquers the voice of fear.

For these, and for all the blessings

That hallow our nights and days.

To Him, the beneficent Giver.

We offer thanksgiving and praise.

—Jean M. Robinson.

He is becoming a stodgy, middle-aged money-grubber, and it is my fault. I am failing in my duty as a wife. And so—

"It would probably cut a long story short," remarked Mr. Cranmere, "if you answered my original question. Whose slippers are these?"

"I am sure I should be glad to cut the story short," said Mrs. Cranmere, "because I have some mackerel grilling in the kitchen, and I am afraid they will burn. I was only trying to break it to you gently. You see, I considered it my duty to make you excited about something else besides starch. You got just a bit interested in the carnations at the Cafe du Diable, and you ate as excited as possible about the slippers."

Mr. Cranmere advanced towards the fireplace and scrutinised the exhibit in question.

"Why, they are my own slippers," he exclaimed. He glared at his wife. "My slippers. Then you knew I should come—you wrote the letter and sent the telegram. Oh, Eileen, how could you do it?"

Mr. Cranmere subsided heavily into an armchair, and buried his head in his hands. He was not prepared to admit it, but a wild sense of relief was his chief emotion. At the same time he felt that it would be wrong to let pass the chance of reading Eileen a salutary lesson on her ill-timed levity and practical joking.

He was composing a few nicely-turned periods with fitting allusions to his sleepless nights and agony of mind, when Eileen broke in on his thoughts.

"Charlie," she said.

Mr. Cranmere looked up. "You need not look so wretchedly ashamed of yourself, Charlie," said Mrs. Cranmere kindly. "Of course, my little joke gave you no excuse for your horrid suspicions, but you are a stupid old thing, and I have forgiven you."

Starch had not entirely obliterated Mr. Cranmere's sense of humor.

Drawing his slippers towards him, he began to unlace his boots.

"I accept your forgiveness, my dear," he said, "in the same spirit in which it is offered."

(Copyright.)

A TRUE STORY

By A MOTHER

with three perfect specimens of lovely children.



MRS. BRISTON SIMMONS, of Annes Parade, Kensington, is the mother of three lovely children. She is a youthful, bright and active that she attributes the compliments her friends pay her to her regular use—of taking NUJOL. Here is her actual NUJOL story, word for word—

"I have brought up my three lovely children and myself, too, on NUJOL. It all happened when I was a girl at school, aged about twelve years, always sickly, no energy, ending in a big appendix operation. I was too weak for anything, and tried NUJOL in desperation."

"Since then I have never looked back! Always healthy, full of vitality, in my thirties now, and always full of 'pep'! My two sons and one daughter, brought up on NUJOL are perfect specimens of Australian children. Extra good-looking, and always out with their vivacious mother, whom everyone says is lively enough to be their sister. Thanks to NUJOL, our life-saver."

YOU, too, can share in such "Joie de vivre". Help nature rid your system of sluggish, harmful waste matter. NUJOL, supplies the necessary assistance—a lubricating oil that helps nature to keep the system functioning normally and keep it ticking over as regular as clockwork. Remember that NUJOL is the safest; and that doctors recommend it freely; it is not absorbed into the system, but merely lubricates.

NUJOL is now obtainable from any chemist in two forms—plain, and Cream of Nujol, the latter flavoured and often preferred by children.

What is your Nujol story? If you have been a regular user for several years, or if you are bringing up your children on it, tell us. Address: Stano (Aust.) Ltd., Box 7476, G.P.O., Sydney.



You'll get more out of a Ewbank

The better performance is obvious when you empty a 'Ewbank' Sweeper.

Such efficiency was not attained in a day. Years of development and a wealth of patents and improvements have advanced 'Ewbank' far ahead of others.

Ewbank

BRITISH CARPET SWEEPER

Recommended and Stocked by all big Department and good Hardware Stores, at prices to suit all purses.

Factory Representatives: GUTHRIE & NORTON Pty., Ltd., Box 2444 E.R., Sydney.

E 24.

Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by L. W. LOWER "Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



SHE: I'm Suzette, the Oriental dancer!
HE: Shake!



OFFICE BOY: You told me to file these letters.
BOSS: Well?
OFFICE BOY: I was just thinking it would be easier to trim them with a pair of scissors.



FUSSY LADY: Come, come, my man, you haven't told us how these caves were formed.
FED-UP GUIDE: The story goes, ma'am, that a Scotchman dropped sixpence down a rabbit burrow.



BURGLAR: Mary, I think I need glasses. To-night, when I went to turn the knob of a safe, a band began to play.

PRODIGAL SON: Father! I'm a pauper.
PA: Congratulations, son — boy or girl?

Brainwaves

Price of 3/6 paid for each joke used.

COUNSEL FOR DEFENCE: The accused confesses to having committed the crime, but how can one believe the word of a man who has sunk to the lowest depths?

LADY: You don't look a bit like a starving man.
Tramp: Ah, that's just it, mum. This 'ere 'ealthy look o' mine will be the death of me yet.

HE: I saw an armless sculptor at work to-day.
SHE: Impossible! How did he manage to work?
HE: He held a chisel in his mouth, and his assistant hit him on the back of the head with a hammer.

NO RESULTS—NO COST
7lb LOSS in 14 days

FULL 30 DAY Treatment Paid Free 7/6 OR MONEY BACK

Ugly Fat Goes
"I have reduced 12lbs. in weight so far and am quite satisfied with the result."
(Miss) E.M.B.
Send P.N. to Dr. T. de-
HARROP'S Laboratories, Dept. D
G.P.O. Box 20257, Sydney, N.S.W.
or to Box 201,
Auckland, N.Z.
Slimzall

WHY BE

Bilious

When Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills are Obtainable

One of the most distressing troubles a person can endure is biliousness. It is depressing to the spirits and demoralising to the entire system. The person so afflicted is scarcely able to work or take an interest in anything. This is because the sewers of the body are clogged and need flushing out. The bile is turned from its proper channel, enters the blood and produces that peculiar cast of complexion.

The sufferer may be very restless, uneasy or sleepless at night, or perhaps the slumber is lethargic and dull. There are usually dull pains, uneasiness under the right side and shoulder blades, a bitter taste in the mouth, sudden dizziness on rising, furred tongue, bowels loose one day and constipated the next. All or any of these symptoms may accompany the bilious condition, and while so afflicted the patient's life is scarcely worth living.

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills relieve this trouble speedily. They act on the liver and open the clogged-up system, thereby preventing many impurities from entering the blood, and once more the human mechanism works smoothly and easily.

How to Combat The Ravages of WORMS

There are few ailments, particularly with children, more lowering than worms. They work their vicious harm in a curiously undetectable way, and are often difficult to diagnose. If you are in doubt give a thought to worms. The symptoms are: variable appetite, pains in the stomach, foetid breath, nausea, headache, irritation about the nose, disturbed sleep, disordered bowels.



The first aim in treating worms is to destroy and expel them from the body. This can be accomplished by Comstock's "Dead Shot" Worm Pellets followed by a dose of Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills. If unobtainable locally Comstock's "Dead Shot" Worm Pellets will be forwarded post paid on receipt of price 2/- per tin by The W. H. Comstock Co. Ltd., 23 Lang Street, Sydney.

"HEAVENS . . . DISHES FOR 10 PEOPLE!"



"THAT'S NOTHING . . . IT'S EASY WITH LUX"

A little Lux, a lot of hot water and dish-washing becomes an easy task. And remember, Lux suds keep your hands so beautifully soft and white.

LUX
for dishwashing
A LEVER PRODUCT



Her taste in gowns
is **EXCLUSIVE**

her taste
in cheese
is **KRAFT**

'Simply Delightful' is an expression heard in company with tinkling tea cups and the crunch of savoury biscuits... when the perfect hostess has also served KRAFT... wholesome, delectable and inexpensive too... there's no waste... that's why wise women invariably insist on KRAFT... it's economical yet accepted as 'the correct thing.'

It takes a gallon
of rich milk to make a
single pound of
Kraft Cheese.



**KRAFT
CHEESE**

The uses of KRAFT
CHEESE are amazing.
Send for the FREE
KRAFT RECIPE
BOOK—"Cheese and
Ways to Serve It."



K1.30C

ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE TO KRAFT WALKER CHEESE CO., PTY. LTD., RIVERSIDE AVENUE, MELBOURNE, VIC.



Made and packed under the most hygienic conditions possible, this aristocrat of cheese is available in the following sizes, 4 and 8 oz. packets, 2 and 1 lb. portions.

WILL SEARCH for Radio TALENT!

2GB Director Back from America
Makes a Resolution

There is a great future in radio work for talented people, says Mr. A. E. Bennett, managing director of Station 2GB, who has just returned from America.

As a result of his visit, he intends to seek at once for local talent, which he intends to train for special work.

MR. BENNETT has just returned to Australia from America, where he has been investigating radio progress and seeking new ideas for 2GB, and he found that you can't investigate radio anywhere today without coming up against the important part women are playing in this as in most fields of modern life.

"The American women are the greatest sales-people in America," said Mr. Bennett in an interview last week. "In the past they have very successfully sold to American menfolk the idea that they (the men) are there to give the women whatever they want."

Comparing Australian women with their American cousins, Mr. Bennett

training talent in Australia immediately. Broadcasting stations would have to depend on transcriptions to a great extent, but he intended to seek out the best talent to be found among writers, producers, actors, musicians, and entertainers and give them contracts to provide them with a few years' training in the technique of broadcasting.

ON the Mariposa coming home, he said he met two girls who were running a training college in Hollywood.

One of them played a part in "Musical Memories," featuring Edmund Breese, and both appeared in that popular children's entertainment "Growing Up," which has been broadcast from 2GB. They told him that American girls appeared to be able to put more into things than Australians.

Mr. Bennett said he had plenty of confidence in Australian talent. Given proper training there was no reason why our radio artists should not take their places beside the best in the world.



MR. AND MRS. BENNETT snapped as they returned from America on the Mariposa.

said American women were keen students of various arts, even after they were married. Bringing up families was not allowed to interfere with outside interests. Australian women, on the other hand, were inclined to sacrifice themselves too much for their families.

Incidentally this cultural interest of the American women had provided the States with one of its biggest broadcasting problems.

Women educationists and idealists have been clamoring for more and more space on the air in which to educate the public.

As a result, American programmes were cluttered up with too much talk.

Fortunately, said Mr. Bennett, Australia had a national service which rightly shouldered the responsibility of educational talks, and left the commercial stations free to look to their own particular business—supplying popular entertainment.

Excellent Work

"In spite of this," said Mr. Bennett, "women are doing excellent work on U.S.A. stations. They are given every opportunity. America understands that entertainment is not the prerogative of men. Kate Smith is one of the most popular radio stars."

There are, however, no long sessions run by women, he said. Fifteen minutes was perhaps the longest. There was no reading of mail over the air.

Mr. Bennett stressed the important work done by American women in "cleaning-up" radio programmes—especially those unsuitable for children and home broadcasting.

"The standard for a programme," he said, laughing, "has been defined as a message that can be heard by a man and his wife, his daughter, her fiancée, and their clergyman."

Talent Wanted

IN the executive sphere women were less to the fore, and at the radio convention, which Mr. Bennett attended at Colorado Springs, there were few women delegates.

Mr. Bennett said his tour had convinced him of the necessity of developing new talent for radio. That applied to America as well as to Australia.

It was his intention to commence

To
keep
always
The Thrill
of
**Youthful Feminine
CHARM**

The daily battle against the signs of ageing changes from a losing to a winning one directly you start to use Kathleen Court's 'Facial Youth'. It is an amazing discovery. No matter your age, or how rough, red, veined, wrinkled, freckled or blemished your skin, as soon as you apply 'Facial Youth' you double your beauty!

Nothing Else Like It! 'Facial Youth' makes you look and feel years younger. It whitens yellow skin, prevents shiny nose, conquers blackheads and open pores, holds powder faultlessly, for hours. Fragrantly perfumed, but no stinging spirit or clinging, destructive soap, no grease. Use 'Facial Youth' yourself this very day. See how it refreshes and revitalises your skin—how it increases your charm and attractiveness. Ask your chemist or store today for a package of 'Facial Youth' Tubes at 1/3 and 2/6. Jar at 2/6. Also a Special Liquid (Astringent) Form in bottles at 2/6. Liquefying Pore-Clearing Cream, 2/6. If you difficulty in procuring, send order to nearest selling dealer.

KATHLEEN COURT, 234 Regent Street, London; or Australia: Messrs. Hyman, Australia; or A.S.D. Pty. Ltd., Wellington, N.Z.; or Chemist, Druggist, and Market Streets, Johannesburg, S.A.



**WE'VE BEATEN
NEURITIS**

By attacking neuritis where it begins... in kidneys and liver... by checking the flow of harmful material which poisons the system when these important organs are disordered. Warner's Safe Cure permanently cures not only neuritis, but also rheumatism, sciatica, biliousness, and all symptoms rising out of this common cause.

**WARNER'S
SAFE CURE**

Sold by Chemists and Storekeepers in both the original 5/- bottle and the cheaper concentrated form at 2/9.

**"I LOST MY FAT QUICK
.. when I found this safe, easy way**

"I began to get fat soon after I was married. Many women do. After two or three years, I began saying 'I must reduce!'—but I didn't."

"For several years longer I tried to get rid of my fat through diets and exercises. They didn't work, because I couldn't stick to them. Probably you know how it is."

"If you are fat, and have tried to reduce by starving and muscular efforts, you'll realize how glad I was to be told about the BonKora reducing treatment."

"I got a bottle and took it according to directions. Results were apparent the first week, and in only ten weeks I was down to normal after losing 36 pounds."

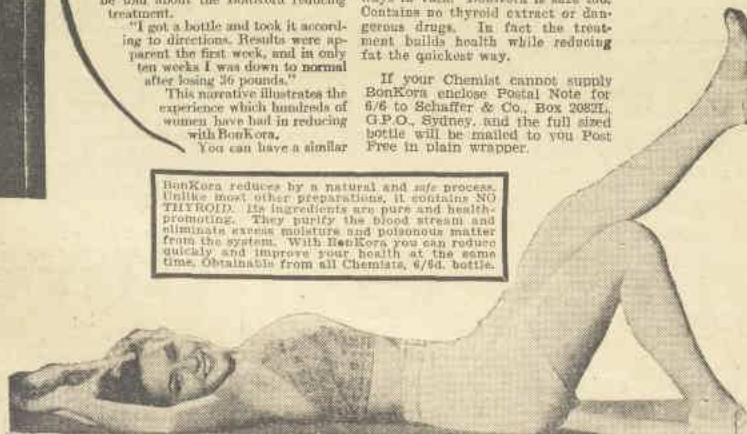
This narrative illustrates the experience which hundreds of women have had in reducing with BonKora. You can have a similar

experience—and get rid of your fat—just as easily and quickly as they have. The BonKora treatment requires you to cut down on very fattening foods, but allows you to eat satisfying meals, of foods you like, while it is taking off your fat the quickest way.

Don't hesitate because other reducing methods have failed. Users have said that BonKora took off 20, 30, 50 pounds after they had tried other ways in vain. BonKora is safe too. Contains no thyroid extract or dangerous drugs. In fact the treatment builds health while reducing fat the quickest way.

If your Chemist cannot supply BonKora enclose Postal Note for 6/6 to Schaffer & Co., Box 2682L, G.P.O., Sydney, and the full sized bottle will be mailed to you Post Free in plain wrapper.

BonKora reduces by a natural and safe process. Unlike most other preparations, it contains NO ILLUSTRATION. Its ingredients are pure and health-promoting. They purify the blood stream and eliminate excess moisture and poisonous matter from the system. With BonKora you can reduce quickly and improve your health at the same time. Obtainable from all Chemists, 6/6d. bottle.



Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page recently.



SAY YOUR SAY

If you have something interesting to say, try saying it to "So They Say." Every topic, so long as your letter is not too long, will be accepted. And you'll learn what other readers think about it, too.

ANTI-WAR SPEAKERS

HAVING come into contact with various anti-war speakers, I am beginning to wonder whether they are merely unskilful in the delivery of their message, or deliberately dishonest. Many of their arguments, instead of setting forth the necessity for peace and the brotherhood of man, consist rather of ranting against existing social, political, and religious systems, thereby breeding a class consciousness that bodes ill for peaceful conditions, either at home or abroad. Any intelligent movement aiming at world peace should concentrate on the removal of class hatred and inter-racial suspicion.

£1 for this letter to Arthur Yates, Woodend Rd., Ipswich, Q.

YOUR AGE IS YOUR OWN

FOLLOWING an account of an accident, one frequently notices a phrase such as this in the daily Press: "Miss Margaret Brown, 50, suffering from broken leg and shock."

Why is it necessary to advertise the person's age? Is it not bad enough that the lady in question has suffered a physical injury, without also suffering the indignity of having her age advertised for all and sundry to see? One is apt to regard one's age as being quite a private matter, and no one's business but one's own. And, anyway, what has it to do with the accident?

Miss Lydia Longmore, 7 Second Av., St. Peter, S.A.

WHAT OF OUR YOUTHS?

WHERE has the honest handshake, which once accompanied an introduction, gone? Nowadays the custom seems to be a mumbled "Pleasant to meet ya" or "how d'ya do."

Also, what is wrong with our youths? Are their manners towards the fair sex the result of ignorance or stupidity? Every day, wherever one looks, may be seen young men who walk on the inside of the footwalk when with women.

And, alas! how often one may see a girl struggling with her topcoat, while her male companion unconcernedly stands by?

Is this laxness the ignorance of the male, or does not the girl require manners in a man's friend?

Mrs. E. H. Palmer, 372 Park Rd., Centennial Park, Sydney.



When a WOMAN tells you:

that perhaps she should not boast, but her teeth are very white, and she has used nothing but Calvert's since she was twelve

Well, don't you think it is worth trying for your teeth!



There Aren't Any Bargains for Business Girls!

I AGREE with Miss Russell (3/8/35) that the business girl hasn't much chance to snap up a bargain when most of the big stores are holding their sales. It's certainly a case of first in getting the pick of the bargains, and by noon there are very few left.

If there were special bargains between 12 and 1, instead of the usual 9 to 10, how helpful this would be to the toilers in the city, and couldn't we housewives leave the "Business Hour Specials" to the business girls and give them a fair deal? We can always go to sales which they are unable to attend, and, usually, we are not as pressed for time as they are.

Those of us who remember having rushed around in our lunch hours in our

Modern Music and New Musical Instruments

WHY blame the poor phonograph for "threatening civilisation?" It merely reproduces: does not produce.

And perhaps there is a flood of poor music, but there is also much that is good being written and performed today—and every piece cannot be the best. One is apt to think of the music of last century as being ALL good, but we only know the Old Masters, and in all probability quite as much "tripe" was written then as now.

I think your writer (3/8/35) has yet to realise her own statement: "This century has seen the introduction of something new into music." Whether or no this "something" is all in the interest of progress has yet to be proved, but I do not think that a music censor would

Why Must Women Work "Till They Drop"?

MRS. SPENCE (3/8/35) wonders why so many people, particularly women, must make martyrs of themselves when suffering from flu.

I think her viewpoint a particularly shortsighted one, and shows lack of understanding of conditions existing in average working-men's homes.

What of the thousands of busy mothers with little children dependent on them who cannot afford help?

Is she to consider herself first, and be in bed, while her little ones run neglected?

And as for making everyone miserable, the average Australian woman carries on cheerfully, under far more trying circumstances than flu.

Mrs. W. J. Tonkin, Church St., Mayfield, Newcastle, N.S.W.

Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT



business girls can realise just how much these days are missing.

Mrs. G. Morgan, 3 Loudon St., Five Dock, N.S.W.

be of any appreciable assistance in the improvement of the standard of music.

R. L. McAvaney, Spalding, S.A.

Music Should Be Cheaper

MAY I make a plea for cheaper music? We read much of the benefits of good music, good singing, etc., but it doesn't seem quite fair to me that only those with well-lined purses should be able to have these benefits.

For instance, would it not be possible to have cheaper gramophone records of great singers and pianists?

What do other readers think about it?—Miss Emmy Wiseman, Burrumbutlock, via Albury, N.S.W.

Begin Anew At One

I AGREE with Miss Russell. I, too, am a business girl. Up till recently, I have followed the advertisement of bargains—often observing miraculous bargains. However, when I have gone in for them, I have found them gone or sadly "picked over."

I think a good plan would be to launch them at one o'clock each day. Make each new shopping day start at one as it were. Of course, the disadvantage would be over-crowding, so perhaps the scheme wouldn't be practicable.

Diana Gilbert, Joslin, S.A.

Each to Own Taste

REPLYING to Miss F. Giles (3/8/35). After all, it is but a matter of taste, and why deprive the dancing section because we prefer the mild and mellow to the blast and blare?

As for the reference to the saxophone and wurlitzer, well, I consider that Rudy Wiedorf and Al Hammett have produced music on their saxophones equal to anything for sweetness, while many of our local musicians have proved the versatility of the wurlitzer beyond question.

Finally, I wish to mention that with the wide range offered on the broadcasting programme, together with the record libraries, I have no trouble finding good music without the aid of a censor.

J. Baggroaves, 21 Kitchener St., Oatley, N.S.W.

Great Boon

MECHANISED music (3/8/35) is the greatest boon science has offered us. Instead of being limited to mediocre drawing-room amateurs, or expensive professional orchestras and virtuosos, the poorest of us has something to meet every mood, from classical ecstasy to practical tangling.

Mechanised musical taste is a different matter. If people prefer a drum concert with obligato to music, that is their misfortune. By the aid of mechanical music, those who prefer something better are in a position to wind it up for themselves and enjoy it, instead of being exposed to mass choice all the time, as they would be without records. People seem to forget that the world wasn't all Strauss before the war. What about the "tra-la-la" rubbish of the nineties?

Muriel Dessau, Norwood Court, Moore St., Bondi, N.S.W.

No Piety In It

SOME mothers get overworked because they think that the family cannot do without them.

They must always be at every meal and carry out every detail with their own hands; but the very essence of organisation is to find out what you need not do, and what others can do for you.

This is more necessary in homes where families are growing up, and the elder children are longing to be trusted with some responsibility in the home.

There is no real piety in "going on until you drop," though a large number of mistaken people think there is.

Miss G. McCure, Altona, Ararat, Vic.

Must Carry On

I READ with interest the par by Mrs. W. R. Spence (3/8/35) re women going about, even when they have the flu. Some women must do this, as they cannot afford to pay a girl while they are laid up. In cases like this one must rely on the kindness of the neighbors to bring in lunch, etc., and if one is not well acquainted with the neighbors one must either carry on or starve. That is probably the reason

A Plea for Paper Handkerchiefs

EVERYONE is familiar with the delicate paper tablecloths, d'oyleys, table-napkins, etc., which are manufactured and have proved themselves a boon to the busy housewife. There must be many more women like myself who are eagerly waiting for paper handkerchiefs to make their appearance on the market.

As well as lightening the tediousness of ironing-day, the risk of spreading infection during influenza epidemics would not be so great, as they could be quickly and easily disposed of.—Mrs. C. W. Philpot, 23 Stephen St., Hamilton, Vic.

why so many women carry on even when they have had attacks of the flu.

Mrs. C. R. Rowe, 28 Smith St., Merewether, Newcastle, N.S.W.

Get Better Quickly

I AGREE with Mrs. Spence (3/8/35) that the "going till I drop" attitude is not only a stupid one, but also one that causes a great deal of bickering in the household.

The sufferers from this disease, be they men or women—for both sexes are prone to be attacked by it—seem to think that, in some mysterious way, they are doing good to everyone in the home by remaining on their feet. Instead, they exasperate everyone with their grumblings, whereas, if they were from all.

Besides, a speedy retirement to bed with flu means a speedy recovery, and those who stay up any longer than necessary are merely prolonging a very unpleasant illness and venting the shortness of temper, which this illness causes, on the other members of the household.

I. Miller, 9 Allison Rd., Kensington, N.S.W.

LET GIRLS PROPOSE!

SINCE the word "suffragette" came into use women have vied with each other in emulating and outdoing men's triumphs in almost every field.

And having succeeded to an amazing extent, isn't it time that women unfurled their final flag of freedom and did the proposing?

Half a girl's worries are over men. She spends her energy, art and charm attracting and amusing them, while underneath is the dreadful uncertainty that their interest will drift in other directions. Nowadays, men are able to pick and choose, pausing, butterfly-like, at one flower, then another while each woman hastens to annex her specimen with the net—usually missing. The only independence we have in the matter is the rather doubtful pleasure of saying "No."

Miss Peg Dooley, Calulu, Hillside, Gippsland, Vic.

TEACHING 'STREET-SENSE'

IN these busy days when the increase of traffic is more and more marked, I think every mother should try to develop "street sense" in her children. How often does one read of tragic accidents befalling little helpless boys and girls who, all unheeding of danger, dash across the crowded roadways and streets to the great alarm of motorists.

Early training is invaluable. A mother should impress upon the young child's mind the great risk of leaving the footpath. In schools, too, much could be done in this line. A lecture to each class before leaving for home would, I am sure, help to lessen the number of street accidents.

I was very pleased to notice a policeman on duty outside one of the large State schools. No child crosses the street without this policeman's consent, and, judging by the manner in which he is obeyed, it is clear that he is regarded with a feeling of awe.

Mrs. C. Wortley, 34 Stoke St., New Town, Hobart.

CHOOSE YOUR AUTHOR

IF a vote were taken I wonder who would prove the most popular living author of Australian literature? My first preference would be given to Ion Idriesse. Next I would choose Charles Chauvel, and my first vote among women writers would be for Dorothy Cottrell, because all three know Australia so very well, and write in such a sincere and convincing manner.

C. Cahill, Thargominda, S.W. Queensland.



ANOTHER SLEEPLESS NIGHT!

TO enjoy good health you MUST have proper sleep and rest. If you are being kept awake by pain or nervous unrest, take NYAL ESTERIN tablets. NYAL ESTERIN contains Esterin Compound, a new sedative that acts directly on the nerve centres and brings natural sleep to the sleepless. NYAL ESTERIN contains ingredients which are regularly prescribed by the medical profession for the prompt relief of pain. Take NYAL ESTERIN for sleeplessness, rheumatic pains, neuralgia, headaches, toothache and all forms of nerve pain. Your chemist sells NYAL ESTERIN tablets at 1/3d. a tin of 24 tablets.





NEW LURE WITH EVERY TOUCH... that's the secret of Michel

You don't know how lovely your lips can be, until you use Michel! It gives beauty, lure, fresh enchantment... it softens, it makes lips luscious and tempting! Michel is truly indelible... one application lasts for hours. Use it once, and you'll never use any other.

The name Michel adds that essential little touch of social distinction, for it is used almost exclusively by fashionable women throughout the world.

Be sure to get the genuine Michel lipstick with the word "MICHEL" engraved on the case. All others are imitations!

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

WHEN HAT-GRABBERS Sit at the WHEEL!

Transport Minister's Criticism of Women Car-Drivers

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London. By Air Mail.

"If a puff of wind blows a man's hat off when he is driving, he carefully draws to the side of the road, stops, and runs back for the hat.

"Not so a woman. To save her hat she will grab it with both hands, and the wheel can go hang." Thus Mr. Hore-Belisha, England's Minister for Transport, in comparing men and women car-drivers. "And that's the average woman," he adds.

MR. HORE-BELISHA is comparatively young; he has a hearty manner; he makes one feel that he knows what he is talking about, and that he really has the safety of the community—especially the children—at heart.

Some motorists, when discussing the thirty-mile speed limit he has imposed in built-up areas, say that his one aim in life is to annoy them. But the death toll of the roads in Britain was approaching the proportions of a minor war before he took a hand. They have now dropped sharply.

When I saw him in his beautiful office in Whitehall Gardens, an office that overlooks the Thames and has trees almost brushing the windows, he began at once to talk about women drivers.

"All my examiners tell me the same thing about them... they are women first and drivers afterwards," he said. "For one thing, they always expect a man-driven car to make way for them no matter how difficult the road or how dangerous such a proceeding may be. In ordinary life women expect men to open doors for them and to let them go first into any room or down the stairs; well, they seem to expect the same kind

of chivalry on the road, and it can't be done. "Mind you, all this I'm telling you is about the average woman," said Mr. Hore-Belisha, as though apologising. "There are exceptional women who drive better than most men, but they are rarities. Such girls usually learned to drive fairly young and have had constant daily practice.

No Idea of Speed

"TO return to our average feminine driver. She has very little idea of speed, either of her own car, or of any approaching vehicle. She doesn't know how to use the signals. She wants to merge the whole road with her signs—watch her beckoning people on—rather than tell other drivers what she is going to do.

"Then few women are mechanically-minded. They know that if you press the self-starter a car engine should begin to purr, and they know too that if you pull a certain lever into a certain position the car will eventually move off. They have very little idea of why these things should happen, and if everything doesn't go according to rule they are in a great fix. And why will women stick to the middle of the road and sud-



SALLY EILERS, Universal player, combines ashes of roses and black matelasse for her new cocktail gown. The long braided tie is finished with tassels, and hangs over a double row of covered buttons on the bodice.

denly stop, without warning, to ask the way?

"All the same there are several things in a woman's favor. She is not inclined to take as many risks as men, she welcomes a driver's test and is eager to learn by it; but in the majority of cases she lacks the concentration of men, and takes her eyes from the road far too readily, either to glance at herself in the mirror, to talk to someone beside her, or to look at the gears or brakes or something."



free dancing lessons
Yes, in YOUR OWN HOME without music or partner, without the drudgery, expense and inconvenience of attending classes. YOU can become a PERFECT DANCER almost overnight.

The "Bolot" Correspondence System NEVER FAILS!

"MODERN" OLD-TIME AND JAZZ DANCING, the Tango, Fox Trot, Quick Step, Watusi and The Twist, all can be learned by this wonderful method. I GUARANTEE this course, which has already taught more than 200,000 students in all parts of the world, will make you a polished, stylish and popular dancer. The diagrams and instructions are so amazingly simple and easy to follow and give the pupil such complete confidence that even children are able to master them in a few lessons.

LEARN TO DANCE IN ONE EVENING AT HOME

Even if you cannot dance a step and do not know one dance from another, we will guarantee that without leaving your own home you will, in a very short time, be able to follow and quickly master the instructions in such a way that you will speedily become one of the best and most popular dancers in your set.

SEND COUPON TO-DAY

Prof. J. Bolot.
I am interested in your special offer. Please forward me the first two dancing lessons ABSOLUTELY FREE, and a copy of your latest book, "Dancing As A Fine Art." I enclose 4d. in stamps.

Professor Bolot School of Dancing
Desk AWW, 60 Oxford Street, Sydney.

Kill Kidney Trouble Quick

Thousands of sufferers from Kidney trouble and Bladder Weakness have dropped Outting Up Nipples, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Stiffness, Rheumatism, Distress, Lumbago, Burning, Itching, Smarting, Acidity, and Loss of Vigor by a Doctor's new discovery called Cystex (Cris-tex). Gently soothes, tones, cleans, and heals raw, sore kidneys. In 15 minutes Cystex starts "circulating" your blood. Brings new health, youth, and vitality in 48 hours. Guaranteed to end your troubles in 4 days or money back. Get Cystex at all chemists.***

Don't cover up Complexion Faults... float them away with this deeply penetrating Cream



DO not think that Vanishing Cream and make-up can hide the faults of a muddy, spotty complexion for very long. A beautiful, healthy skin means a clean skin—clean in the deepest hidden pores. Pond's Cold Cream is the pore-deep cleanser—washing only removes the surface dirt. The fine oils of Pond's Cold Cream sink deeply but gently into the pores and float all dirt, grease and make-up away, leaving the complexion clean and glowing. Famous beauties throughout the world use Pond's simple and inexpensive method of complexion care—you can't do better than to follow their example. Australian women especially need this special treatment because of our trying climate and our vigorous outdoor lives.

Begin this simple treatment to-night!

Before you go to bed, cleanse the skin

thoroughly by applying a generous amount of Pond's Cold Cream, allowing it to remain on for a few minutes, then wiping away. Repeat this process until no soil appears on the tissue. Then apply Pond's Vanishing Cream—it melts away the tiny dead particles that cause roughness, and keeps the skin satiny-smooth. Every morning, and as often as necessary during the day, another Cold Cream cleansing, followed with Pond's Vanishing Cream and make-up. After a few days of this treatment you will be rid of the complexion faults that you were trying to cover up.

Use Pond's 5 Aids to Beauty—Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Skin Freshener, Tissues and the New Face Powder—they are all exquisite, but economical. Larger jars, 2/6; larger tubes, 1/-.

Pond's Cold Cream cleanses deep into the pores, nourishes the tissues of the under-skin, stimulates.

Pond's Vanishing Cream keeps the skin smooth, holds powder.



TRIAL OFFER:

Mail this coupon to-day with 4d. in penny stamps to cover postage, packing, etc., for five tubes of Pond's two Creams, also a sample of Pond's New Face Powder. Check shade wanted: Brunette (Rachel) [] Light Cream [] Rose Cream (Natural) [] Naturelle (Light Natural) [] Rose Brunette [] Dark Brunette (Santal) [].

W. J. Bath & Co. Ltd., Dept. K37 Box 11141, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Name _____ Address _____



Welcome home, Gwen! You look marvellous! Your skin! How did you do it? Oh, I'm sorry—forgive me!

Don't apologise, Jean—I know my skin was bad! But I found the simplest way to clear it—Pond's Cold Cream!

Everyone uses it abroad. It cleanses deep into the pores, stimulates the tissues and keeps the skin fresh and young-looking.

What Women Are Doing

News of Irene Blake

WAR nurses all over Australia will be glad to hear some news of Sister Irene Blake, whom Sister Kathleen Bryant, of Adelaide, met a few weeks ago "in a fairland all of her own in San Francisco," as she puts it.

Miss Blake, who was one of the most popular war nurses in Egypt, was an Adelaide girl. Soon after the war, she hit upon the novel idea of taking a house where she could care for the children of the wealthy in America while their parents were holidaying.

Compiling Report on Equal Status Question

A GIFT for organisation and an amazing command of facts and figures make Miss Muriel Heagney peculiarly well fitted to draw up a report that should help to bring the equal status of women one step nearer realisation.

"Equal status, equal pay, and equality of opportunity for employed and unemployed women" is the slogan of the Equal Status Group, a group of women in all occupations who are sponsoring the report to be presented to the committee that is at present inquiring into industrial questions.

The group hopes that it will be presented simultaneously with the report of the trade unions who are preparing the case for women trade unionists.

As soon as she was empowered to prepare the report, Miss Heagney formed six sub-committees to investigate the various fields of women's work—industrial, commerce and finance, public administration, personal service, professional, and the question of child labor.

Helping Children to Learn More About Themselves

REALISING the very great need for children to be taught more about themselves if they are to face life with confidence, Mrs. Frank Watson, of Melbourne, has planned a series of talks on "What You Are Like and How You Work," to give children an opportunity of gaining knowledge in a simple and natural way.

Before her marriage, Mrs. Watson was a teacher in the Education Department, and at present she spends much time at Yooralla Hospital School teaching French and toymaking, and lecturing to the children about themselves.

She has studied zoology, embryology, physiology and other subjects that help her to plan sound lectures. During her spare time she is doing a science course at Melbourne University, and she is translating her scientific knowledge into simple language that children can understand.

Will Accompany Philip Hargrave on Tour

FOR the next few years Miss Henriette Garnaut will have a very busy and exciting life as Philip Hargrave's guardian and teacher, for she will accompany the young musician first on a concert tour of Australia and then to England and the Continent where the boy will meet important musical critics and will be able to hear the best artists.



Miss Henriette Garnaut.

The tour is to begin in Brisbane at the end of August, after which recitals will be given in Sydney, Melbourne (with an orchestra), Adelaide and Perth.

What England will say about Philip Hargrave remains to be seen, but the best wishes of many Australian friends and admirers will follow Miss Garnaut and her charge.

Successful Australian Woman Doctor

BORN at Kilmara, New South Wales, where her father, the Rev. T. Alexander, was Presbyterian minister for some years, Dr. Mary Alexander has made a name for herself at Edinburgh University, where she graduated in 1933 with honors. She was the only woman of her year to do so. For this she was awarded the special prize given by the Scottish Association for the Medical Education of Women.

Since then Dr. Alexander has been resident medical officer at the Children's Hospital at Liverpool, England. Dr. Alexander recently arrived in Sydney.

Army Women Appeal to Nurses

LED by Mrs. R. L. Hurst, president of the Sisters' Sub-branch of the Returned Soldiers' League in South Australia, returned nurses are appealing to general nursing sisters all over Australia to refrain from wearing scarlet capes.

These were first given by Queen Victoria to war nurses, but were not registered, so there is nothing to prevent any trained nurse from wearing one except, as Mrs. Hurst says, her finer sense.

Many scarlet capes are being worn in hospitals, emporiums, doctors' rooms, etc., by women far too young to ever have been to the war, and there is nothing to distinguish them from army nurses save the rank badge on the shoulder.

The army nurses are anxious that the distinctive scarlet cape should be their property—a legitimate request as all will agree.

Finished Carving A Bedroom Suite

MISS MARJORIE OAKES will shortly complete the carving of a bedroom suite as the result of a course at the Launceston Technical School. She seems to do as much in her spare time as the average girl of to-day accomplishes in working hours.

Ever since coming to Tasmania as directress of the Frederick Street Free Kindergarten she has given a couple of nights a week to the study of some subject or another at the "Tech."

A few of her other activities include membership of the Microscopic Club, and W.E.A. classes and the secretaryship to the Ashley League.

Composer of "Musical Thoughts of Childhood"

MISS GWEN TIMBURY, of Brisbane, is not only a gifted pianist, but also has composed numerous songs and pianoforte pieces.

Her best-known compositions are the books entitled "Musical Thoughts of Childhood." The first volume of eight songs is now published, with words written by little Beverly Paterson, who was aged eight when she wrote the poem.

A few years ago Miss Timbury visited England, where, besides enjoying much travel and visiting relatives, she found a good deal of time to study her music. Most of her study in London was under Madame Frida Kindler.



Miss Gwen Timbury.

Organising Her Fourth Schoolgirls' Vacation Tour

THE next schoolgirls' vacation tour planned by the Victorian Federation of Mothers' Club will be in January, and it will be a fortnight's trip to Tasmania.

This is the fourth tour arranged by the Mothers' Club, and Mrs. E. Scott has organised them all. On previous occasions she accompanied the schoolgirls, twice to Canberra and Sydney, and once to Tasmania, but this time the president, Mrs. M. G. McNaughton, and another committee member, Mrs. G. E. E. Mann, will chaperone the party.

Mrs. Scott, who is busily making efficient arrangements for the smooth running of the tour, has been associated with the federation since its inception 10 years ago, and she has been treasurer for eight years.

Is Keen Student Of Modern France

MISS VIOLET DE MOLE is well known in Adelaide for her knowledge of French scholarship and every-day affairs, for she makes regular trips to the Continent, and has a keen interest in the land of her forefathers.

This winter she has been giving a series of very interesting informal lectures at her studio on modern France, making a survey of the past year, with sidelights on the Stavisky affair, giving thumb-nail sketches of the people of the hour in Germany and France, and ending with a lecture on literary and social tendencies.

Miss de Mole has many correspondents in France who send her papers and magazines that most Australians have little opportunity of reading. Her talks have been very valuable to students of foreign affairs who want reliable information beyond what appears in Australia.

Hobart Y.W.C.A. Celebrates Its Golden Jubilee

THE executive members of the Hobart Y.W.C.A. are extremely busy making final preparations for the Golden Jubilee, which will be celebrated on August 25. And it is an interesting fact that the very popular acting-president, Mrs. H. E. Simmons, will be celebrating her golden jubilee as a Y.W.C.A. member at the same time.

The president of the Association, Miss M. Dobson, is away in India, but the members are fortunate to have with them one of their first vice-presidents, Mrs. Turnbull-Smith, who now resides in Sydney, but who is at present in Hobart on a visit, and who hopes to be present at the thanksgiving service on August 25, and possibly at the social evening on the following Thursday. As Mrs. Chancellor, a Hobart girl, Mrs. Turnbull-Smith was one of the original members.

The Y.W.C.A. is fortunate in the personnel of its committee. Miss G. E. McCredie, B.A., Hobart, general secretary, is a woman of unusual capacity and wide experience. In 1915 she went to India and worked with the Y.W.C.A. in Bombay, and Miss Hudson, the assistant general secretary, has also spent four years at Solapur, India, in connection with the Bible and Medical Mission.

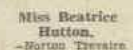
The Association marked its 50 years of service by opening a branch at Launceston, and another at Bothwell.

First Practising Woman Architect in Queensland

EVEN in this age when domestic architecture is the most important branch of the profession, women architects are rarer than they should be.

Queensland, as far as is generally known, has only one, Miss Beatrice Hutton. Born in Rockhampton, she spent most of her early youth at Comet Downs Station. Beginning her studies immediately after leaving school, Miss Hutton went later to Sydney for further experience, and was taken into partnership by Mr. C. W. Chambers in whose office she was employed.

Golf and bridge are two of her main recreations, and she excels at both. Miss Hutton, who now lives in Brisbane, makes a hobby of various handicrafts.



Miss Beatrice Hutton.



Girl Graduate Plans Fascinating Career

MISS MARY CLARKE, a graduate of Oxford, is returning with her father, Professor Clarke, to England after visiting America and Australia on behalf of the London Institute of Education, and has a very fascinating job waiting for her. She is to be a bookseller in a little shop near Paddington called "Bookfinders," which prides itself on having the new books before any other sellers, and on being able to set papers and books on every conceivable subject at shortest notice.

Miss Clarke says that it was begun by the principal of the Civil Service "cramping" college so that the students could get text-books without having to wait for several days, and now Members of Parliament and business men, as well, make use of the shop.

Miss Clarke is to go book-hunting for clients, and do a short business course, after which there is a likelihood of a new branch being opened, and she hopes to be put in charge.

Paid 62,000 visits to Sick Poor Last Year

MELBOURNE District Nursing Society's magnificent work for the sick poor for fifty years should bring a big response to its fourteen-day Jubilee Appeal for £4000, beginning next month.

Apart from the work of the society's After-care Home and Ante-natal Clinic, district nurses paid 62,000 visits to the sick poor last year. One branch of the campaign will be a shilling fund—1/- being the average cost of a visit to a home.

The society has appointed Miss Cynthia Wood as organising secretary. She is probably the youngest appeal secretary ever appointed, but she has already proved her organising ability, having assisted in the organisation of the International Pageant, and acted as secretary of the Melbourne University Dramatic Club.

Adelaide Girls Going to Japan

ALTHOUGH the Adelaide branch of the Young Australia League has not officially sent any representatives with the party of girls who are to tour Japan, two young Adelaide members, Miss Dulcie Babidge and Miss Sheila Long, have linked up with the group.

Miss Long was one of the group that went to Perth in 1921 when the first girls' tour was organised, but this is, of course, the first overseas trip that has been undertaken. Miss Babidge has also been a member of parties under the Young Australia League scheme, and has visited Perth, Canberra, Tasmania, and Sydney.

They are both very excited at the prospect of seeing the blossoms in Japan and places that ordinary tourists do not usually have the opportunity of visiting.



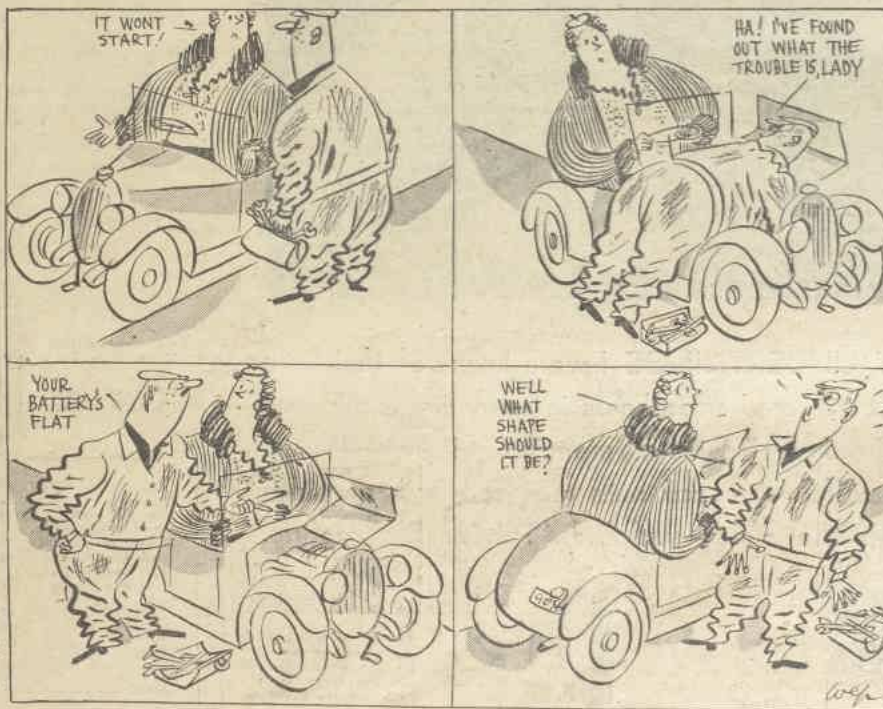
Miss Sheila Long.

One of the Crew on Ketch Te Rapunga

MISS EILEEN MORRIS, of Napier, New Zealand, accepted an invitation to become one of the crew of three aboard the Ketch Te Rapunga, which left Auckland last month on a three years' world cruise.

The other members of the crew were Captain Dibbern and Mr. Roy Mursch.

IN and OUT of SOCIETY -- By WEP.





HAND-CUT UNDERTHINGS have a luxury of their own
... a feeling of tailored smoothness in every line and curve!
And these "Powderfee" garments are tailored in five individual
fittings. Beautiful laces and nets are used in harmonious
contrast with the suede-surfaced "Powderfee" fabric.

Lingerie by **Prestige**

Return Engagement

Continued
from
Page 7

"IT'S Bullring!" Jean whispered tensely—but for once Ferraby was not giving her his full attention. The second figure in the ring was the Frenchman, Couette.

"I wonder," Ferraby said slowly, "what Sampson's paying old Bullring for this little show?"

"Five hundred pounds," Jean said with a flash of intuition.

Ferraby stared at her speechlessly. "For me?" he said at last, and she nodded, relating her conversation with that loyal man.

Though in surprisingly good condition, Bullring had been out of hand training for so long it became soon apparent that, against his so much more virile opponent, he had no chance at all. Aggressive as ever, and to an extent enduring, his judgment of distance had gone, and with it much of the old imperviousness to punishment.

In the fourth round, momentarily he dropped his guard. Travelling from somewhere in the neighborhood of his knees, the Frenchman's upper-cut landed well and truly to the point.

A few moments, and with a hurried apology to Jean, Ferraby followed the not yet fully recovered loser to the dressing-room.

Ferraby on the massage table. Bullring cocked a still dazed eye at his patron, as if inspired by some compelling force, became suddenly intent. Then the eyes closed, and he lay back.

At last, so unexpectedly as to be rather startling, the stocky frame jerked to a sitting position.

"You motorin' back to the Lodge to-night, sir?" he demanded jerkily.

"I wasn't, but I can," Ferraby replied, for there was something here to the last extent urgent, and with a sign of content Bullring surrendered himself once more to his attendants.

"Though it will be to the scandal of my housekeeper," Ferraby said to Jean as the three climbed into the car. "I expect it's useless trying to stop you."

"OUIE," she said, and but for one short passage the drive home was silent.

"I suppose," Ferraby said accusingly to Bullring, "you took on that engagement with the idea of helping me to buy the Lodge?"

Still with that queer gleam in his eyes, the pugilist nodded.

"Sampson'd been after me for months," he said quietly, "but until a day or two ago I told 'em I'd 'ung up me gloves for keeps. But when friends like you two've been to me were up against it for just the amount 'e was offerin'—well, I ask yer!"

Ferraby removed a hand from the driving-wheel to lay it momentarily over one of Bullring's.

"I'm not going to thank you—Galahad," he said.

From somewhere deep down in Bullring's throat came a sound midway between a cough and a chuckle. But, continuing to stare straight to his front, he made no comment.

Arrived at the Lodge, they passed into the square panelled hall, where the remains of a fire burnt in the open grate.

"I'll go and rouse my housekeeper," Ferraby said, and stopped to stare in amazement at Bullring who, with strange deliberation, had lifted from the high mantel the bronze figure of Mercury that was one of the few possessions salvaged from the sale of the flat.

"Doing a bit of spare-time burglary?" he demanded, amused.

"I can't think of anything quite so much the opposite," Bullring said in an unsteady voice, and handed the figure to Ferraby. "Just pass your 'and up the 'oller base of it, sir," he instructed.

Wonderingly, Ferraby did so. His fingers encountered a shapeless something he recognised as paper. And when those two oblong strips were straightened, he stared speechlessly into a battered face that now showed a queer mixture of triumph and contrition.

"One for five 'undred and the other for one 'undred?" Bullring questioned eagerly, and Ferraby nodded dumbly. The pugilist expelled long-withheld breath.

"Put 'em there myself," he explained, "the night I first fought that Frog. With you not, as you might say, yourself, there was too much money laying about for the company you was in. So when you moved over to the fire, I lifted the two top notes of the pile. When you came back to the table, I stuffed 'em up that there ornament—'an' you know what 'appened to me in the fight—'ow I lost me memory. Only, when I came out of that K.O. to-night, everything 'ad come back to me."

Ferraby looked away the notes. "Not only to you, Bullring," he said, and looked across at Jean.

(Copyright)

LEADING SCIENTISTS Ponder On Genesis of NERVES

Familiar Malady which Wrecks
Hundreds of Lives

From Our Special Representative in London—By Air Mail

Scientists and doctors from every corner of the globe have met in London this week at the International Neurological Congress, whose meetings are being held in a large and pleasant room at University College.

Old men, young men, a few women, grey heads, and bald heads are all considering the terrible ravages of neurosis in the world to-day. It has been estimated that in the British Isles alone there are three million cases of "nerves" that need special skilled treatment.

THE majority of people suppose that civilisation, with its attendant strain and rush, has caused nervous complaints, but the doctors now discussing the subject do not agree with this, as it has been discovered that there were neurotics as early in history as Roman times.

Professor Pavloff, the famous Russian scientist, who is attending the Congress, believes that a great many nervous complaints are the outcome of happenings in early childhood—happenings long since forgotten, but which have left an indelible impression on the sub-conscious mind.

In his opinion, these suppressed memories are sub-consciously brooded over to such an extent that eventually they break out in the form of nervous disorders. No wonder modern parents are wary of locking naughty children in nurseries or telling them boy-man stories or leaving them to scream for hours alone in the dark.

Difficult to Diagnose

ACCORDING to the specialists at the Congress, neurosis has so many forms that doctors often find it difficult to diagnose. "Nerves" may cause acute and unaccountable pain, indigestion, chronic coughing, even the loss of the use of limbs.

The commonest form of nervous disorder is the possession of strange fears or phobias, as they are called. For instance, thousands of people are afraid of heights. They are terrified that they will either fall involuntarily or be drawn to throw themselves down. Some people are frightened to the point of sickness by an ordinary domestic cat; others, again, tremble if they are alone in the dark, or if they are among a crowd of people.

A very common form of phobia among women is the fear of child-bearing, usually traceable to some chance remark about a confinement overheard in childhood.

Hysteria, too, is a very usual nerve malady among women, and with them bad temper and nagging is often partly a disease, no more controllable than an ordinary sneeze.

SOME form of mild neurosis is usually present in most people. In the ordinary case this amounts to nothing more than a mild phobia, but if the general health is undermined, it may flare up at any time and become a real menace.

Nerve specialists, more than any other doctors, realise how necessary it is to



INTENSE WORRY, great sorrow, overwork, and continued fatigue are all contributory causes of nerve illnesses.

keep the general health of the nation at a high standard. Intense worry, semi-starvation, great sorrow, overwork, continued fatigue, and even eyestrain are all contributory causes of nerve illnesses, and doctors to-day are trying to find ways of preventing nervous complaints rather than of curing them.

"Rest, light diet, freedom from care, and the encouragement of a quiet and happy mind are all part of the treatment for nerve cases," one of the doctors attending the conference told me. "Psycho-analysis is the most modern treatment. By question and answer, quiet talks, and the study of personality the doctor tries to get into the sub-conscious mind of his patient and find out what unsuspected trouble is at the root of the unhappy illness."

"Sometimes a doctor is successful. The whole story, whatever it is, is brought to light, discussed quite sensibly, and afterwards the nerve illness gradually disappears. This is often the result of months, if not years, of treatment, and only a very few men, with great and specialised ability, have the patience or desire to stick to a cure of this kind."

"Nerve patients, in my opinion, suffer from a great handicap, in that after a time their relations, friends, and medical advisers get thoroughly tired of them, shrug their shoulders, and say: 'Oh, there's nothing more to be done.'"

COMMON FORMS OF PHOBIAS

THE commonest form of nervous disorder is the possession of strange fears, or phobias, as they are called.

A very common form of phobia among women is the fear of child-bearing, usually traceable to some chance remark about a confinement overheard in childhood.

Hysteria, too, is a very usual nerve malady among women.

and leave it at that. There is absolutely no doubt about it, in nervous disorders particularly, prevention is really the only cure, and my golden rule to all my patients is 'Don't overwork'."

The milder forms of phobia or fears are almost universal, and your secret dread is almost certain to be shared in common with some of the world's great ones. Mussolini, whose avowed creed is to live dangerously, has the height phobia, and so had Eiffel, the French engineer who built the tower in Paris. Lord Roberts, who in his day was a dashing cavalry leader, lived in fear of cats; while the great Japanese naval fighter, Admiral Togo, was so terrified by water that he used to wash with only a few inches of water at the bottom of a zinc basin.



EIGHT BOTTLES
of the best
family **COUGH** remedy
for cost of one

Eight bottles of cough remedy for the cost of one is what you get when you add a crowning bottle of concentrated Heenzo to sweetened water, and what is more important, is the fact that Heenzo makes a family cough and influenza remedy far more efficacious than the usual ready-made mixtures. Over one million Australian citizens annually, for the last 20 years, have proved the goodness of Heenzo as a sure and speedy remedy for burning coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, and influenza. The fact that Heenzo is equally good for babies as well as adults makes it an ideal family cough remedy that should be used in every home. Order Heenzo from your chemist or store, and have it ready for use at the first sign of chest and throat ailments.

HEENZO

should be used in every home.



for SONS & THEIR FATHERS

The conversation we overheard.

"Like it, Dad?"

"I do, indeed, Son, it's the finest drink I've had for a long time. Is this where your pocket money goes, eh?"

"Rather—I couldn't get better value, could I?"

"I'm sure you couldn't. Keep it up, and from now on, I have joined the great army of milk drinkers."

And so another father and son found the finest health food which nature packed full of vitamins for building good health. Your milk vendor can supply you with milk direct to Office, Shop or Factory.

ON COLD, RAW DAYS, TAKE YOUR DAILY MILK HOT.

Insisted by the Milk Board.

GOOD TURNS at the TIVOLI

"Revue d'Amour" Is

O'Brian's Tour de Force

Next time you feel the need of a brighter, better world to live in, collect your better half and proceed to the Tivoli. Yes, you can safely take her.

Though they call it "La Revue d'Amour," it really isn't that kind of a show. Loads of rollicking fun, but all quite fit for the wife's ears!

If you don't emerge with all your grouches gone a million, you're a glutton for gloom, and it's just a pity about you.

The normally cheerful person takes a greater risk in attending the show, for he incurs the grave possibility of emerging a complete wreck.

Mrs. O'Brian's boy, Frank and his companions will see to that.

Most ambitious of the O'Brian production from Paris, this "Revue d'Amour" is also the most completely successful. Lavishly costumed and brilliantly

produced, it presents a really dazzling galaxy of gifted vaudevillians.

Indeed, each artist reaches such a high level of excellence in his or her "turn" that it seems invidious to call out any one act as the highlight of this delightful variety show.

The agile, well-trained ballet put through all their numbers smoothly and gracefully. Especially attractive was the dance in which, clad in costumes which did not serve as a model for the Spooner swim suit, they tossed gay balloons back and forth as they danced against a background of enchanting beauty.—A.J.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

★★★ DAVID COPPERFIELD

Freddie Bartholomew, Frank Lawton, Edna May Oliver, Roland Young. (M.-G.-M.)

IF one must make comparisons with other Dickens films—and how can one avoid them?—this production ranks a little below the almost flawless presentation of "The Old Curiosity Shop." Yet the novel of "David Copperfield" is so much the greater that a film version as careful and imaginative as this must carry us with it rejoicing.

Naturally, interest centres on David himself, presented as a little boy by that remarkable child, Freddie Bartholomew. To say that Freddie lives the part is no more than true. His pathetic little figure draws our tears more than once. But it would be hard to find an adult actor more suited to the young man David than Frank Lawton. W. C. Fields as Micawber is a rich enjoyment, in spite of the Fieldian low comedy entrance. But why diminish the profound value of his philosophic utterance on finance by altering his balance-sheet? It is the sordid difference either way that is the master-stroke.

Roland Young's cringing Uriah is to the life, and Lionel Barrymore's Dan'l Peggotty, though he starts too old, must be singled out. The same must be said of that dear, good creature, his sister (Jessie Ralph). On the whole, the female characters are less true, though well studied. The child, Little Em'ly, is too sturdy for the delicate wayside flower of the book, and one imagines someone more fragile for David's mother, and a good deal tinier and more birdlike for Dora. But Edna May Oliver's Betsey Trotwood could not be bettered.—St. James, com. Aug. 21.

★★ BROWN ON

RESOLUTION

Betty Balfour, John Mills (G.-B.)

WE have had many advertisements of the United States navy on the screen. Now at last, through the co-operation of the Admiralty, we are enabled to see a film which deals with the training and service of an able seaman of the Royal Navy. Naturally the realism is completely satisfying, and the detail of absorbing interest. The fiction story, too, is of a kind to stir national patriotism legitimately. We glow at the resourceful bravery of the lad, Albert Brown (John Mills), who from his eyes on the rocky island keeps the German cruiser at bay. But that cruiser's complement are honorable foes, and the German sailor, Max, a very likeable fellow.

The objective manner in which the drama has been handled is all in the tradition of the Silent Service. No high-pitched heroics, no suspicion of ranting; it is the spirit of "England Expects." Except for the scenes of Betty Balfour and her lieutenant at the beginning, and later of mother and growing son, except also for the delightful Jimmy Hanley as the hero's spunky friend, it is all rather impersonal. This characteristic avoidance of emphasis has its compensations. The final glimpse we are given of Brown with a contented smile flickering in his eyes as they close to rest is most fitting.—Embassy, com. Aug. 16.

★★ BREWSTER'S MILLIONS

Jack Buchanan, Lili Damita, Nancy O'Neil (R.F.E.)

HERE is as gay a piece of nonsense as one could wish. The idea of sudden wealth and lavish spending against time in order to fulfil the conditions of a further fabulous fortune is itself exhilarating. And it bubbles through a variety of lightness episodes full of color and tuneful romance. The festa at Ajaccio, with its streets of whirling dancers and its ridiculous, fire-breathing dragon, could not fail to break down the resistance of the gloomiest misanthrope. But mirthful excitement is keyed even higher at the end, where the hero is put to all sorts of shifts to be absolutely rid of his first inheritance before the fateful hour of noon.

Jack Buchanan is in great form. Without raising his voice, except in song and to burlesque Bing Crosby, he carries his part, and in fact the whole show, with easy grace. Lili Damita adds to the general liveliness as the chorus-girl who uses him, and Nancy O'Neil is charming, though rather lacking in vivacity, as the sweetheart in whom he cannot declare himself.—Mayfair, com. Aug. 14.

★★ BABOONA

Martin and Osa Johnson. (Fox.)

THAT intrepid pair of travellers, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson, have been at it again. This time they have explored with their cameras stretches of Africa they had not touched before, using as transport two aeroplanes that for their decoration of stripes and spots the wild creatures of the jungle accepted as part of the scenery when they came to earth.

Here once more are loathsome crocodiles slithering down the river banks, hippopotamuses disporting themselves in the water, and the grotesque, ferocious

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—
excellent.
★★ Two stars—
good films.
★ One star—
average films.
No stars no good.

rhinoceros at charge. But this time from the air the Johnsons caught views of stupendous herds of elephants trekking over the plains, and when they landed they took some amazing photographs of lion groups. We cannot but suspect that when they came to the baboon colony they contrived the disturbance with cheetahs which resulted in the pell-mell migration of the baboons to the territory of some smaller monkeys, who strenuously resented them. But fortunately throughout there is little gore. One of the things we shall remember is the peculiar, languid canter of the giraffes, with its effect of slow motion.—Piazza, com., August 23.

★ ALIBI IKE

Joe E. Brown, Olivia de Havilland. (Warner Bros.)

WE always enjoy Joe E. Brown, and his appearance here as a baseball player is doubly welcome after the recent surfeit of American football. Not that baseball is easier to understand. Like the use of "alibi" in this film to mean any sort of excuse or apology, and like American football itself, it seems to be governed by capricious rules. But it is a change. And to see the extraordinary contortions Joe E. puts himself through before he pitches the ball with such deadly effect is a pleasure akin to that caused by his warning bellow or by the way his runaway car crashes through a high fence at his entry on the practice field. Interwoven with the story of the unknown country lad's rise to be the white hope of the team is his romance with the captain's young sister-in-law. This leaves us calm, partly because we cannot imagine any pretty girl falling head over heels in love with Brown. She would be too busy laughing.—Capitol, com. Aug. 22; King's Cross, com. Aug. 24.

★ CHARLIE CHAN IN EGYPT

Warner Oland, Pat Paterson. (Fox.)

THERE seems no reason why Charlie Chan should ever die as long as Warner Oland can play the sleuth with whom he has identified himself. In this latest addition—author unnamed—to the cycle of mystery thrillers Chan is less prolific of wise Oriental maxims, and the story itself is rather fine spun, like the glass that shatters to the vibration of a musical note towards the end of the piece. We feel, too, that there is an unnecessary amount of suspicion cast upon various people for the sake of keeping up the tension, and that Stepin Fetchit is too incongruous in these surroundings to be funny. But Oland, consistent as ever in his portrayal, builds up his case methodically, and the scenes in the ancient tomb at Luxor and in the laboratory of the excavating party have been devised with elaborate and effective detail.—Regent, com. Aug. 18.

★ ENTER MADAME

Elissa Landi, Cary Grant. (Paramount.)

MARRIAGE and a career—at least a career as prima donna—are alternative and can never be combined successfully, so this film suggests. That depends, surely. As far as we could see, Madame enjoyed both satisfactorily to herself until the husband jibbed at rushing from one capital to another as a member of his wife's train and at waiting upon her Fyke. Even after the decree nisi she draws him back to Ayer, where an operatic engagement awaits her. Elissa Landi carries off her temperamental role with spirit and humor. The film is lively, but rather prolonged. It is embellished by nights in Venice and by scenes and arias from "Tosca" and other operas.—Lyric, com. Aug. 18.

★ TIMES SQUARE LADY

Virginia Bruce, Robert Taylor. (M.-G.-M.)

WHAT a good thing it would be if racketeers were barred from the screen, for a while at any rate. Apart from its wearisome theme—a sports racket—this production has merits, including a new and conspicuously handsome leading man (Robert Taylor) and, if you like crooning, a songwriter and performer (Pinkie Tomlin), who has a less youth to all appearances, mutters his more or less rhyming jingles, and they stick in the memory like a burr.—Cameo, com. Aug. 17.



JOAN BENNETT, with Gail Patrick and Bing Crosby, in an early scene of "Mississippi," a musical film of the Old South in the 'sixties.

A DAUGHTER of the STAGE

Joan Bennett

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

THE old argument as to which is the determining factor in character and career, heredity or environment, never seems to get settled. But the children of stage folk with the mummer's fire in their blood and brought up to breathe the very air of the theatre, must be strongly disposed to the acting profession from birth, so one would think. The marvel is that there are not more cases of theatrical dynasties.

However, Joan Bennett, who is shortly to be seen in the musical film, "Mississippi," with Bing Crosby and W. C. Fields, leaves no doubt as to her true vocation.

Coming on both sides of a long line of players and considered by her parents when she was a tiny child to be the most promising of their brood, she was marked out from the beginning to be an actress.

YET it has not been so simple for Joan as it might appear at this date. She has not had the plain sailing on a well-charted course that one might expect from the fact that her parents were not only players of acknowledged attainments and with tradition behind them, but were also people of considerable wealth.

In her case environment played a queer trick. And the result has been of a kind that modern psychologists would find very interesting.

The child was born on February 17, 1910, to Richard Bennett and his wife, formerly Adrienne Morrison, at Palisades, New Jersey, the third daughter—after Constance and Barbara.

She quite soon showed herself a clever little thing, and became the particular delight of her ambitious father. He seems to have made up his mind early that this especially flaxen youngest of his was going to add lustre to the family name.

The children had a tutor at home and Joan, almost as soon as she could begin to reveal acting ability. She made up little plays for herself and the others to perform, whereas Constance apparently had no feeling yet developed for the stage. And naturally the pretty, precocious little creature came in for a good deal of attention and spoiling.

Boarding-School

THEN, when she was eight years old, came an event that was to affect her far more than anyone realised. The three girls were sent away to boarding-school. It was young for Joan, but not necessarily too young. Other children have gone to boarding-school as early as this, and there is no suggestion that the parents' intentions were anything but kind and wise.

The fact remains that it brought too sudden a reversal to Joan. It altered too startlingly her status in the family and the child's whole view of herself.

At school Constance began to blossom out and to take her rightful place in



A LATER scene in the garden with Bing Crosby.

the family as eldest. She became very popular with her schoolmates, and displayed indications of the Bennett charm and facility.

Meanwhile, poor little Joan, tumbled from her pinnacle as the usual centre of interest, scarcely knew what had happened. She saw the other girls flocking round Constance and admiring her. Quite naturally, she felt that Constance was a model for imitation, if she wanted to come in out of the cold and back in their admiration herself. But with unconscious cruelty the other girls dubbed her a copycat.

The effect of school life on Joan for some years was unfortunate. Her parents did not guess, even her sisters were scarcely aware that the child was really unhappy. She came to regard herself as a person of no account, somebody who would never amount to much actually when it came to the point.

In short, she developed an acute inferiority complex.

Marriage

THIS secret feeling persisted, and was no doubt the main cause of a big blunder she was to make when she was barely in her middle teens.

When she was 15 her father sent her to a finishing school at Versailles, the famous little town a few miles out of Paris, where Louis XIV built his magnificent palace.

On the boat going over she fell in with a young American named Fox, who made ardent love to her. Hungry for appreciation as she was, she responded with equal ardor, and she ran away from school when she was 16 to marry him in London.

Her first child, Diana, was born when she was 17.

This match was a bitter blow to the Bennett family. Not only did they consider the young husband unsuitable, but it dashed their hopes of Joan's stage career. Eventually the marriage turned out unhappily, and Joan divorced her husband in Los Angeles, whither she went trying to make a place for herself in movies. During this time she suffered considerable hardship, being too proud to ask her family's assistance. She lived in a small bungalow in an unfashionable quarter of the city, and had to rely on friends to take care of her baby while she went unsuccessfully round the casting offices seeking "extra work."

Finally in 1929 her father made her come to New York for her stage debut in a play, "Jarnegan," which he had bought for her. This was a success, and led to her screen debut under Samue Goldwyn, playing opposite Ronald Colman in "Building Drummond."

Since then she has played in a number of films, her most memorable part being as Lady Charles to George Arliss in "Disraeli," and in "Little Women," when she was the youngest and rather precocious sister, Amy. Her most recent films have been "The Pursuit of Happiness" and "Mississippi," and she is now engaged on "Private Worlds," with Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer.

In spite of her varied and sometimes tragic experiences, there is something childlike about her appearance, which has inclined directors to cast her as little girl or very innocent ingenuite parts. Indeed, she is young enough in years, and is now completely happy in her domestic life, married to the screenwriter, Gene Markey, the mother of two little girls, and a thoroughly efficient housewife.

Intimate Jottings



Did You Know That—

The Arthur Bragg family, of Landgrove, Cootamundra, have made for Melbourne for wedding festivities of son Geoff and Joan Whitehead?

Hyacinths in Hair

M A U V E hyacinths decorated Mrs. Warwick Pett at Romano's on Saturday night... Blooms in hair and on corsage... Gown chosen was of floral satin with white background... Recent bride Mrs. Hector McFarlane wore jubilee-blue satin with floating chiffon draperies... Bill Crossing couple entertained Mrs. Allison, formerly Dorothy Davies and recent arrival from London... Filmer Blume and Enid Hull in same merry foursome.

"Old American Custom"

"IT'S an old American custom," said Mrs. Emery as she invited guests to Sunday morning breakfast party at Potts Point flat... Participants all jolly and bright in spite of earliness of hour... American doughnuts, orange juice, and Russian cigarettes, figured on attractive menu... Jolly breakfast room splashed with sunlight for occasion... Violet Roche, entertaining Rayner sisters, and George White among guests.

Jean Anderson is expected back from Europe in October. Will only remain short time, then sail away again. Rumors of romance are rife.

Au Revoir, Madge!

BOARD room at J.C.W. offices scene set for farewell party to Madge Carrick... Popular publicity officer startled to find large gathering waiting for parting good wishes... Mr. Bowden, G.M. for J.C.W., presented Madge with token of esteem from firm... Travelling case and framed painting of Madge surrounded by highlights of career also presented... Frank Harvey and Claude Fleming upheld theatrical profession at party.

Birthday Cocktails

DR. SATCHEL'S birthday reason for cocktail party in flat at Byron Hall... Bottle brush made effective decoration against cream walls... Old friends that gathered round for good cheer were Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Meeks, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Pearce, Mr. and Mrs. Geoff Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Seppie Rowe, and Mrs. Laddie Dawson... Enid Manning and Joy of the same name also present with birthday greetings.

The Late 'Eighties

MANY memories brought to light at ninety-fifth birthday party given at Park Hills, Remboka, for Mrs. Margaret Wilton... Sons, daughters, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and old friends in Bega district foregathered to pay respects... Mrs. Wilton remembers travelling on first train to make journey from Sydney to Parramatta when site of one of our largest emporiums was swamp... Journey by spring-cart to South Coast home made in 1863.

Unfunny Students

RECORD attendance for University Medical Society's Jubilee Ball... Students put on usual turn in operating aprons and caps... Not so funny after all... Lady McKelvey, after dining at Garden Club, arrived in white satin with chic cowl collar of apple-green velvet... Dr. and Mrs. Halloran, latter in bouffant black taffeta, Dr. and Mrs. Hugh Poate, Professor and Mrs. Dew, and Professor and Mrs. Windeyer among well-knowns.

Libby Hordern Rusticates

SO attractive does Lebbeus Hordern find native country that he has cancelled return passage in favor of longer holiday... Is guest of uncle Keith Monie at Thornleigh station, Bingara... In dashing car complete with wireless set drives about district, and is proving general favorite... Gordon Munro recently gave tennis party at Keera in honor of visitor... Libby finds mustering with station-hands just as pleasing as more social parties.

Sailing For Singapore

MANY au revoiros laid to Mrs. P. W. Engelbach at large and jolly cocktail party in parents' home at Rose Bay on Monday... Many guests trekked there after oyster patty or so at Stanmore where Edgar and Gwen Rofe welcomed interstate wedding guests to Sydney... Mrs. Engelbach sails for Singapore this Wednesday... Only few years since last trip so has lots of friends to welcome her in Eastern ports... Will miss school friend Mrs. Harry Piper, formerly Edna Sly, as she is on furlough in London.

Popular Sisters

GWEN and **PEG** MINNETT having fine time at Bingara, where social activities in full swing since advent of Libby Hordern to district... Sisters are fellow guests at Thornleigh... Hostess is their aunt... Peg is serious about mannequin career, and many dates booked up from end of month... Mudgee will see Gwen shortly as guest of Nancy Cox.

Very successful was bridge party given on Saturday by Mrs. Robert Curtis, of Cremorne, in aid of Sister Kenny's research clinic. Hostess wonderful cook, and many supper dainties made by her.

Re-visiting Sydney

CAPETOWN, S.A. is home of Mrs. Phillip Yates, of Sydney... She is visiting parents Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bennett and Guyong, Double Bay, is pied a terre... Since arriving in Sydney Mrs. Yates has been principal guest at numerous welcome-home parties... Lots more to be attended before boarding Ceramic for home trip.

Boy Violinist

MRS. NORMAN LOWE will be hostess at an "At Home" at Royal Empire Society's rooms this Thursday... George Farrell, brilliant boy violinist, will play... Mrs. Lowe very interested in musician's career... Robert Lowe, son of hostess, is good pal to George and will not miss bar of violin solos.

Mrs. Tom Lyons, sister-in-law of Prime Minister, planning return to Tasmania this week now that charges safely handed over to parents.

Cinnamon and Spice

END of winter dances at Goulburn will take place minus Joyce Love... This popular country girl now on way to Colombo, where she will be guest of travelling companion, Mrs. H. S. Lindsay... Mrs. Lindsay came home recently for wedding of brother, Hector McFarlane, to Hazel Crace... Most of furlough spent with family and girlhood friends in Young district.



MISS BARBARA LOTHERINGTON, one of Doonee's gifted students, who is making a name for herself on the amateur stage.

—Women's Weekly photo.

Parties Every Day

TOPPING lunch at Royal Sydney Golf Club given by three sisters, Mrs. Wyndham Rofe, Mrs. Lang Gibson, and Mrs. Mick Bardsley, for Gwen Rofe, on Thursday... Party remained for tea and tennis with Mrs. Alan Hardie and Beryl Stanton... Dr. and Mrs. Harry Rofe were host and hostess to jolly dance at Killara home on Friday, and cocktails and caviar at Mrs. F. C. Thompson's home on Saturday... All in honor of bride-to-be.

Bridegroom's brother, Rev. C. L. Oliver, will officiate at wedding of Alice Palmer and Basil Oliver at St. James' Church on September 6. Bishop Wilton will assist at ceremony.

To Study Aviation

SMOKE signals from Vaucluse were lit by friends as farewell gesture to Ken Baldry as he sailed down harbor... Ken left for England to realise boyhood's dream of planes and their making... Australian lad to be apprenticed to one of biggest factories in world for three years... Numbers of friends and relatives present to wish him good luck as ship pulled out... His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Aldred Baldry, making short stay at Astor Flats.

All tumult about Commander Gifford has died down and shouts of praise about to commence... R.P.A. effort, "Milestones," takes place August 28-29. Barbara Lotherington will take leading role.

Grahams' Goings-on

VERY entertaining throng at Grahams' on Saturday... Among guests was American visitor who showed much ability in balancing act... Glasses and steady table were only requirements for stunt... Popular Mrs. Strath Playfair and husband were present with Malcolm Campbell... An after cocktail party included Mrs. Laurie Rutledge, arrived only that morning from Quilpie, Mrs. Lang Gibson, John Charely couple and Beryl and Bill Stanton.

Lieutenant-Commander Norman Shaw and attractive wife shortly leaving for West Australia. Sydney naval circles will miss them.

Astonished Gathering

CONTEMPORARY Group Exhibition opening successfully accomplished by Mrs. John Moore... Much erudite discussion on meaning of word "contemporary"... Ramsay twins were present to view own portraits as seen by Helen Stewart... Rah Fizelle's contribution of painting of lady completely devoid of nose caused astonishment... General and Mrs. Anderson gazed upon Mrs. Anderson's two dainty flower and fruit pieces... Kenneth Macquene's gallery picture much admired.

Did You Notice—

Dr. Ashleigh Davies driving home with back of car filled with brightly-painted child's bicycle?

Jane Lane

POSTAL-BARGAIN-CORNER

Displaying a Variety of Everyday Wants

A WONDERFUL LINE OF LINEN & TOWELS

For Home or Gift
Post Free 19/6. Post Free.

1. White Single-bed Sheets, 54x80 in., worth 6/11, 1 pr pillow cases, 12x16 in., worth 2/6. 2. White Admiralty Towels 22x43 in., worth 3/11, two Best British Coloured Bath Towels, large and absorbent, 24x40 in., worth 5/11, 2 "Drymore" Tea Towels, usual price 35/-, will substitute D.B. Sheets 80x90 in. for Single. Add 3/6 Extra.

MORWEAR SUPPLY CO.,
150 LOFTUS STREET, SYDNEY.



Amazing Bath Towel Offer!

Just Arrived—Direct from English Mills. We have just landed a big shipment, and now offer you the greatest value ever in smart-patterned, heavy, super-absorbent, fast-dry, full-size, all-British Bath Towels. 24 in. x 48 in.

ONE ONLY 2/6
TWO ONLY 4/6
THREE ONLY 6/6
IN HALF-DOZEN LOTS 8/6

We may Postage throughout N.S.W. Hotels, Boarding Houses, etc., specially catered for.

These Towels are a genuine British Quality Product and are sold on a money-back guarantee if not satisfied. Regular shipments arriving. Remit by Postal Note only.

Write your ADDRESS DISTINCTLY.
F. V. MAILING COMPANY,
3 BARRACK STREET, SYDNEY.

DEAF?

Chico Invisible Earphones

The last word in really scientific Earphones, which can be easily inserted into the ears without fear of pain or injury. CHICO INVISIBLE EARPHONES are NOT made of perishable rubber, but are so perfectly and scientifically constructed that they are guaranteed for your lifetime.

NO FURTHER COST OF REPLACEMENTS. Write for Free Booklet.

THE MEARS EARPHONE COMPANY,
24 Stain Shipping Block, Market St., Sydney.

THE WONDERFUL RUG NEEDLES.

Simple and easy to use. Really hand-some and durable. NO COST. Stand hard as steel. Use any old scraps of cloth or other material and produce notably serviceable rugs. Splendid spare-time job. Try it; you will be delighted. Full directions. Large Needle 1/6. Small Needle Nine Pence, post free. The two for 1/9.

THE UNION MFG. CO.,
299 Elizabeth Street Melbourne, C.I.

CUT YOUR OWN HAIR

with the SAFETY HAIR CUTTER. It is a quite simple and easy. You can cut your hair in any length. If you can't cut your hair you can cut it for you. The first time it is used. Strongly made of polished steel, with a full set of instructions. Obtainable only from THE UNION COMPANY, 299 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.

FREE TO YOU!

Sensational purchase of entire mill output of the famous "Red Line" double-dull silk stockings. All shades. This stocking is worth 3/11 pair. We offer to you three pairs for 8/6. Post free. Money-back guarantee. With 3 pairs we will include absolutely free, a box of Genuine "La Poudre" Face Powder, worth 2/6. Don't miss this opportunity.

FURTHER SPECIAL FREE OFFER. Every person answering this ad. will be entitled to an opportunity of obtaining a pair of the finest-quality Shadow-Stripes Milanese Bloomers, worth 4/6, absolutely FREE.

Address only: THE SALVAGE STORES (Regd.), 98 York Street, Sydney. Mention the Women's Weekly.

A REAL KODAK for only

Loads with V127 Kodak Film sold everywhere. Pictures, size 2 1/2 x 3 1/8 inches. Made and backed by the Kodak Company. Of all Kodak Dealers and KODAK (Australasia) PTY. LTD., 379 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY. And all States.



TROPHIES for TENNIS, CUPS FOR GOLF

are designed and made on the premises. The value is outstanding. Prices from 5/6.

Write at once for our FREE SPORTS CATALOGUE. It's full of Prize suggestions.

ANGUS & COOTE
500 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY.

REDUCTIONS FOR QUANTITIES. Write at once for our FREE SPORTS CATALOGUE. It's full of Prize suggestions.

ANGUS & COOTE
500 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY.

THE NEW SHALIMAR HOSIERY.

From Factory to You.

3 Pairs for 5/6

6 Pairs for 10/-

To advertise these new stockings the manufacturers "Shalimar" Hosiery offer this new dull silk with special suspender top and panel head stocking. All the newest shades. Fully guaranteed. Mail orders postage free. State size and color when ordering. Keep number of postal note till you hear from us.

SHALIMAR MFG. CO.,
Box 3422R, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.



LIFE-SIZE DOLL

UNBREAKABLE. Only 2/6

About 27 inches High.

Reproduction of a French Creation in fine, fast colours on cloth that won't tear. A model like Cradina's Rag Doll intended to be stuffed. If mamma gives one of baby's dresses to her little girl, that she may put on and off. The Life-size Doll will fascinate her more than the expensive doll, and outlast a dozen of them. The Doll Printed with Fair Hair, Rosy Cheeks, Blue Eyes, Kid Coloured Body, Pretty Shoes and Stockings. Price only 2/6, 2 for 4/6, 3 for 7/6, posted free. For all orders over 4/6, one good size Rag Doll given Free. Postal Notes or Money Order to be addressed to Manager.

Anglo-American Publishing Co.,
(Regd.), Box 1163 MH, G.P.O. Sydney, N.S.W.

Money advanced upon all classes of security without possession.

N.S.W. MONTE DE PIETE

D. & I. CO. LTD.

(an All-Australian Organisation—Established 1883)

Fully Paid-up Capital, £200,000.

SYDNEY'S LOWEST AND FASTEST RATE.

No fees charged for inquiries, preparation of documents, or valuations.

ALSO ADVANCES MADE ON Jewellery, Diamond Goods, and other portable articles. Low rates, easy terms.

FRED C. SMITH, GENERAL MANAGER,
74 Castlereagh Street,
same side as David Jones'. Telephone: 2635,
also 2 Station Avenue, Rushville (LW78).

WE GUARANTEE YOU LUCK

OR REFUND YOUR MONEY!

If you have bad luck in the Lottery, games, gambling, etc., business, you should enter a pair of Magic Spades, Magic Spades, Magic Spades. These "Magic Spades" are carried by secret circles, people as a powerful charm—one to prevent bad luck, evil, and misfortune, and the other to attract good luck, health, happiness, and prosperity. Posted by return mail, price 4/6 the pair. Posted 3d extra. Money refunded in 7 days if not satisfied.

Royalty Traders, Room 40 V.B.,
3 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

TO BOYS & GIRLS GIVEN

WRIST WATCHES

Comecos, Mo-Mo Dols, Fountain Pens and many other valuable prizes, also cash commission, for selling small parcels of tested garden seeds. Send for parcel and big illustrated catalogue of presents. SEND NO MONEY NOW, only name and address. Write to-day.

JOHN B. MURRAY
64-V George Street, Sydney
(10 years at this address)

LADIES

Tremendous purchase of Ladies' Service weight

Panel Bond Hosiery, direct from Mill to Wearer. Take advantage NOW of securing this genuine full silk

8 x 8 or 10 Hosiery, fully guaranteed, at marvellously

low prices.

Free! All the newest shades. Mail orders promptly despatched, postage

FREE. State size and colour when ordering. Keep number

of postal note until you hear from us. 4

PAIRS FOR 10/6. Every customer replying to this advertisement will be entitled to a FREE

GIFT. Answer Mail Order Co., Dept. W, 75 Pitt Street, SYDNEY.

FILL the PANTRY with Potatoes and ONIONS

Shipping Strike Affects Supplies and Prices Expected to Rise

Unless a settlement of the shipping strike is effected during the present week, housewives will begin to feel the pinch through a certain shortage of potatoes and onions—with an increase in prices.

The present selling price of local potatoes is from £13/10/- to £14 a ton, with Tasmanians at £16, but there is every probability of a sharp rise in the next few days if the strike continues.

THE merchants, of course, will be blamed for this rise, but the position is that growers who consign potatoes to Sussex St. agents for sale are telegraphing instructions to the agents not to sell immediately, but to hold their consignments in anticipation of a big rise in prices. Inquiries among Sussex St. produce merchants over the week-end showed

steadily by rail from the potato-growing centres in N.S.W. principally from Crookwell and Tarragulla, but very few consignments are arriving from New England.

Telegrams from Victoria received in Sussex St. over the week-end indicate that there is not a possible chance of any potatoes coming from Victoria for the early sales this week.

Onions, Too

THE position with regard to Victorian onions is the same, and no consignments of potatoes or onions left Victoria over the week-end for the Sydney market.

The housewife who has not a few pounds of onions in her pantry for emergency may have to pay a fancy price for them in the course of the next few days. Early this week brown onions were selling at from 12/- to 14/- a bushel, and white onions at 22/-.

While the North Coast boats continue to run there will be no shortage of butter or eggs in Sydney, although N.S.W. usually has to import a considerable quantity of butter from Queensland, which could, if necessary, come by rail at a slightly increased cost in freight. However, as the price of butter is a fixed one, the housewife need have no worry in regard to that commodity.

With the advent of spring the hens are turning their attention to the business of laying again, and this week the price of eggs was reduced by 1d to 1/1 a dozen for hen eggs. Further reductions are anticipated in the course of a few weeks.

Prince of Wales

...On Holiday

From Our London Office—By Air Mail

ON his holiday next month the Prince of Wales will travel incognito, using his title of Earl of Chester.

Over fifty luggage labels bearing this inscription have been delivered at York House. The Prince's destination has so far not been actually decided upon, but somewhere on the Riviera is the most likely choice.

that growers are all rushing their potatoes on to the Sydney market, with the object of having them here before the means of transport is completely blocked.

Tasmanian potato-diggers were working overtime during the past few days in an endeavor to get as many potatoes as possible to Sydney by the Caloon and Kakariki.

Meanwhile supplies are coming along

Short Stories of the Air

Written and produced by the man who made "Chandu the Magician" and the radio version of "Monte Cristo," and recorded in Hollywood where the finest actors are available, "Short Stories of the Air" offers you superlative entertainment. There are love stories, mystery stories, tales of amazing adventures, and tales of intrigue. Make a point of tuning in each Monday at 6.35.

Trial of Benjamin Knowles

In the heart of central Africa, in the British colony of Ashanti, where the tropic sun beats down mercilessly, and the heat tears at the nerves of the whites, Dr. Benjamin Knowles was accused of shooting his wife, and the magistrate, trying him without a jury, found him guilty and sentenced him to death. But the case did not end there. George Edwards will broadcast "The Trial of Benjamin Knowles" nightly from 2GB, at 10 p.m., commencing Monday, August 26.

2GB—THE NATION'S STATION

2GB Highlights

SATURDAY, August 24—11.30:

Hall of Song. 6.0: Rudy Vallee.

6.20: Funfest. 7.45: Darby and Joan.

9.0: "Brain and Blackmail." 9.30: Famous Rivers.

SUNDAY, August 25—1.15:

Clara Southern. 2.45: Face to Face with Verdi.

3.30: Highlights from Literature. 7.2: A. E. Symonds—War and the Churches.

7.40: Dr. Duncan—Challenge to Democracy. 8.45: George Edwards—"The Loss of the Titanic."

MONDAY, August 26—10.45:

Casanova. 12.15: Mrs. Phillips—War in Peace Time.

1.45: Story-teller. 3.30: Frank and Archie. 9.0: "Treasure." 9.15: Travel with Music.

10.0: Trial of Benjamin Knowles.

TUESDAY, August 27—3.30:

Dorothy Vautier—Musical Personalities. 6.45: Voice of the People. 9.15: Story of Your Suburb. 9.45: Cyril James—Songs of Devon.

WEDNESDAY, August 28—12.0:

Community Singing. 6.35: Once Upon a Time. 8.0: Viennese Nights. 9.0: Donald Novis. 9.15: True Confessions.

THURSDAY, August 29—10.15:

Numerology. 4.15: Lucky Birthday Song Session. 9.15: "The Coming of Spring in the Carquest."

FRIDAY, August 30—11.45:

Feature Session—Dorothy Vautier. 2.45: Radio School of Domestic Science. 9.45: Jack Lumsdaine.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

THE New South Wales State Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Dr. Edgar L. Balinton, will give their next concert at the Town Hall on Wednesday, August 28.

The programme will be Overture to a Comedy (Balfour Gardiner), Symphony No. 7 in C Major (Schubert), Russian Folk Songs (Lidov), Procession of the Gods into Valhalla from "The Ring Cycle" (Wagner), and the Carnival Overture (Dvorak). Mr. Ben Williams, tenor, will be the soloist, and will sing the Prize Song from "The Master-singers" (Wagner), and other items from "Lobengrin" and "The Valkyrie."

TWINS Run Away with EXAM PRIZES

Are They Cleverer Than Other Children?

By Mary St. Claire, from our London Office—by Air Mail.

Twins are cleverer than other children. This opinion is being put forward by many educationists and doctors, who for some time have been considering the extraordinary successes which sets of twins have gained in public examinations.

JUST recently, three sets of twins of varying ages have obtained brilliant marks in examinations in which a host of other children were competing.

Dennis and Roy Cransfield, the eleven-year-old Lincolnshire twins, and Noel and Dennis Bradley, of Ashley, won scholarships last week, and only a few days ago twin girls, the Misses Coghill, of Liverpool, who are studying at Newnham, got second-class passes in the Historical Tripos, a most amazing feat, so a fellow student told me.

People used to think that twins were inferior mentally and physically to other children, but statistics seem to prove just the reverse, though, as infants, they are often rather delicate, and mortality among them at birth is high.

DR. ELIZABETH SLOAN CHESSER, the famous gynaecologist, is of the opinion that twins are not necessarily cleverer or more physically perfect than other children. "In my opinion brain power and physique are more matters of heredity and environment in either twins or other children," she told me.

Another doctor who makes a study of the question of twins says that they can be divided into two classes, what he calls identical and fraternal.

"There is nothing odd in the fact of identical twins gaining the same distinctions, since they are bound to have the same characteristics," he told me. "If one of them is clever, the other will be clever. With fraternal twins the question is not so easy, though any children will copy each other, and children as closely allied as twins always do."

A retired headmistress whose "girls" have tea with her whenever they are in London was chatting about twins. "I always tried very hard not to have favorites," she said. "But there was one pair of twins that I just couldn't help mothering a little more than was strictly necessary."

"They were both brainy girls and being twins seemed to double their charm instead of halving it, as one would imagine should be the case. One of them became a lecturer in biology, and the other was a most splendid hospital nurse. She would undoubtedly have been a matron, but she married quite young."

TWINS themselves are interesting to talk to. They usually admit that there seems to be more of a bond between them than between ordinary brothers and sisters. The most charming twins I ever met were New Zealanders. They were the eldest daughters of a farmer whose wife died when they were eleven, leaving him with a large family of tiny youngsters.

These two little girls decided that they would look after father and the babies,



FIRST PRIZE for fancy dress was awarded to Mr. Gordon Harris, who impersonated Mandrake (hero of our weekly pictorial thriller) at the Revelers' Club Ball at Haberfield. During the evening's festivities Mr. Harris never forgot his characterisation and caused much merriment.

so they arranged to go to school on alternate days, and in the evening, after the work of the home was finished and the younger children were all in bed, each would teach the other what she had learnt at school that day.

This kind of schooling must have worked admirably, for when I knew them, one was headmistress of Wanganui Girls' College, one of the largest girls' schools in New Zealand, and the other, living in Feilding, was the most popular doctor for miles around.

Every Wife

whose Husband has INDIGESTION



SHOULD TRY THIS HINT FROM ENGLAND

(And Every Daughter Whose Dad Has a Weak Tummy could do some good this way)

Men are Babies! So women think. Maybe. But men suffer in ways few women know—only they adopt the "Lion-Heart" Bluff, and won't admit the Truth.

Which is that they either work too hard, smoke too much, eat too heartily of things that don't agree, argue too much about business, sport, politics or the extravagance of women, or perhaps do most of these things all in the same day. The stomach can't take it. Food Sour, Ferments, Causes Acid, Pain, Ulcers, Operations—sometimes. The remedy? HARRISON-MACLEAN Stomach Powder. This keeps the stomach sweet and bland. Kills Acid, and Prevents its return. Strengthens the stomach, heals inflamed spots. Protects the Bowels—Does for Men what a new hat does for a Woman. Gives a new sense of Importance—a feeling of Youth—a sense of being on top of the World. If your Husband (or Dad) feels like going to bed when you feel like starting the evening's fun—just get a 1/6d. package of Harrison-Macleans Stomach Powder and see that it's tried out. See smiles return as stomach torture goes—see

new Energy come as the Engine Room of the Human Frame is put in order. Do for the Big Baby of the Family what you'd do for a Tiny Tot—keep that Stomach clean, sweet and strong. But be very sure you get genuine Harrison-Macleans Stomach Powder in the White Package, and beware of useless substitutes or old-fashioned "mere relief." Bismuth and Magnesia Compounds Real Harrison-Macleans Stomach Powder is made to a formula that has put millions of invalids back into circulation. The Best Formula in the World for the Treatment of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Gastritis, Heartburn, Acidity, Flatulence, Ulceration, Wind-Flatulence, etc.

HARRISON-MACLEAN STOMACH POWDER

GRACE BROS GOLDEN JUBILEE SALE

2% def deducted from your bill!

GOSSARD Line of Beauty

Corsetry Service

MISS VERA HAMILTON Gossard Demonstrator and Fitter

will be in our Corset Salon every day until 28th August, and will be delighted to analyse your figure and to suggest and personally fit the correct foundation garment for your individual needs. (We have opened a complete new range of summer garments.)

Phone M6506, GRACE BROS. CORSETRY DEPARTMENT, FOR AN APPOINTMENT. Miss Vera Hamilton is in attendance each day from 9.30 a.m. to 5 p.m. Corset Department, First Floor, Seven-Storey Building.



SMART CREATION BY GOSSARD! A—GOSSARD COMBINATION in PEACH BROCADE with front lace adjustments. Brassiere top open across the waistline; uplift bust section of mesh lace. An ideal garment for the larger woman. Sizes 34 to 44 in. bust. 69/6
B—Similar garment with bust section of Satin Tricot, price 41/6.

B—DAINTY LACE UPLIFT BRASSIERE to mould the bust in a youthful rounded curve. Sizes 34 to 44 in. bust. 8/6
PRICE each

C—For firm support!—GOSSARD PEACH TWO-WAY-STRETCH ELASTIC STEP-IN WITH THE NEW "TALON" FASTENER. Concealed boning in the Satin lined front and the top back, preventing the article from rolling over. Sizes 34 to 44 in. bust. 37/6
PRICE

D—GOSSARD (LONGERLYN) SUSPENDER BRASSIERE in soft Swam Silk, designed to give that easy grace of line demanded by the new fashions. Sizes 34 to 44 in. bust. 14/6
PRICE

E—GOSSARD CORSETTE WITH "TALON" FASTENER so easy to slip into. This all-in-one is fashioned in French styled bodice with an uplift brassiere of lace. The back is of woven two-way-stretch. Sizes 34 to 44 in. bust. 42/6
PRICE

F—MISS SIMPLICITY TEA ROOM FLOURED BATHING LIGHTLY BOMBED CORSETTE with Satin Tricot uplift bust. Sizes 30 to 38 in. bust. 25/6
PRICE

SLIMMING FOR YOUR FIGURE BACKLESS FOR YOUR GOWN
E—This lovely new Gossard is designed to restrain the waistline and hips, and to form the perfect foundation for the latest cut gown. It is made of patterned Satin and Satin Laces. The accumulated uplift bust section is of lace reinforced with net. Sizes 34 to 44 in. bust. 69/6
PRICE

GRACE BROS. LTD. BROADWAY, SYDNEY Phone M6506



— and now for
Cornuwell's
Malt Extract

AUSTRALIA'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER FOR YOUNG & OLD

SOME MEN Are Too NICE

Continued from Page 6

SHE saw herself emerging to the white sunlight, surrounded by a group of gazing natives, and a few stolid couples—nice, kind people like Mr. and Mrs. Sellus, who sat at her table and were on their way to their rice paddies in Central Java. They'd throw rice at her. Mrs. Axel Borg.

"I can't decide now," she said. "You must give me time." And she hurried away from him. She entered the main companionway and felt secure again amidst the lights and the crowd of passengers. Some of them were, as usual, pestering poor Mr. Harrigan, the purser, with scores of questions about shore excursions, sightseeing, and rates of exchange. She knew all at once that Axel Borg was behind her, and she said in a low voice, so that nobody else could overhear: "I will go ashore with you, anyway, for a little while, and perhaps we can find some quiet place to talk, later on."

He said: "Very well. But there will not be too much time—remember. My steamer leaves for Belawan-Deli at midnight."

He had suddenly assumed a mantle of formality—rigidly and coldly courteous. But after all, wasn't he, perhaps, justified? Hadn't he done her a great honor, for a man of apparent position and dignity, and wasn't he used to quick decisions? She left him, and hurried down a passage to her own cabin. There were men like that, she thought; willing to hazard everything upon what was the promise?—a turn of the wheel. Maybe it was admirable—far more so than Adam Trowbridge's sane caution. Life here in the East was, or should be, adventure.

GRATEFULLY she entered the cool, quiet retreat of her own cabin. The electric fan was pivoting gently on its base. The faithful English stewardess had turned down her bed, laid out her simple white nightgown. Her own familiar little pos-

sessions seemed to give her a new lease of courage. Her silver hairbrush and comb; the photograph of Adam Trowbridge shaking hands with the Mayor on the steps of the Town Hall; the red morocco sewing-case presented to her by the junior bible class on her departure, "For Our Dear Miss Watson." And there, on the bureau beside the sewing-case, as a sharply exotic contrast, the volume of oriental proverbs which Borg had given her during their shore excursion at Colombo. He had wanted her to understand the mind of the East, he had said. She turned over the ivory-tinted pages idly. . . . "The father plants the tree; the son enjoys its shade."

How true that was! Why, if it hadn't been for Aunt Katherine's unexpected little legacy, she, Helen Watson, wouldn't be here, anchored off Penang—in the shade, so to speak. She'd be checking up lost volumes in the Kinghampton Public Library, and asking the office-boy to put more coal on the fire. How glad she was now that she'd had the courage, on receiving the legacy, to start on a journey around the world! It had always been her ambition; ever since loving geography and history in school. Also, she felt, it would serve another purpose. It would give her perspective about herself and her friends. To be exact, it would enable her, by the age-old method of a prolonged separation, to find out the state of her own heart—whether she was worthy of Adam Trowbridge's devotion; whether, indeed, she really wanted marriage.

She turned over a few more pages and came to a proverb which she did not understand, but which she had underlined because it sounded so graceful and pretty: "The wind and the cherry-tree can never be friends." Even on a second reading it failed to convey a fundamental truth to her. At that moment someone knocked on the cabin door.

A page-boy entered, bearing a green envelope on a tray.

"A cable for you, Miss Watson. The shore agent brought it on board."

A cable. Something happened inside her. Something snapped like a cold spring sharply released. She took the cable and put it down on the bureau, her cheeks aflame. Good Lord! What was he trying to do, following her to every port with his sickening assurances of constancy? A process of intimidation? Did he think that he was the only man in the world? Did he think that he could force his lifelong, colorless respectability upon her? Why, he had no right, no right on God's earth, to intrude into her heart when she was trying to escape, to be free! Kinghampton was like that. It wanted to follow you everywhere, poking its long, inquiring nose into your very soul.

"Any reply, miss?" the page asked her. She was trembling. She heard a woman's voice saying: "There's no reply. But you must go to the baggage-master at once and tell him to send my baggage ashore. I—I've had to change my plans."

THE boy left, and she began to pack hurriedly. A few minutes later she left the cabin and went to see Mr. Harrigan, the purser. He was a big, dark Irishman, with a great beak of a nose and blue eyes. Not bad-looking, but inclined to be facetious with ladies passengers. She thought it was going to be easy with Mr. Harrigan, but it turned out otherwise.

She said timidly: "I—I've had a sudden change of plans, Mr. Harrigan. I've decided to stay over in Su—in Penang for a little while. I hear it's a lovely place, and I have some friends there. Could you possibly alter my ticket? It goes all the way to Frisco, you know." She thought that Frisco sounded more jaunty, more casual than San Francisco. She must be casual, at all costs. "I'd like to proceed by a later steamer," she added, recalling the words printed on the ticket.

Mr. Harrigan rubbed his indigo chin, then looked at her swiftly. He was one of those amazingly personal people. He was too jolly; he loved life and humanity so much that he had to have his say about everything that came his way.

He rubbed his chin, and said: "Well, well, Miss Watson, this is a surprise. Isn't this change a bit sudden? As a matter of fact, the rules are that a stop-over requires at least forty-eight hours' notice. I can't possibly fill your cabin now, you see." She didn't see, and she stood there, holding her ground, but her knees were shaking. Mr. Harrigan looked at her again, then all at once became very brisk. "Mr. Jenkins," he called over his shoulder, "get Miss Watson's contract and alter it to—." He paused. "How long did you want to stay in Su—in Penang, Miss Watson?"

Please turn to Page 30

If your Skin
is sensitive
you need this
Talcum Powder



Cools, soothes, refreshes the skin, protects against chafing and irritation. Absorbs perspiration and imparts a delicate fragrance. Specially recommended for babies. Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

Cuticura
TALCUM POWDER

**INSTANT
WRIGHT'S
RELIEF**

INDIGESTION HAS BEEN THE
PRIMARY CAUSE OF MANY
SERIOUS ILLNESSES.

DON'T gamble with even the slightest
attack of Indigestion, take Wright's
Instant Relief and be rid of the pain
within five minutes.

Wright's Instant Relief cannot be
equaled for Constipation, Permeit in
the stomach, Spasms, Heartburn, etc.

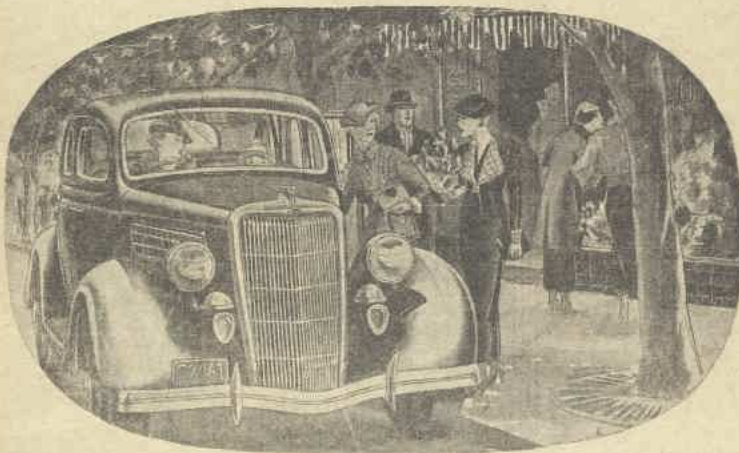
Price, 2/6 or by post 2/6

Obtainable from all Chemists and
Stores. If any difficulty in obtain-
ing write to

**TWENTIETH CENTURY
MANUFACTURING CO.**

PTY. LTD.,
80 EXHIBITION ST.,
MELB., VIC.

Smart . . .
IN STYLE AND PERFORMANCE



WOMEN owners of the new Ford V-8 appreciate its outstanding smartness and its superlative performance. Feminine opinion agrees that no other car is so easy to drive—so alert and effortless in traffic. But more than that, there is the thrilling pride of ownership—the knowledge that your Ford V-8 is the last word in car fashion. The magnificent lines of the new car, the luxurious appointments, are modern in the newest sense. All-Steel closed bodies afford the maximum of safety and durability. Centre-Pole gives a new kind

of riding comfort. Safety glass windscreen is standard equipment. These and other refinements combined with surprising economy of operation make the 1935 Ford V-8 the ideal woman's car. The Ford dealer near you will gladly place a new V-8 at your disposal so that you may test it yourself. Ford easy purchase terms are available.

Ford V-8
FOR 1935

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA PTY. LTD.

(INCORPORATED IN VICTORIA) PTY. LTD.



"Will my appetite
never return?"

Women whose daily household takes heavy toll of their energy should eat well and should enjoy their food.

Only in this way can vital good health be maintained—health to complete the hardest day's work without tiring, health to enjoy leisure hours. By enriching the blood and renewing tissues you will fully regain your appetite.

No more pleasant or more effective way to "tone" up your system, to induce sleep and to make work a pleasure than by relying on the curative properties of Wincarnis. Get a bottle from your chemist today. Prices: 4/3 pints, 7/3 quarts. Over 20,000 Recommendations from Medical men.

Wincarnis
must do you good!

Mandrake the Magician

MEET IN THIS FINE PICTURE SERIAL:

MANDRAKE: The Master Magician, who, wandering in search of adventure with
LOTHAR: His Nubian servant, comes to the house of
PROFESSOR SORCIN: An eccentric scientist, who lives in a lonely spot with
MARINA: His niece, and a few servants. There is some mystery surrounding Sorcin, and Mandrake, after the mad scientist

has made several attempts on his life, forces him to tell his story. It appears that, years before, Sorcin got possession of two baby gorillas. On one he performed an operation, transferring it to the brain of a human criminal. This monster, called Klage, is now full grown, and is terrorising the countryside. Sorcin is just completing the story of his inhuman masterpiece. Read on:



"HE ROAMED ABOUT THE COUNTRY-SIDE, KILLING CATTLE AND EVERYTHING ELSE IN HIS PATH. THE MONSTER LEGEND SPREAD--AND EVERYONE LEFT THE VALLEY."



WHY DOES HE EVER RETURN HERE, SORCIN?



THIS IS HIS HOME. HE RETURNS FOR WARMTH WHENEVER IT IS COLD AND RAINING--ON NIGHTS LIKE THIS!

SO NOW, MANDRAKE, YOU KNOW THE STORY OF THE MONSTER OF TANOV PASS.



THE BLAME RESTS ON YOU, SORCIN. WHY DIDN'T YOU KILL KLAGE?

WHAT!! KILL KLAGE? KILL MY MASTERPIECE?



KLAGE!



STOP, MANDRAKE. KLAGE IS MY MASTERPIECE. YOU MUST NOT TOUCH HIM.

GET OUT OF THE WAY, SORCIN. THAT MONSTER MUST BE PUT IN CHAINS.



YOU WON'T LEAVE THIS ROOM. STAY BACK, I WARN YOU.

SORCIN BRANDISHES HIS POWERFUL ELECTRIC NEEDLE.



YOU WON'T GET OUT OF HERE, MANDRAKE. KLAGE IS MY MASTERPIECE.

YOUR MASTERPIECE! GET OUT OF THE WAY, YOU CRAZY OLD MAN.



AT A WAVE OF MANDRAKE'S HAND, SORCIN AND HIS DOG RISE IN THE AIR.



COME ON, LOTHAR. WE'LL HAVE TO HURRY.



MANDRAKE AND LOTHAR FOLLOW THE DESTRUCTIVE TRAIL OF THE MONSTER, KLAGE.



FAR AHEAD, KLAGE DESTROYS EVERYTHING IN HIS PATH AS HE HURRIES ALONG.



AT ANY RATE, LOTHAR IT WOULD BE PRETTY HARD TO LOSE THIS TRAIL. LOOKS LIKE A TORNADO STRUCK THIS PLACE.



FAR AHEAD, KLAGE VENTS HIS FURY ON EVERYTHING IN HIS PATH.



WE'RE NOT FAR BEHIND NOW, LOTHAR.

THIS KLAGE STRONG LIKE HUNDRED MEN. WHAT WE DO WHEN WE CATCH HIM?



I HAVEN'T FIGURED THAT OUT YET, LOTHAR. FIRST, LET'S CATCH HIM.



KLAGE REACHES THE TOP OF THE CLIFF.



AS MANDRAKE AND LOTHAR SCALE THE CLIFF, KLAGE PICKS UP A HUGE BOULDER--



LOTHAR!

AND CRASHES IT DOWN UPON HIS PURSUERS.



AS LOTHAR HURLS TO DESTRUCTION---



HIS MASTER, MANDRAKE, GESTURES TOWARDS HIM---



AND LOTHAR IS TRANSFORMED INTO A HUGE BIRD.



To be Continued.



UNDAUNTED by fear, Children take many chances with the things they eat. Pasties, Puddings and Mystic Confections still lure them to their undoing.

But Mother, watchful Mother, is ever at hand with a small, wineglassful of the genuine Kruse's Fluid Magnesia.

"Move on!" says this trusty aperient to the damaging accumulations that cause Biliousness, Indigestion, Blood Disorders, Bad Breath, Constipation, etc.

The command is irresistible. By the searching and cleansing action of Kruse's, the digestive system is left sweet, active, wholesome.

The large family size is relatively cheaper. Obtainable throughout the Commonwealth.



FLUID MAGNESIA

BY FELTON GRIMWADE PTY. LTD. MELBOURNE

SHE was white, but she faced his eyes. "I don't know yet. Leave it open."

Mr. Jenkins began clicking upon the typewriter.

At 9.30 promptly she met Borg in the companionway. She carried a light wrap, and her handbag contained three pounds sterling as well as her letter of credit. She wasn't going to allow him to pay for everything. Perhaps she could give him a brandy and soda at some hotel while they talked things over. He liked a brandy and soda about ten in the evening. Meanwhile she'd preserve her independence as far as possible. She wouldn't even tell him that her baggage was going ashore, and when her own trunk passed her in the companionway, on the back of a perspiring steward, she glanced quickly in another direction.

Borg took her arm and helped her down the steep steps to the tender, an elderly launch reeking of gasoline and stricken with palsy. In that smile craft, loaded with brown men and white, they headed toward the lights of Penang, and the whole firmament of stars came carving down upon them as they breathed the trough of an outbound freighter.

Borg had taken off his white topie, and the breeze blew his pale, dry hair into two little horns above his forehead. In the warm, intimate darkness, reeking of brown, naked backs, he seized her hand, held it against his knee, crushed its fingers.

In the strangeness of that approach to the Malay shore, Helen Watson was able to pin down, to preserve for ultimate memories, the most vivid and tensioned moment of her life. No future disillusion could ever tarnish the exaltation of that superb adventure. She was supremely aware of Borg's presence, but not of his mind, which was contrary to all her experience of men in the past. There was no manner of attaining Borg's mind, she admitted. Back of that colossal figure of male authority there must exist some dark and impenetrable network of ideas, some code of life, a soul scrupulously guarded from prying eyes.

"Why, I don't know the man," she told herself. Then added: "I don't

SOME MEN Are TOO NICE

Continued from Page 28

care. I love him." The launch approached a jetty. Borg rose, heading toward the bow. A native, squatting on the floor, didn't move out of his way, and she saw Borg giving him a silent push, sending him sprawling into the supper. Her heart leaped into fear and pity, but somehow she could not speak. She recalled some past phrase of Borg's concerning the need of "preserving the white man's supremacy in the East," but at the moment it meant nothing to her. She saw the Malay picking himself up, rubbing his shin ruefully, and at the same time she could not help remembering—in spite of her determination not to—a trembling young steward on the *Circassia* being publicly and loudly admonished by Borg for bringing him uniced beer. "There are only two classes of men," Borg had said to her after the incident: "Those who serve, and those who are served. There is no halfway."

Taking his arm, she stepped ashore from the launch on to the stage of a fantastic light opera. Under the flickering arc lights a row of half-naked men, thin as vultures under their conical straw hats, shouted at them. Each man dragged a pair of bicycle wheels with a high chair perched between them. Borg assisted her into the first rickshaw, then climbed into the second. "E. & O. Hotel," he commanded in a loud, apparently angry voice.

HELEN WATSON found herself gliding on bicycle wheels along a strip of asphalt between Chinese shops under arcades. Once a Malay policeman under a striped umbrella stopped her rickshaw with a magnificent gesture, but she was allowed to proceed after an English clergyman had dashed by on a motor cycle. She began to expect anything of Penang. She saw groups of enormous spiders browsing against the arc lights which lined the road.

Finally they reached a great white hotel studded with light, at the edge of the sea. There was an orchestra playing inside, and a great many English people dancing very correctly, in very correct evening clothes. Borg called a native boy and treated her to an orange-colored drink which was surprisingly strong. "The best drink east of Suez," he announced, and ordered another for himself.

Helen Watson felt uncomfortably touristy with all the people around her in evening clothes, and the innocent-looking drink made her slightly dizzy. Also she wished that Axel Borg wouldn't be quite so loud in his orders to the Chinese boys. She was glad when he paid the bill and they were able to stroll out into the moonlight. It was a tremendous and bloated moon, reddish in hue, and there were trunks of palm trees stretched across its face. In shadow under a wing of the hotel he began kissing her hungrily, cruelly, as if he were starved, until she had to beat him off with little white fluttering hands that were like the wings of a frightened bird.

"My dear, my dear! Please be kind. Let me learn—slowly."

He released her with his inevitable triumphant smile. "You are mine, my own, do you understand? You think I did not know. But I happened to see your trunk leaving your cabin. You are a brave woman, and I salute your courage. Our boat for Belawan-Deli sails at midnight, and then there will begin a new life for you—and for us both. A wonderful life."

WHEN he came to the word "wonderful" he beamed it out, and it rolled up from his vitals like a crescent moon of thunder. And then, while his voice boomed on, and they walked hand-in-hand across the moonlit lawn toward their waiting rickshaws, a dark cloud insinuated itself into her mind—a thought, a mere fragment of a thought, yet thoroughly disturbing, robbing the evening of its lustre.

There was something he'd missed; forgotten to mention. She remembered her own vision of the white Dutch chapel; the solid and respectable couples like Mr. and Mrs. Selous throwing rice. She braced herself. But that, of course, was ridiculous. She was dramatising the situation needlessly. On account of the heat, the strangeness of Penang, perhaps. Or it might be that orange-colored drink that Borg had given her. She had, she decided, nothing to fear. He was a planter, a man of position in Sumatra, a gentleman. They waded on through the thick white moonlight, between twin colonnades of acres palms whose heads were like giant feather dusters against the clear night sky. They found their rickshaws waiting patiently outside the hotel gate.

Borg gave the boys instructions, and in a few minutes they reached a native quarter of the town. Helen Watson was dazed by the sudden turmoil in

which they found themselves, the odor of dark, oiled flesh, the clouds of dust and the blinding glare of the arc lights. The night reeked of matters beyond her ken. Patchouli, joss sticks, and palm oil. From an ornate temple beside the road there emanated a fronted walling of rood instruments, a staccato clapping of hands, a sound of chanting. Borg halted the two rickshaws.

Please turn to Page 31

New Hope for Sufferers

The latest German remedy (Germinal) for healing Varicose Ulcers and Hemorrhoids without interruption to your duties is available now. No need to lie up. Guaranteed never to break out again. Had cases heal up in a few weeks. Inexpensive.

Guaranteed never to fail. Write or call for Wonderful Foot Treatment by mail a specially-distanced no object. You will be delighted with my treatment—no pain from start.

C. WINTER
83 WELLINGTON ST.,
NEW
54, VICTORIA.



FAT conquered

"... My weight before taking Epsola was 132 lb. 12 lbs. but after following the instructions for 18 days I noticed a reduction in my weight of 12 1/2 lbs."

So writes a lady user of the famous Epsola Reducing Tonic. A D. M. T. 1st writes: "Great benefit was derived from the first bottle, a marked difference being shown after taking one bottle only."

Safe, Sure, Easy!

Epsola takes off only unwanted fat without fuss. You don't upset your routine of life. No exercises or diet monies. No risk. Reduction is extremely beneficial, and begins within 24 hours. Fastest parts slim first.

LOSE 1-LB A DAY!

Epsola slims even where all else fails. People who have failed to reduce with baths, salts, thyroid capsules, diets, exercises and harsh stimulants, find Epsola "acts like magic."

Rejuvenate Your Figure Now!

Loose the fat that kills your charm, spoils your fun and harms your health. Dressed ugly, careless. Wear attractive dresses. You can do it by taking Epsola. Lose as much as you wish. Reduction starts when you cease taking. But the lost fat is lost for good. An end to heavy bust, waist, thighs. Slender claim a year. Get a 6/6 package of Epsola from the Chemist. If preferred, order direct from Epsola Company, Suite 42, 39-41 Carrington St., Sydney, enclosing 1/- extra for postage. Don't delay. Get genuine Epsola in the Brown and White package.

Famous Epsola liquid method has NO THYROID NO HARMFUL DRUGS Good for Men and Women!

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

WITHOUT CALOMEL

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel tired, irritable and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A more bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes these good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "you and me." Harshness, gastric distress, indigestion, flatulence, etc. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes only, 1/4 and 3/4. Absent a substitute.

"VAREX"

FOR BAD LEGS

NO RESTING REQUIRED

There's no need to lie up with a bad leg. One man actually worked overtime while using "Varex" Treatment. Four to six dressings—no sick—usually suffice. "Varex" heals all ulcers, old or new. Very soothing, and relieves pain quickly and permanently. Buy and investigate. Write for free booklet to-day, to Ernest Husley, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Varex Ltd., 3rd Floor, Dymally's Building, 434/5 George Street, Sydney, and 625 Collins Street, Melbourne.

IT'S A PHILIPS!

—and that means Better Radio

HEAR for yourself the exquisite tone of a 1935 radioplayer—see for yourself the architectural beauty of the cabinets.

Micro-index tuning, selective muting, tuning meter, and automatic volume control are some of the outstanding features to be found in the complete range of models which are equipped with Philips Super Series valves including the remarkable Octode.

Model 5502
5-Valve A.C. Broadcast
£29/19/6

Model 5501 5-valve A.C. Broadcast, £27/10/-
Model A. 5-valve A.C. Broadcast, £25/10/-

PHILIPS

radioplayers

The Micro-index dial can never become obsolete.

RED AND ROUGHENED HANDS...

GROW SOFT AND SUPPLE when you use REXONA



If you spend most of your time out of doors, cold winds and winter frosts quickly crack your hands. But don't suffer the misery of a chapped and torturing skin this winter. Keep Rexona ready and use it at the first approach of cold weather. It will protect you from distressing winter skin troubles.

A combination of the most antiseptic, soothing and healing properties known to science.



Rexona
OINTMENT

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED



The wonderful reputation of Evan Williams Shampoo... has been handed down mother to daughter for nearly 40 years... it is still blended to the original formula.

"ORDINARY" for Dark Hair

"CAMOMILE" for Fair Hair

EVAN WILLIAMS
SHAMPOO

DRINK HABIT - COMPLETELY OVERCOME

30 YEARS' CONTINUOUS SUCCESS
ACT NOW!
Don't wish that your husband or son did not drink—ACT! EUCARY is transforming drinkers into sober men every day. Users are daily testifying to its success. Why suffer the awful effects of drunkenness a moment longer? EUCARY will sober the drinker and bring happiness to your home if you USE IT. EUCARY is guaranteed harmless and can be given SECRETLY at will.
NOT COSTLY.
Call or write for **FREE SAMPLE** to-day. 10/7
Booklet with Testimonials, DEPT. B, THE EUCARY CO., 297 Elizabeth St., Sydney.

SOME MEN Are TOO NICE

Continued from Page 30

"HIS," he informed her, "is the famous Snake Temple. The place is full of reptiles. Huge black brutes, hanging in festoons from the roof. They are considered sacred by the worshippers. We shall go in and see them." She shuddered, and shook her head. "Come, come," he boomed at her, "you are not frightened of snakes?"

He appeared highly amused, assisting her down from the rickshaw. In spite of her mild protests, she found herself, her arm linked with his, plunging into the seething crowd of natives. Chinese merchants smiled their fatuous, meaningless smiles at them from the lighted doorways of tiny shops. Near the temple they came upon a street fair where the populace was standing in awestruck little groups before a number of easel booths. A gathering larger than the rest had assembled around an old man, a Hindu, in a white robe. He was haranguing the crowd from a box, and holding up for display a bottle containing a pink fluid. He was in a state of apparent exaltation, rolling his eyes, waving his emaciated dark arms.

Borg suddenly brought a closed fist into contact with the palm of his other hand. "The devil!" he roared. "The old devil! Still at it, after ten years!"

"At what?" Helen Watson demanded. "Snake-bite cure! He has been selling it to simple souls for years and years. In reality, it is only soap and water, but he makes a living from the credulous. And the psychological effect of selling it outside the Snake Temple is, of course, tremendous. The simple ones forget that they will rarely, if ever, find a snake in Penang outside the temple. I tell you, Helen, I have seen that old rascal chased away by the police many, many times. Yet always does he come back. Always—"

His voice trailed off as he became involved in some obscure process of

Borg emitted one of his vast roars of gusto. "The cure is still efficient! No complaints?"

The crowd around them, growing curious, edged closer. Helen Watson felt stifled.

"No complaints, mastah," the old man answered. He appeared, all at once, frightened.

Helen Watson tugged at Borg's arm. "Come along. Let's go."

But he remained stolidly planted there, his feet wide apart, biting off the end of one of his long, pale cigars. "I'll give you twenty Straits dollars," he shouted to the Hindu, "if you will go into the back room of the Snake Temple and remain there for five minutes! And you may take one of your precious bottles with you!"

And then, in order to reassure himself that everyone present had understood the colossal humor of the idea, he turned and faced the native gathering, addressing them in Malay. For a moment or two there was a complete, abashed silence; then his sentences were taken up, repeated again and again, turned into a species of childish chant. There were giggles, and chuckles from the crowd; falsetto, celestial squeals of laughter. Helen Watson looked at the Hindu. He had descended from his box, and was now standing in front of Borg. It seemed to her that he was trembling. His old, bloodshot eyes were shifting furtively, like a trapped creature.

"My cure is not for the sacred and holy snakes of the temple, mastah," he said. "My cure is for the ordinary snakes of the garden."

BORG spat out the end of his cigar. "Hell! Do you want me to tell all these people your lies?"

"I will come with you, mastah," the old man announced meekly.

A Bachelor's Philosophy

"MARRIED men should wear something to denote that they are married," says a writer.

Most of them do—five-year-old suits.



thought. One of his dark, impenetrable moods captured him. For a moment it was as if he had left her completely alone, there in the crowd of swarming, odorous humanity. Then he seized her arm sharply. "Do you want to see something funny, my dear? I have a most wonderful idea." And almost before she knew it she had been skillfully led through the throng, and they were standing close to the old Hindu.

BORG gave him a mocking salute. "Business still good?" The old man wavered in his speech, ceased talking. He stared at Borg. "Business is very good, mastah," he said in a high, quivering, nervous voice.

Borg took Helen Watson's arm again, and the three of them proceeded toward the temple. It was all perfectly insane, she thought. Like some childish game. But Axel Borg seemed to be amusing himself, so she said nothing. About a dozen of the crowd followed them, talking excitedly in guttural tones. They climbed the temple steps, and Borg had a brief conversation with two men at the entrance door. They seemed to be guardians of some kind, and she noted that Borg was giving them small currency notes. He had a way about him with natives. They were impressed by him, or perhaps afraid. At any rate, the guardians bowed, and they all went into the temple. At first she could see nothing. But presently, as her eyes grew accustomed to the dim, flickering light provided by two clusters of oil lanterns, she saw that they were in a large room. She saw that the roof had a raftered ceiling far above her head, and that from the rafters there were hanging a number of strange black coils, which, at the first glance, she took to be pieces of thick, tarred rope tied into knots. But while she watched one of the coils it moved, shifting its position with a motion that was as slow as dripping oil. She and Borg walked through the room, came to a door, and the guardian who was with them produced a key. He opened the door. The room beyond was without light of any kind.

"It is here," Borg explained to her, "that they keep the young snakes. The old ones, the big ones, which are in the front room, are of no great danger. They are overfed by the crowds who visit them. They eat eggs—raw eggs." He turned to the old Hindu, his watch in his hand. "Go in," he said.

GOSSARD'S Newest Creation for sophisticated curves



GOSSARD'S new Pendu-Lift gives its wearer the confidence of knowing that everything about her is perfect. This corrective brassiere uplifts and separates the bust in the most sophisticated manner, the top and bottom Bands of elastic at hems mould it cleverly to the figure.

GOSSARD

LINE OF BEAUTY

Sold by:

Farmer & Co. Ltd.
Anthony Hordern & Sons Ltd.
Murray Bros. (Parramatta) Ltd.

McDowells Ltd.
Grace Bros. Ltd.

LUNCHEON FORECAST

"Quite Cold"

it's nicer with Mustard

Always mix mustard yourself—fresh daily. The best results will be obtained if water is used, and the mustard allowed to stand for 10 minutes before using. This ensures the complete release of the essential oils which aid digestion. But—it must be

- Keen's Mustard

KP 35/2



Modern science has developed an entirely new type of BIFOCAL. These lenses afford much sharper vision, and in addition show no disturbing colour fringes, which irritate the sight of the wearer and cause undue eye fatigue. G & B BIFOCAL lenses give you the eyes of youth—the power to see near and distant objects with the one pair of glasses.

GIBB & BEEMAN LTD.
OPTOMETRISTS AND OPTICIANS

C. A. GIBB, Optometrist, 6 HUNTER STREET (3 Doors from George Street).
J. W. BEEMAN, Optician, 378 PITT STREET (opposite Anthony Hordern's).
SYDNEY, and at Newcastle.

Please turn to Page 32

Hairdressing and Beauty Culture ...



*A Career
for
Your Daughter
that
Ensures a
Future*

At the Master Ladies Hairdressers Academy students receive a thorough and comprehensive training in every branch of the Hairdresser's Art, under ideal conditions, and priority of employment is guaranteed to graduates on completion of their course.

This Institute

Is under the auspices and direct control of the Master Ladies Hairdressers Association of New South Wales, and it is from this Academy that they will draw their future operators. In addition to the very thorough and detailed training given to students by the Academy staff, pupils receive individual instruction from fourteen leading New South Wales Master Ladies Hairdressers. A Diploma from this Academy will secure your daughter's future anywhere in Australia. Evening classes for the profession are held every Thursday, at 8 p.m.

A New Zealand Tribute

One of our students has enrolled from Wanganui (N.Z.). Her intention is to obtain our Diploma and then return to the Dominion to enter business there.

Write or call for full details, booklet sent on request. Fees are reasonable. Enrolment and all particulars from the Secretary.



The Master Ladies Hairdressers Academy (Reg.)

267 Elizabeth Street, Sydney

Phone MA7473

SOME MEN Are TOO NICE

Continued from Page 31

HELEN WATSON caught a glimpse of the man's face, and a surging wave of pity for him swept over her. She pleaded with Borg: "Come along. This thing's gone far enough. You've given him a good fright."

But neither Borg nor the natives around her shared her opinion. The crowd was chattering. Borg grinned at her. "Nonsense. There is no danger. The room is dark, and the snakes sleep." He held his watch in his hand. The Hindu went in, trembling and muttering, and the door was locked behind him.

To Helen Watson the five minutes seemed like five hours. The natives around her were awed now, reduced to silence. The guardians stalked about the room restlessly. Now and then they glanced at Borg dubiously, as if they regretted their own haste in agreeing to his plan. They counted over the money he had given them, and murmured to one another in little squeaks which reminded Helen Watson of the sounds uttered by small animals in cages. At last Borg made a sign to them. They unlocked the door and flung it open. But no one came forth from the darkness beyond.

A man in the crowd behind her ran to fetch a lantern and joined Borg and the guardians. The four of them went into the inner room. Tensely, praying, she followed the yellow, shifting beam of light, until, finally, it wavered a little and came to rest upon something lying on the floor in a corner. The thing looked like an immense bundle of white laundry. Borg darted forward and knelt beside it in the light of the lantern. She saw him stretch his hand forward, groping among the folds of the bundle, and she saw him frown. He stood up and came back to join her.

"It was heart failure," he said brusquely. Helen Watson choked down her tears. She heard her own voice saying: "Cruel... cruel..." again and again.

He seized her arm in a grip that hurt her, and suddenly burst out in sentences that were short, sharp and filled with a restrained fury: "Look here, Helen. You must brace yourself. No more came near that man. I said, when we came into the temple, that they would remain asleep. And they did. You must remember I said that. You hear me? You must not lose your head if they question you. You must be intelligent. You hear me?"

"Cruel... cruel..." she sobbed. She shook herself free of his grip. At the same moment there was a violent commotion in the chattering throng behind them, and a young native in a dark-blue uniform appeared. He was very dark and very young—about eighteen—and quite bewildered over all the clamor that was going on around him.

"Remember. Keep your head," Borg was repeating. He turned to face the Malay policeman, drawing himself up to his full height, looking very large and white and impressive. And over his shoulder he whispered venomously: "For God's sake, stop crying! You will get me into trouble!"

AND then his broad back was turned upon her. For a moment she stood there, dazed, shaken, trembling. And then, all at once, she found herself twisting and alighting, pushing her way through the native crowd. They did not even notice her. They were all too busy, gaping at Borg and at the policeman, squeaking among themselves. She found the open air and the temple steps, and she looked at her wrist watch—11.35.

There were a couple of rickshaws at the foot of the steps. She climbed into one of them, sobbing, crying: "To the pier! To the Circassia! Oh, don't you understand? Sooner! Sooner! Quickly! Quickly!" She began to glide noiselessly past the little booths of the street fair. Already there were little dark men running from every direction toward the temple. The rickshaw boy was inclined to linger, and kept glancing back at the temple over his shoulder. "Hurry!" she cried. "Hurry! Money—plenty—if you catch the steamer! Midnight! Don't you understand?" The rickshaw leaped forward and a dark patch appeared on the boy's coat between the shoulder blades. It grew larger and darker. The rickshaw flew as lightly and silently as a butterfly.

Through her tears Helen Watson blinked out all the pity, all the commiseration in her gentle soul. She began fumbling in her hand-bag to find out how much money she could give him, if he got there in time. If he only got there—Three pounds. Her shore allowance! At the same time her fingers came in contact with another object in her purse. Something oblong and firm. A book. A thin volume of Oriental proverbs. A phrase leaped to her mind, lingered there, repeating itself sensuously: "The wind and the cherry tree can never be friends." And all at once its significance became clear to her; almost childishly simple. She flung the book into the road, rocking and swaying in the rickshaw, moaning to herself: "Cruel... cruel..."

THEY turned a bend in the road and the mother-of-pearl sweep of the harbor became visible. She saw the Circassia still riding at anchor in its stolid British way, a thin column of smoke ascending from its funnel, climbing like a brown vine into the moonlight.

The rickshaw wiled on to the pier, stopped with a jerk as the boy released the shafts. She clambered down, thrust her three pounds into his wet, expectant claw, and went in search of her baggage. It was lying there—the first thing she saw—at the end of the pier, a small and bulky pyramid above the softly lapping water, under the quiet stars.

She called, and she clapped her hands. Borg had told her to clap her hands in the East. A dozen tiny men appeared from nowhere—perhaps from holes in the ground—came running up to help her.

While they were putting her baggage on board the tender she thought suddenly of Adam Trowbridge's cabin, waiting for her on the bureau of her cabin, where she'd left it, unopened. No doubt it was still there, waiting trustfully, like a small, silent, but confident friend.

(Copyright)

All characters in the serial and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

GOING THROUGH THE TAME
OLD MOTIONS WON'T CLEAN
YOUR TEETH UNLESS



Your toothbrush fits like this and is water-resisting

● Outside—well, any good toothbrush will clean there, Tek included, of course. But inside, that's different. Old brushes miss, because they are not shaped to fit. Change to Tek, and notice the difference. Tek is curved out to fit inside. And Tek is water-resisting, too. That is so that it will retain its better shape after long, hard use and constant drenching with water.

At 2/- Tek is better value. Better shape and better quality. Six colours to choose from. Bristles hard or medium (or extra hard). For the kiddies, get Tek Junior. Same quality, same shape as Tek, only a smaller size. Price 1/3.

Tek

the modern toothbrush

● A product of Johnson and Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Powder, Moxes, etc.

81-35



TIME FLIES...
THE GARDEN FADES...
YOUTH WANES

The light glaze on the golden day departs; the petals fall; the garden fades... Yet here, imprisoned in a powder box is the perfume of the garden as you loved it best; here is the bloom on the flower; the glory of twenty summer love-lights, gradually as fading, made permanent for YOU. Here, age is defied... Golden Youth face powder is a sticky, as it were, a defence. It protects you against the fastidious approach of Time; it ends the thought of faded loveliness... with Golden Youth powder, charm will always be yours, even though the years may pass and grey hairs come and change again to white. Age alone has no terror for the wise; only ugliness and fading and loneliness are the terrors. With this face powder, eternal youth for those wise enough to become availed of its magic. Telling is its cost, for a box may be had for 1/- (large boxes 2/-) at all Chemists and Stores. Never before did such fragrances, such protection, such beauty combine themselves in the one box for so small a sum!

GLORIOUS GOLDEN YOUTH



"ONLY OLIVE OIL IS SAFE FOR BABY'S DELICATE SKIN....
.... THAT IS WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO SAFE FOR YOURS"

"BABY'S first bath should be of Olive Oil"—the highest medical opinion is generally agreed upon the point. And in hospital and general practice Olive Oil is applied with cotton wool to every inch of the delicate, sensitive little body of the newborn babe. Every little fold and crevice is thus thoroughly cleansed, the tender skin is

soothed, the tissues nourished. Only Olive Oil, with its gentle penetrative quality, can cleanse so thoroughly; only Olive Oil can soothe so surely, so naturally nourish.

What is safe for Baby's delicate skin must be safe for yours.

Palmolive is abundant in Olive Oil. That is why, following this first Olive Oil safety treatment, mothers are generally advised to use mild Palmolive Soap thereafter when bathing baby.



There is nothing so beneficial to complexions as the gentle lather of Palmolive. No matter how sensitive your skin, no matter what the climatic conditions may be, you can use this bland and lovely soap with safety at all times.



PALMOLIVE

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

August 24, 1935.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

33

JOINING THE SPRING-CLEANING SPREE?

Here's a Page Literally
Bristling With Help!

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

YES, I am literally bristling with help! During this last week-end I caught a severe attack of spring-cleaning fever... How long this desire to freshen-up things will last I know not, but with warm sunshine streaming through the windows, bright peach-blossom and golden wattle nodding contentedly in the breeze outside, the urge to be up and doing seems, at the moment, preferable to sitting down and talking about it!

EVEN though spring-cleaning, as it was known in the old days, has gone quite out of style, what homemaker can resist the urge to brighten up her home when spring knocks so cheerily at the door?

Those of us who live in rooms that express the modern ideals of space and elimination of non-essentials in equipment may contemplate the approach of spring-cleaning without the slightest worry, since it only amounts to a short, but pleasant, interlude. Certainly, this interlude may encompass color changes in keeping with the sunny season—even to the extent of altering the color scheme of walls in one or two rooms, and, perhaps, framing the windows with pretty new curtains or re-covering the chairs.

But, alas, many of us hang on year after year to superfluous possessions, oftentimes useless, antiquated. In this case, spring-cleaning can be more of an undertaking than it would otherwise be, also a period of general upheaval for other members of the family.

Be firm this year. Let the turning out of "white elephants" and the ridding of everything superfluous in the way of clothes and furnishings be one of the first duties of spring-cleaning. This gives, naturally, more space for working and more room to keep newly-acquired additions to wardrobe and home.

Unless you live next door to a general store, have your needs for the great clean-up in readiness: brooms, brushes, mops, dusters, polish, varnishes, or kalmoline and general cleansers.

And plan! For your own sake don't decide to change the color of the walls after you've practically completed the cleaning operations.

Some Suggestions

BEFORE attacking the bedroom furniture and coverings, look over mattresses. Have them re-leased or re-covered where necessary, and give bolsters and pillows new tickings if the old ones are worn and shabby. Spring mattresses will be all the better for a rub over with paraffin or turpentine. This prevents the metal from rusting. It already rusted a coat of aluminium paint will give them a new lease of life, and improve their appearance.

If your floor carries linoleum and the linoleum is dented from the pressure of heavy furniture, fill in these possible holes-to-be with finely-chopped cork mixed with glue. Allow to dry, level off

with sandpaper, and carefully paint to match color of linoleum.

If, on the other hand, the linoleum is getting shabby, why not paint it over with a special floor paint? Plain-colored floors are modern, and a good paint will give a new surface to your linoleum which will last for some time. Moreover, it can be washed over and polished in the ordinary way. Be sure, however, to choose a color that will harmonise with walls and furnishings.

Longer Life to Rugs

GIVE close attention to rugs and carpets. Nothing adds so much to their beauty as cleanliness. Dirt ground into a rug cuts the pile and wears it threadbare.

Regular use of a vacuum-cleaner keeps them perfectly clean, of course, providing you use a long, smooth action; never jerk, as that has a tendency to break the nap.

Where there is no vacuum, take them outside, place downward on the grass and beat thoroughly. A large disc attached to a broom-handle is good. Never use a stick as it may cut or weaken the fibre.

At a later date, however, I will talk further on the general care and treatment of rugs and carpets.

Farewell to Stains

STAINS on mirrors can be removed by rubbing with a soft cloth dipped into spirits of camphor. Polish afterwards with a soft cloth.

Good china should always be washed in hot water to which a little borax has been added, and finally rinsed in cold water before being dabbed dry with a soft, flannel cloth. Stains will yield to a soft flannel dipped in common salt, and a soft-bristled brush will remove any accumulation of grime in decorated parts, handles or spouts.

If you re-stain or even just varnish a piece of furniture that has carving on it you'll find that an old tooth-brush will be splendid to get round the corners and in the crevices. The ordinary paint-brush will serve for the flat surfaces. Use a tooth-brush, too, to clean heavy bits of silver with nooks and crannies that defy the ordinary rag.

I discovered, to my sorrow, that the wallpaper above the divan in my lounge was slightly grubby, bearing witness that "brilliantized" heads had rested there. I covered these spots with a paste of pipeclay and water. Twenty-four hours afterwards I gently brushed this off and



THE SUN is already gaining in strength and lengthening its stay day by day, and now is the time to freshen up the home for springtime... With a little forethought, drudgery can be eliminated and winter's gloom wiped away without upsetting the household. In fact, the whole family can join in the pleasant interlude!

found the walls immaculate. If you find such stains obstinate, try mixing the pipeclay to a paste with petrol in lieu of water, and keep this in mind.

To prevent wallpaper from being marked or damaged by a small table which is continually pushed up against it, gum a piece of felt or thick cloth along the edge of the table. This acts as a buffer and prevents it actually touching the wall.

Rejuvenating Curtains

BOTH chintz and cretonne should be washed only in purest soapsuds. Both should be put through a very thin starch solution. Use only one pint of ordinary starch to three pints of water. The chintz will look extra smart after such a treatment.

Artificial silk curtains should be washed only in warm water, and they should be kneaded and squeezed to cleanliness as carefully as wool. This fabric should not be put through the wringer or twisted in the hands. Squeeze it dry instead. A little ammonia

added to the washing water will simplify cleansing of rayon and artificial silk hangings.

Remembering that sunlight is one of the best purifiers, take care when it shines directly into a room to open windows top and bottom so that the air inside gets the full benefit of it. Wardrobes and drawers benefit by being

opened while the sun shines, too, for they are apt to acquire a rather musty smell from being closed up during the darker days of winter.

And when you've gone over your home from top to bottom, or front to back door, you may settle down and sigh the sigh of the righteous woman whose work is well done!—E.E.G.

CLEVER IDEAS

HOME-COOKED HAM: Ham can be greatly improved in flavor if it is first allowed to boil in the usual way, and then wrapped in a buttered paper and finished off in the oven for an hour.

OLD POTATOES: When boiling old potatoes, just a very small quantity of vinegar should be added to the water. This will help to make them white and more tasty.

BOILED PUDDINGS: Basins in which puddings are to be boiled should be well greased with butter. Make a pleat in the cloth to allow room for swelling. When the pudding is cooked,

do not attempt to turn it out immediately, but leave it to stand for a minute or two. This will allow the pudding to shrink a little.

WHITE ENAMELLED BEDSTEAD: A white enameled bedstead can be cleaned with a cloth that has been wrung out of hot water and sprinkled with paraffin. Wipe over afterwards with a cloth wrung out of cold soap and water, then rinse and dry.

TO WATERPROOF SHOES: Shoes can be made waterproof if the soles are painted over with varnish. Apply a thick coat of the varnish and then let it thoroughly dry. Do not put the shoes near the fire or this will cause the varnish to crack.

RUSTY KEYS: These should be left to soak in a basin of paraffin oil during the night. The rust will then soften and can be easily wiped off. Finally, rub over with some emery paper to make the keys smooth and bright.

GRASS STAINS: Grass stains on white tennis flannels may be removed by covering the mark with equal parts of tartaric acid and salt. Moisten with water and allow to dry in the sun.

CURDLED CUSTARD: If a custard curdles, remove from the heat and stir in carefully a well-beaten egg or, failing this, beat in some new milk for a few minutes with an egg-beater.





"On the Job!"

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A DIFFERENT STORY
IF HE HAD NOT KNOWN JUST WHAT TO DO
FOR A SPLITTING HEADACHE



Twenty-minutes ago, a raging headache. Two tablets of Bayer Aspirin, and complete relief. That's service! That's what you can count on when you see the Bayer cross on aspirin tablets. The way they are made gives them speed. Quick to dissolve means quick to relieve. You cannot get the same results from a slower tablet.

Time a Bayer Aspirin tablet in a glass of water; in your stomach;

in the time it takes to feel the actual relief. And don't hesitate to use Bayer Aspirin because of this speedy action. You could take it every day without ill effects; it does not depress the heart. Insure your comfort—in and out of business hours—by carrying Bayer Aspirin in the convenient pocket tin. Sold everywhere in tins of 12 and bottles of 24 & 100. Be sure to get "BAYER"—Bayer means Better.

SELECT PETUNIAS for a Glorious Display

Plain and fringed, quick-growing, easy-growing... their colorful blooms so resembling translucent velvet... they must have a place in your garden...

Says THE OLD GARDENER

Versatility, adaptability, and a sturdy beauty are among the many attributes gracing the altogether desirable petunia. It is the sort of plant that out of a careless growth will bloom to glorious beauty. You may let it run at will — of itself it will fashion a carpet of colorful beauty. And the Old Gardener enthusiastically advises that you may plant this well-known beauty now.

PETUNIAS, lovely petunias... let us grow them wherever we can. In the tiny garden, let them grow in nooks and crannies. Have them in window-boxes, in tins, pots, or tubs. In larger gardens mass them boldly.

Have a long, winding border of Rosy Morn, that beautiful, delicate, soft-pink variety. Make a splash of color through the rockery. Have a bed of the purple-bedding variety.

In the large beds, make bold masses of the double-fringed petunias.

And did you know this? The petunia



A LAVISH EDGING of Rosy Morn petunias... If you want to have flowers that are easy to grow, that will bloom in droughty weather, or revive magically after pelting rain—grow petunias. You can't go wrong!

is derived from the word "petun," which is the Brazilian name for tobacco, to which the petunia is allied. The fine varieties now under cultivation have sprung from the white-flowered petunia nyctaginiflora, the marvel of Peru, which was introduced from South America in 1823. The violet-colored one was introduced from Buenos Aires in 1881. Compared with many other plants, therefore, the petunia is quite a new plant.

With the hard work and patience of our English florists, the hybridization and crossing of the various kinds have brought to us the many and magnificent varieties that we have to-day. For a time the flowers of petunias were all single, but to-day we have some of the finest doubles that can be produced in any part of the world.

Easy, Quick-growing

YOU will find petunias easy and quick-growing. They do well in almost any soil, and in the most trying conditions. Along the coast, where the soil is poor in quality, and mostly sand, they grow to perfection.

In temporary homes, week-end homes, and other places where you have not much time to spend in your garden, the petunia may be planted and, although left alone, it will give a profusion of color and flower through the summer

WHITENING

STRAW HATS

PUT a teaspoonful of salts of lemon into a saucer and dissolve with hot water. Scrub the straw well with this, using a nail-brush. Rinse the hat in cold water, taking care not to make the straw too wet. Salts of lemon are poisonous, so remember to keep them under lock and key, plainly marked "poison."

and right into the autumn. So, whether you have time for gardening or not, your home surroundings can always be made bright with petunias planted here and there.

Plant them irregularly and as naturally as possible. In large or small gardens color schemes of all descriptions can be essayed. Try a bed of Rosy Morn with a border of lobelia—the pink and blue make an attractive setting.

You may have a dry, sunny spot in your garden and, if you are at a loss to know what to plant, there is nothing better than the petunia.

They Germinate Freely

RAISE the plants yourself in a seed frame, or any sheltered corner of the garden. They germinate freely and grow quickly. They also strike easily from cuttings. Just take off slips of cuttings and firm them into the soil, water well, and in a few weeks they will have taken root. Any choice varieties can be propagated in this manner, and will always keep true to type.

To keep petunias in good flowering condition, old flowers must be constantly removed and not allowed to remain to run on into seed. The young plants must not be allowed to flower too early. Keep nipping them off until a nice, large, even-balanced plant is produced. By this care and attention a longer flowering period, good quality flowers, and more even spacing will be the result, and your garden will be gay for a long period.



USE ALL THE
MAKE-UP YOU WISH,
MY DEAR, BUT
PLEASE
LET US BREATHE!
SAY THOUSANDS
OF TINY PORES

When you remove cosmetics the Hollywood way, you guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin...

POWDER and rouge every day? Skin delicate? Even then there's no need to worry about getting unattractive Cosmetic Skin.

Even though you may already have detected warning signals—tiny blemishes, enlarging pores, blackheads, perhaps—you can guard against this modern complexion trouble the Hollywood way.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to choke the pores. Many women who think they are removing cosmetics thoroughly are actually leaving bits of stale make-up in the pores day after day.

Then, the pores become clogged, distended—Cosmetic Skin develops.

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics thoroughly. Its ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, carries away every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you apply fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed—remove stale make-up thoroughly with Lux Toilet Soap. Protect your skin—keep it lovely.



A LEVER PRODUCT. 6-201,11



You can use Cosmetics as freely as you wish, if you guard your skin as I do—with gentle Lux Toilet Soap

ELISSA LANDI

Starring in Paramount's Production "ENTER MADAME."

EGGS in the Hands of An EXPERT

By...
Ruth Furst
Cookery Expert
to The
Australian Women's
Weekly

EGG and rice savory is delicious prepared according to the recipe given on this page.



AS EGGS are a concentrated food, lacking in sugars and starches, they should be accompanied basically by foods like rice, flour, fresh fruits, or vegetables.

EGGS are excellent for our health, and are so easily and quickly cooked, but how many of us use our imagination in making all the delicious novelties that can be conjured from them?

till free from lumps, then cook for a few seconds without browning. Add the milk all at once and stir till it boils and thickens. Cook for 1 minute, add yolks, salt, cayenne, then fold in the stiffly-beaten whites. Pour into greased pialish. Bake in moderate oven about 25 minutes. Serve at once very hot.

EGG SALAD.

Hard-boiled eggs, lettuce leaves, butter, salt, cayenne, mayonnaise or salad dressing.

Remove shells from eggs. Cut in half. Remove yolks, mash well with butter. Add salt and cayenne, then refill the white with this mixture. Place stuffed eggs on lettuce leaves, garnish with tomatoes or beetroot, and serve very cold with dressing.

EGG AND RICE SAVORIES.

Cooked rice, chopped, cooked onion, tomato sauce, salt, cayenne, eggs, cheese, parsley.

Mix the rice, onion, sauce, salt and cayenne well together, and place in the bottom of a well-greased pyrex plate or pialish. Break in as many eggs as required. Sprinkle with salt and cayenne, then with grated cheese. Bake in a moderate oven till eggs are well set. Serve very hot garnished with parsley.

EGG AND SPINACH

Cooked spinach, eggs, salt, cayenne, grated cheese, butter.

Chop spinach finely. Add salt and cayenne. Grease some pyrex custard cups and three-quarter fill with spinach. Break an egg in carefully on top of the spinach. Sprinkle with grated cheese. Stand on a dish. Bake in a moderate oven until the eggs are set. Serve at once in the dish in which they are cooked.

EGG SOUFFLE.

One tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon plain flour, 1 cup milk, salt, cayenne, chopped parsley, 2 eggs.

Melt butter in an enamel saucepan, add flour, away from the flame. Stir

cheese. Sprinkle with crumbs, cheese, salt and cayenne. Place in a moderate oven. Bake till the eggs are set. Serve very hot in the dish in which it is cooked, sprinkled with finely-chopped parsley.

EGG AND BACON TART.

Half pound rashers of bacon, 4 eggs, cayenne, 6oz. short crust.

Make the short crust, cut one-third off. Roll out larger piece into a round, and line a well-greased sandwich tin or pyrex tart plate. Remove rind from bacon. Cut in half and lay in the bottom of pastry. Sprinkle with cayenne. Break eggs into cup, then slip on to the bacon. Roll out small piece of pastry large enough to cover tin, and do so carefully. Pinch the edge all round. Bake in a moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

EGGS AU GRATIN.

Three hard-boiled eggs, 1½ cups white sauce, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, breadcrumbs, salt, cayenne, parsley, butter.

Remove shells from the eggs, and cut into thin slices, place in layers in a well-greased pyrex pialish. Sprinkle with salt and cayenne. Add half cheese to the sauce, and pour over the eggs.

All these recipes have been tested in our own kitchen.

Sprinkle with remainder of cheese, then thickly with crumbs. Dot the top with butter. Bake in moderate oven till heated through and crumbs browned. Sprinkle with parsley and serve at once.

DEVILED EGGS.

Three hard-boiled eggs, 1 dessert-spoon butter, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon chopped chutney, 3 slices buttered toast, anchovy paste.

Melt butter in saucepan. Add sauces, chutney, and make it very hot. Shell eggs, cut into thin slices, and heat thoroughly in the sauce, taking care not to break up the slices. Trim the toast, butter, and spread with anchovy paste. Arrange the mixture on the slices. Reheat in the oven if necessary, and serve at once.

BAKED EGGS.

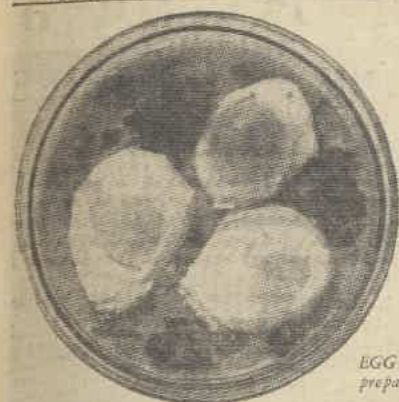
One cup thick white sauce, salt, cayenne, 4 eggs, 4 slices of bread, frying fat, parsley.

Remove crusts from bread, then fry in hot fat till golden brown. Drain, and keep hot till required. Pour the white sauce into a greased, flat pyrex dish. Break the eggs separately into a cup and slip carefully on to the sauce. Season. Place in a moderate oven. Bake till the eggs are well set. Cut with sharp knife into 4 sections, and put carefully on to the fried bread. Garnish with parsley and serve very hot.

SCRAMBLED EGGS

Three eggs, 6 tablespoons milk, salt, cayenne, buttered toast, butter.

Beat eggs well, add milk, salt, and cayenne. Melt butter in an enamel saucepan, and when hot pour in the egg mixture and stir constantly over a low flame till the mixture is set. Pile at once on to squares of buttered toast. Note: Chopped parsley, minced ham, asparagus, and grated cheese may be added to the egg mixture before cooking.



ONE of the most fascinating foods in all the world, yet the egg is taken so much for granted. But consider: In no other single product is there so much concentrated goodness. No product offers so many possibilities for producing at short notice delicious, tasty, and nourishing meals.

Eggs are at their best when 24 hours old. For recipes where the white has to be beaten, very new-laid eggs are not suitable—until 24 hours old they are most difficult to beat. The whites of stale eggs, too, are heavy to beat. Remember, a fresh egg feels heavy; a stale egg feels light.

THERE is no economy in buying stale eggs, for a fresh egg goes twice as far in a cake or pudding as a so-called cooking egg.

When beating whites of eggs make sure: Basin and whisk quite dry, once started don't stop till whites are stiff; don't start whisking until required, as the whites of egg soften with waiting; when beaten sufficiently, you should be able to turn the basin upside down without any fear of the white falling out.

Boiled.

Boil the water, slip in the egg on a spoon. Boil for 3 minutes. Remove from water. Wipe dry, and serve in egg-cup.

Hard Boiled.

Put the egg in boiling water. Boil for 12 minutes. Plunge into cold water for

20 minutes. Shell. Never leave eggs boiling for a long time.

Fried.

The plenty of fat. Have it hot, but not boiling. Break the egg into a cup and slide it carefully into the pan which should be tilted slightly. Boast with fat and cook 2 or 3 minutes. Remove with egg slice. Serve on bacon.

Poached.

Boil a pan of water, add 1 tablespoon vinegar. Break egg into cup, then slide carefully into tilted pan. Simmer for 3 minutes, basting with water. Remove with egg slice. Trim off ragged bits of white. Serve on buttered toast or fried bread.

Baked.

Butter ramikin dish. Break in eggs. Bake in moderate oven 5 to 7 minutes.

Boiled Egg for Child or Invalid.

Put the egg into a saucepan, completely cover with boiling water. Cover; allow to stand for 6 minutes. Wipe dry and serve.

Japanese Poach.

Lightly boil the egg, turn out into hot cup, add 1 teaspoon breadcrumbs, salt, cayenne. Serve at once.

EGGS MORNAY.

Four eggs, salt, cayenne, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 cup white sauce, 1 dessert-spoon butter.

Boil eggs hard, place in cold water, till cold, then remove the shell. Cut into thick slices. Butter a fireproof dish. Sprinkle with cheese, and lay in the slices of egg. Cover with the white sauce. Sprinkle with remainder of cheese, salt, and cayenne. Dab on a little butter. Cook until nicely browned in a hot oven. Serve at once.

EGG CUTLETS, No. 1.

Hard-boiled eggs, sausage meat, flour, salt, pepper, egg glazing, breadcrumbs, frying fat, parsley.

Remove shells from eggs. Divide sausage meat into as many pieces as eggs, and flatten out, using a little flour on the hand to prevent sticking. Lay the egg on the piece of meat, season, then carefully mould it round the egg, completely covering it. Dip in egg glazing, then toss in crumbs. Wet fry till a golden brown. Drain on paper. Serve very hot, garnished with small sprigs of parsley.

EGG CUTLETS, No. 2.

Four hard-boiled eggs, 1 cup thick white sauce, 1 tablespoon grated cheese, salt, cayenne, egg glazing, flour, pepper, and salt, breadcrumbs, frying fat.

Remove shells from eggs and chop finely. Add to the sauce, with cheese, salt and cayenne. Spread on a plate and leave till quite cold. Take a small portion and shape with the hands, using a little flour to prevent sticking. Dip in egg glazing, toss in crumbs. Place in frying basket, lower into boiling fat, and fry till golden brown. Drain. Serve very hot, garnish with parsley.

EGGS ALPINE.

Eggs, grated cheese, breadcrumbs, butter, salt, cayenne, chopped parsley.

Well butter a flat pyrex dish. Sprinkle thickly with breadcrumbs, then with cheese. Break eggs one at a time into a cup, then slip carefully on to the

Full Strength

Rosella Coffee Essence

If coffee isn't good it isn't worth drinking. That is why Rosella Coffee is the modern favorite—rich, fine, full-strength coffee made in a moment with Rosella Coffee Essence. Simply add hot water or milk.

EMPIRE PRODUCT

ALLY SALMON

In 1/4, 1/2 & 1 lb. tins

If you feel TIRED, NERVOY and DEPRESSED

Cream of Yeast

WORLD'S FASTEST TONIC

YOU'LL FEEL BETTER & BRIGHTER IN A FEW MINUTES

YOUR CHEMIST SELLS CREAM OF YEAST

CHICK-KUBE CHICKEN BROTH CUBE

A CUP OF CHICKEN BROTH FOR 1¢

CUT MINUTES OFF WASHING-UP TIME

Get away from the sink minutes sooner... wash up the greasest way. A sprinkle of Rinso in the water—and grease goes. Rinso suds surround and absorb every particle. Rinso has a way of its own with grease. No grease to clog your mop, or cloud your plates, or soil the basin—no wonder washing-up is so much quicker, the Rinso way! Try it to-night!

RINSO

A LEVER PRODUCT

for washing-up

HOST HOLBROOK SAYS:

"When the olive crop is gathered there is good fortune for the pleasant people of Spain, and good fortune for you too when you serve my Olives."

I select the finest fruit and then carefully preserve and pack in tall bottles and glass tumblers the following delicious varieties:

Spanish Queens
Small Spanish Queens
Manzanillas
Stuffed, with Pimiento
Sliced, ready for sandwiches."



HOLBROOK'S OLIVES



GOOD SERVICE FOR HANDS - that's SOLVOL. There's not a job on earth that can leave your hands dirty if you use SOLVOL afterwards. The rich lather dissolves all grease and leaves the hands absolutely clean after only a few seconds. SOLVOL - and quick cleanliness for hands. And - SOLVOL is as safe for the hands as fine toilet soap.

MADE BY J. KITCHEN & SONS, PTY. LTD. 23-102-19

WHY NOT ENTER This Fascinating . . . RECIPE COMPETITION?

Test out your very best recipe by entering it in our weekly recipe competition. We welcome every one you send in, and give each week a first prize of £1, second prize of 10/-, and four consolation prizes at 2/6 each. Recipes are judged by a very competent person—Ruth Furst, cookery expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

SEE that the recipe is clearly written out and clearly addressed. And do be careful not to leave essential ingredients out!

Prize-winners for this week are given below.

PLUM PUDDING

(Sufficient for six persons)

Half-pound flour, 6oz. raisins, 1lb. suet (chopped), 6oz. currants, 1lb. brown sugar, 1oz. lemon peel, 1lb. mashed carrots, 1oz. candied citron, 1lb. mashed potatoes, 1 tablespoon treacle.

Mix flour, fruit, suet, and sugar well together; have ready the above proportions of mashed carrot and potato, which stir into the other ingredients; add the treacle and lemon peel, but put no liquid in the mixture or it will be spoiled. Tie it loosely in a cloth or, if put in a basin, do not quite fill it, as the pudding should have room to swell, and boil it for 4 hours. Serve with brandy sauce. This pudding is better for being mixed overnight.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. C. M. McGibbon, Torquay, Qld.

ANGEL-SKIN CAKE

Cream 1lb. butter with 1lb. sugar, and add 1 cup cold water. Mixture will have syrupy appearance. Very gradually add 1lb. self-raising flour, lastly 4 well-beaten eggs. Mix well and flavor. Bake in loaf-shape tin. Ice with caramel icing, as follows:

Boil 1 cup lightest brown sugar with 2 tablespoons milk and 1 tablespoon but-

Appetising Salad

VERY appetising salad can be made from cold left-over potatoes. Slice the potatoes thinly and place them in a glass dish. Slice a cold boiled onion thinly and arrange slices of this alternately with the potato. Cover the whole with mayonnaise sauce and garnish with chopped parsley. A really delicious and truly thrifty dish!

ter for 4 minutes. Take off fire, add 1 teaspoon vanilla essence and good squeeze of lemon, beat until smooth enough to spread.

Second Prize of 10/- to Mrs. Tom Davies, The Grove, George Town, Tas.

FRUIT SALAD

Two dozen large, choice prunes, 1 tablespoon cream cheese, 1 tablespoon chopped celery, 1/2 teaspoon chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped green pepper, lettuce, French dressing.

Carefully wash prunes, cover with salt water, bring to boil and simmer gently for 1 hour or until plump and tender. Chill, then remove stones and fill the cavity of each prune with some of the mixture made by creaming together cheese, chopped celery, onion, and green pepper. Arrange the filled prunes on crisp lettuce leaves or lettuce, and serve with French dressing. Serve six.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Helen Wright, 10 Bedford Rd., East Kew, Vic.

LIVER MOULD

Three-quarter pound liver, 1/2lb. bread, 1/2lb. bacon, 1 onion, parsley, pepper, salt, 1 egg.

Put liver, bread, bacon, and onion through a mincing machine. Beat egg and stir into mixture. Season. Put into greased basin and steam for 3 hours. Garnish with parsley. This mould is best eaten cold with salad or on sandwiches.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mr. Carlyle, 25 Jetty Rd., Grange, N.S.W.

KIDNEY CROQUETTES

Two kidneys, 1 egg, cup of breadcrumbs, slice of bacon, 1 anchovy, milk, pepper, salt, and parsley.

Soak 1 tablespoon crumbs in milk, 1 teaspoon of chopped parsley, 1 anchovy, onion, bacon, and kidney, add seasoning to taste. Bind all with part of the egg (beaten), shape in round loaves, dip in rest of the egg, then in crumbs, and fry. Drain well and serve with clipped potatoes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss E. E. Somerville, 77 Cascade St., Paddington, N.S.W.

ORANGES WHOLE IN SYRUP

Put 12 oranges in a pan or boiler and just cover with boiling water. Boil until tender, but avoid breaking the skins. Lift out carefully with a slotted spoon to a sieve. To every pint of liquid allow four cups of sugar. Bring sugar and liquid to boil, and boil for five

minutes, hard. Prick oranges all over with a skewer and plunge into the syrup. Boil steadily until clear. Then place fruit in wide-necked bottles and cover with syrup. Seal carefully. Ready for use in two weeks. Delicious out in slices and served with blancmange or custard—on or toast or bread.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss V. Simpson, North Wandoa, via Wagga, N.S.W.

5,000,000 WOMEN CAN'T BE WRONG in choosing this FACE POWDER



A complexion of fascinating beauty. A smooth 'matt' finish to the skin that lasts all day. A natural loveliness that is not affected by wind and rain or perspiration while dancing. These are guaranteed only by Poudre Tokalon.

The secret is the patent process by which Poudre Tokalon is made. "Mousse de Cream," a marvelous new ingredient is blended with the finest triple silk-sifted powder. Therefore, Poudre Tokalon cannot dry up the natural oils of the skin causing it to become rough and dry like ordinary powders do.

This secret is known to over 5 million regular users of Poudre Tokalon in the British Isles, and many millions more all over the world. Only such an enormous production enables the manufacturers to produce a powder of such superlative quality at the price of 1/6 a box (including Sales Tax). If you are not delighted with results money refunded in full.

FREE. By special arrangement with the manufacturers, every woman reader of this paper may now obtain a delectable beauty outfit containing popular shades of Tokalon "Mousse de Cream" Powder so that she may test them on her own face. The outfit also contains Creme Tokalon for both day and night use. Send 4d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing, etc., to P.O. Box 3679 S.S. (Dept. 129.0), Sydney, N.S.W.

Poudre Tokalon
Mousse de Cream Face Powder.

Hot OXO
takes the "ill" out of CHILL

'Beef at its best.'
AT ALL GROCERS.



HOST HOLBROOK says: My vinegar is brewed just the same as 100 years ago. Ah! a wonderful brew . . .

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

LEANLINESS Is Next Door to a Clear Skin

With a clear, unblemished skin
you can take your face anywhere
...and be proud of it!

THE primer lesson in the book of beauty is cleansing. The next, stimulation—good circulation, as necessary for the face as for the body. Massage, patting, and skin tonic are the mediums. The third, food—you must feed and nourish the skin. So remember the great three: Cleanse, tone, nourish.

THE spring sunshine has a nasty trick of drawing our attention in the most uncompromising way to our complexions.

A poor complexion cannot be turned into milk and roses all in a day, but the girl or woman who really intends to wage war against a blemished skin must attack it in two ways—both internally and externally.

Plenty of water inside and outside is the first rule. Two glasses of water should be taken between meals, and it is a good thing to start the day with a tumblerful of hot water, with the juice of a lemon (or half a lemon) in it.

The one quarrel I have with the majority of beauty parlors is that they act as if water were a natural enemy of the complexion, and I know for a positive fact that many women have come to believe them. I know of one woman who has not allowed water to touch her face for the past ten years!

But consider: the skin of your face is precisely the same as the skin which covers the rest of your body. The only difference is that your complexion is ex-

posed to all the dust and dirt flying about, whereas the rest of your body is protected to a certain extent by your clothes.

Pores are Clogged

AND heed: the sebaceous glands in your skin are secreting off the whole time, which, if it's not cleared away, will clog up the pores. No fastidious woman or girl would dream of giving up her daily bath and rubbing herself all over with grease, and yet this is what many quite religiously do to their faces.

And many women who firmly believe they cannot use soap, use cleansing lotions. Now, as a matter of fact, all cleansing liquids have a certain percentage of soap in them.

Use the Best Soap

OVER and over again I advocate good soap and warm water at least once a day. The best time is at night. Plenty of cold water can be splashed on to the face in the morning.



THERE IS nothing more luxurious in life than to lie back, limp as a rag doll, and let someone massage away tired lines . . . then, after softest tissues have, oh, so gently, absorbed grease and grime—feel glowing life course through the skin as icy pack or tonic is applied. The next best thing (for your complexion's sake) is to do this for yourself—regularly!

I delight in standing under the shower, following my hot shower or bath, and letting the icy-cold water patter, patter on to my face, neck, and shoulders.

No matter how dull I feel on arising, I feel that exultant glow afterwards which seems to me life-giving, rejuvenating.

Neglect is Deplorable

NEVER under any circumstances, no matter how tired you may be, no matter how late you return from party or dance, leave make-up on all night. And never smother the

face, night after night, with cream and leave it on all night. The pores cannot possibly work

By EVELYN

properly, and merely get clogged up unless they are freed from grease. Skin food or almond oil should be patted into the skin and then all surplus grease or oil gently wiped off.

I believe firmly in massage for patting or toning-up purposes. Five minutes patting at night or the same time spent in correct massage treatment will work wonders, if carried out regularly, in keeping the skin and muscles firm.

Food for Thought

NOW, with spring looming, I would advise you to cut down on heavy, rich foods of the winter type.

Instead, take plenty of raw fruit, green vegetables and salads, wholemeal bread instead of white bread, drink "oceans" of water, exercise as much as you possibly can, and your skin will meet the spring sunshine, spotlessly.

COMPACTS

IF THE space between your nose and lip is very long, and your mouth too wide, place a little rouge on the fluting of the upper lip. This will give a shorter effect where it is needed, and tend to lessen the width of the mouth.

FOR a flabby chin the best thing is to exercise. Tilt the head backwards, thrust out the chin, and chew hard about twenty times. You'll soon note the difference.

IF YOU want a lovely natural glow on your hair, add a little brillianine to the last rinsing water in which you wash it. Then rub the hair with a soft towel till only a thin film of brillianine remains. Your hair will have a soft, delightfully natural gloss.

She always thought dull teeth were natural ...until she tried a true film-removing Tooth Paste

FILM mars the loveliness of teeth. It is the greatest single cause of tooth decay. And, if you use ordinary brushing methods, you may not escape this dangerous film, which forms constantly on everyone's teeth.

There is now one best way to keep your teeth free of film. Laboratory tests and scientific facts indicate that way is Pepsodent—known as the special film-removing

toothpaste. For, of all other leading methods, none other equally safe, removes film so thoroughly. The cleansing and polishing material in Pepsodent is alone responsible. This film-removing material is twice as soft as the polishing materials used in other leading tooth pastes—many times as soft as that in leading tooth powders. Yet the way it removes film and cleans teeth is indeed impressive.

This polishing agent is contained exclusively in Pepsodent. That's why Pepsodent is really different. It works in a different way to give different results. When Pepsodent is so safe, so certain, how can you afford to entrust the care of your teeth to "hit or miss" methods or bargain tooth pastes? Just try Pepsodent Tooth Paste once. We believe you will want to use Pepsodent regularly twice a day thereafter. And be sure to see your dentist at least twice a year.



...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

PATIENT: I am supposed to be a neurotic. Some people tell me I should relax, take plenty of rest, and try not to worry. I feel myself that I should try to do more to throw off the fatigue from which I suffer, as I find from my observations that busy people are seldom neurotic. But the fatigue is hard to overcome. What causes it?

FATIGUE is such a common accompaniment of nerve trouble that a special name, "neurasthenia," was coined for it. However, it is now not generally employed in medical parlance.

Neurasthenia, technically, means "asthenia" of the "neurones," and as asthenia signifies exhaustion, and neurones nerves, the term suggests an exhaustion of the nerves.

Nowadays, since our knowledge of nervous disorders of all kinds has increased so markedly, the word neurasthenia is seldom used. We speak instead of neurotic states, meaning functional conditions referable to the mind

and nervous system in general, which do not involve the physical structure of the nerves themselves.

To be sure, whatever the type of neurosis may be—fears, obsessions, self-accusatory ideas, palpitation, indigestion—a certain amount of nerve fatigue is bound to be an accompaniment. One can become as tired from worry as from physical labor.

WHEN a neurosis has persisted for some time—and they often do for months and even years before the patient consults a nerve specialist and finds relief—quick fatigue, that is fatigue occurring after slight mental or physical exertion, is the rule.

Mental energy is identical with nerve energy. Such energy behaves about the same as does an ordinary electric current. These nerve currents are conducted along nerve strands, which are



BY A DOCTOR

comparable to wires. Naturally, the individual may be wasteful in the way he is using up his nerve energy supply, with the result that he becomes quickly fatigued.

Each nerve has, in addition to the nerve strand, a cell body at one end of the nerve. This cell body acts as a battery. It seems to generate nerve energy in the same manner as does an electric battery. When we relax or sleep, the multitudinous nerve batteries have an opportunity to recharge themselves.

The trouble is, of course, that neurotic individuals have the greatest difficulty in relaxing. Many of them suffer from insomnia. Then, again, few know how to work, that is, in a way to get the maximum amount of accomplishment out of their endeavors with the least expenditure of energy.

THAT the so-called "glands of internal secretion" have a great influence upon the vitality of the nervous system is now an indisputable fact. In every case of disordered nerves, especially where unusual fatigue is a prominent symptom, attention to the glandular system is indicated.

However, the fundamental cause for the fatigue—for the neurotic symptoms, whatever their nature—lies in the mind, especially in that part of it that might be termed the emotional sphere. Here the struggle must be sought and found if permanent cure is to be accomplished. For this so-called "psychoanalysis" is usually required.

Fatigue may, of course, be produced by constipation, an unbalanced diet lacking vitamins, lack of exercise, and the like. When fatigue persists, however, the probability that the nerves are involved must always be considered.

For that feeling of
head-to-foot perfection
"POWDERFEE"
Hand-cut Lingerie
by Prestige



WHAT DO YOU THINK OF ME — NOW?

... Barely four pounds when I was born, my mother said . . . But the doctor put us both on SAUNDERS' MALT EXTRACT—AND NOW, look at me! A ball of muscle! Strong bones, sound teeth, and WHAT a chest! That's how SAUNDERS' MALT EXTRACT has built me up, and it will do the same for all other sickly babies.

FOR OLDER CHILDREN, TOO, NURSING MOTHERS, INVALIDS — EVERYBODY.

From All Chemists and Grocers

SAUNDERS' MALT EXTRACT

AIDS DIGESTION — BUILDS THE BODY

FOR Young WIVES . . . and MOTHERS The Child Who Prefers Dirt to Spinach

By MARY TRUBY KING

When a child shows an abnormal craving, such as is described in the following letter, it usually means that there is a real need for some element which is lacking in the child's body, which it (the child) makes an unconscious effort to provide.

THE craving in this case is to eat dirt. It is not an uncommon one. I have known children plot and plan even at an early age to get away from mother's watchful care in order to sneak a handful of what to them was apparently a succulent morsel.

A Victorian mother writes: "I read your page with interest every week, and am wondering if you can help me. I am very worried about my baby boy. He is 18 months old, sturdy, healthy, and full of life, but has a great habit of eating dirt and stones—not only in small quantities, but in handfuls at a time. He has linewater in his milk. Takes soup, all kinds of vegetables, a little meat, fresh and stewed fruit, and milk puddings. He sleeps well all night, and also for about 2 to 3 hours in the middle of the day, but always seems to have a craving for eating dirt. This is a great worry, as I cannot let him go outside alone, and I do not know what to do for him."

This craving shows that certain things are deficient in the child's diet—or were deficient in its mother's diet before it was born.

The first thing to do is to make sure that the child has in his food a sufficiency of minerals. Calcium (lime), potassium, sodium, iron, phosphorus, iodine, chlorine, etc., are necessary for growth and for the maintenance of tissues. A serious deprivation of any one of these will result in ill-health.

Before baby comes the mother should see that she gets enough minerals. Medicines and patent preparations are not necessary—the minerals needed are all to be found in milk, vegetables, fruit, and fish.

Vegetables should be cooked in as little water as possible, and the water should be saved and used in gravies and soups, as it is rich in minerals.

The child of 18 months may have carrots, peas, beans, spinach, and such-like vegetables with advantage. He should also have about 1 pint of milk daily, as this is rich in calcium; finely-chopped cooked liver twice weekly, as this is rich in iron; grated cheese, fish, potatoes, egg-yolk, and whole cereal foods for their phosphorus; and sea-foods for their iodine content.

THE child mentioned in the letter above, who devours with relish so much of mother earth, has evidently a great need for some particular mineral, and it would be advisable to take the child to a doctor for a blood and other tests to discover which mineral is lacking.

The doctor may order charcoal biscuits and an iron tonic by way of diversion from the front garden bed, and such should be given till the craving for earth has passed.

Meantime, do not keep the child indoors, but get father to make a movable playground for him out of a large packing-case and some canvas.

Then you will know he is safe and happy while you go on with your housework, and he will be getting the benefit of fresh air and sunshine, which he is probably lacking at present.

It is advisable in such cases to continue giving a good cod-liver oil emulsion daily.

To Cook Vegetables

IN order to conserve mineral matter and vitamins, vegetables have to be cooked carefully. Here are some approved methods:

Method 1—Wash and prepare carrots or similar vegetables and divide into small pieces. When cut up into little bits they cook quickly. Place in stewpan with a little salt, butter, and three tablespoons of water. Put on lid and cook slowly, tossing frequently to prevent sticking to pan. When cooked, remove lid and cook for a few minutes to evaporate any liquid. Serve and sprinkle with parsley, if liked.

Method 2—Steam the vegetables when steaming the pudding. This is an excellent method.

Method 3—Cut up vegetables finely and put in casserole with three table-

spoons of water and a little butter. Cook in oven till tender.

Method 4—Cut vegetables into small pieces and place them in a flat pan with a little water. Only enough fat should be added to prevent vegetables sticking to the pan. Shake pan frequently till vegetables are cooked.

Young Beans and Peas: Have ready a saucepan with a well-fitting lid. Prepare beans or peas. Barely cover bottom of saucepan with water, and put in a small pat of butter. Put in vegetables. Add salt, and put lid tightly on. Use an asbestos mat, or turn the gas very low, and allow to steam for about three-quarters of an hour, or until tender. When cooked, do not throw away the mineral water, but thicken it with flour blended with a little milk. This makes the vegetables very tasty.

Cabbage or Spinach: Wash leaves well, leaving water on them. Put a small lump of butter in saucepan, add leaves, and put on a tightly-fitting lid. Place over low gas and steam till cooked. A little grated onion added to the butter before putting in the leaves makes it tasty.

SHORTNESS OF BREATH NOT ALWAYS HEART TROUBLE



In Nine Cases out of Ten It's Stomach Trouble

Undigested food ferments and gives off gases which cause those sharp pains around the heart. You need a mild and gentle laxative to cleanse the stomach and aid digestion and to tone up the system generally.

Chamberlain's Tablets do all this gently but thoroughly—they are not habit-forming and do not gripe.

CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS
FOR THE STOMACH & LIVER

Avoid that Soap & Water Complexion

You know what you look like after washing with soap and water. You know what a good face powder means to you. But do you know the wonderful results you can get by using 'Australian Rice' Face Powder?

Do you know this powder makes you look lovelier, far more beautiful, at far less cost? Your nose won't shine, and your skin won't smear or 'craze' if you use this famous product that costs only 1/3d. for a really big, and exceptionally smart box. Try it! You'll save money—yes! But, more important, you'll look better than ever before if you use one of the truly smart, modern shades of 'Australian Rice' Face Powder.

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d. sent for postage to Depart. "A." Mrs. Clifford, 48 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. Established 34 YEARS.

JOY'S FRIEND SHOWED HER THE WAY



Your poor undies. They can't stand being rubbed with lazy soap suds. It fades and wears them so. Use PERSIL in luke-warm water and let the active PERSIL suds safeguard your dainties. AVOID ALL IMITATIONS!



THE SIMPLE WAY IS THE PERSIL WAY

DEEP CHEST COLDS need vigorous treatment



When "flu" or pneumonia threatens, it's no time for half-measures—it's time for VICKS VAPORUB!

WHEN a cold goes down deep, threatens to turn to influenza or pneumonia, no wife or mother will think of experimenting with doubtful remedies. She will choose the treatment proved best by actual results—for two generations—in millions of homes.

Do This—Quick!—Do not delay a moment. Give the patient a hot foot-bath and then keep him in bed. If needed, a mild laxative should be taken.

Then rub his throat, chest, and back briskly with Vicks VapoRub. Spread on a thick layer and cover with a warm cloth. Leave the bed-clothing loose about the neck.

This is What Happens—Almost before you finish rubbing, the warmth of the body begins to release from the ointment its powerful medicated vapours. They are inhaled with every breath direct to the air-passages of nose, throat, and lungs. They soothe irritation, loosen the phlegm, and make the breathing easier immediately.

At the same time, VapoRub acts direct through the skin, like an old-fashioned poultice, "drawing out" the tightness and pain, and helping the inhaled vapours to break up the congestion.

Sleep Aids Nature—The patient soon feels warm and comfortable again. With the breathing easier and the distressing symptoms relieved, he can go to sleep, while Nature gets in her own repair-work undisturbed.

But VapoRub's powerful two-fold action, both soothing and penetrating, goes on for hours. It is a stubborn cold indeed that can long resist it. Many deep colds are actually broken up overnight.

For Better Control of Colds—VapoRub has an ideal companion-product in Vicks Va-tro-nol. Va-tro-nol is a remarkable liquid which, when applied up the nostrils at the first sniffle or sneeze, often prevents a cold altogether. Va-tro-nol also brings comforting relief for head-colds and nasal catarrh. These two products are the foundation of the Vicks Plan for better Control of Colds. In each Vicks package you will find a complete description of the Plan and how it can help your family to have fewer colds, shorter colds, and far less danger and expense from colds.

VICKS VAPORUB

HORST HOLBROOK says: The sweetest Olive for the cocktail is the Manzanilla. Holbrook's Manzanillas are crisp and tasty.

OUR Fashion Service & FREE PATTERN



SMART FOR OFFICE WEAR

WW461A.—Add a jaunty note to your frock with shaped collar and cuffs of contrasting material. Skirt has inverted pleats. Material for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

DELIGHTFUL HOUSE-FROCK

WW462A.—A home-frock with handy patch pockets. Back extends over the shoulder, forming a small yoke, on to which the front is gathered. Material for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

SMARTLY PANELLED

WW463A.—A smartly-panelled frock, worn with a belt at the natural waistline. Trimmings are of contrast color. The underarm pieces extend over the hips. Material for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

CHARMING TENNIS STYLE

WW464A.—This is a simple, sporty frock, ideal for tennis. Pleated sleeves are engaging. Frock is in one, from the shoulders, with a collar forming wide revers. Material for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

FROCK AND SHORT COAT

WW465A.—Fashion announces short coats to be worn with frocks this coming season. Frock has a shaped yoke of contrast and centre-front fastening. Pattern for 32-in. bust (16 to 18 years). Material: Frock—2½ yards, 36 inches wide. Coat and frock contrast: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

PRINCESS SLIP

WW466A.—An easily-made four-piece slip with a round neck. The shaped seam from the armholes makes the garment fit snugly to the figure. Material for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

GRACEFUL EVENING CAPE

WW467A.—A one-piece evening cape that wraps around the shoulder. Buttons may be used as a fastening on the side, in smart effect. Material for 36-inch bust: 1½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

NEW PEACOCK SILHOUETTE

WW468A.—This evening frock—made on girlish, graceful lines. A godet is inserted at the back from the low basque. The front has a slight cowl at the neck. Material for 36-inch bust: 5 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

BRIGHT LITTLE FROCK

WW469A.—A pleated style for the schoolgirl. Sleeves are gathered into a narrow cuff. Neck is relieved with a dainty collar and tie of contrast. Pattern for 6 and 8 years. Material for 8 years: 2 yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post, you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state child's age.

FREE THREE-IN-ONE PATTERN!

Delightful Style for the Four-Year-Old Lass . . . You'll Love It



Our three-in-one Free Pattern this week may be made up into a day frock with inverted pleats, a party frock, gathered on to the yoke, with short puff sleeves, or a play frock with the little house tucked into the bloomers. Pattern for 4 years. Material: 2 yards, 36 inches wide. Collar: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. Turnings must be allowed.

FREE PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garment illustrated, fill in the coupon and post it WITH 1d. STAMP to cover the cost of postage, clearly marked on the envelope. "Pattern Dept." in any of the following addresses. A PENNY STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. A charge of 10pence will be made for Free Patterns over one month old.

ADLAIDE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 368A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
BRISBANE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 460F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
MELBOURNE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 125, G.P.O., Melbourne.
NEWCASTLE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
SYDNEY.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4132X, G.P.O., Sydney.
TASMANIA.—The Australian Women's Weekly, c/o Andrew Mather and Co. Pty. Ltd., 189-113 Liverpool St., Hobart.

Should you desire to call for the Pattern, please see address of our various offices, which will be found on another page.
PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name

Address

State

Pattern Coupon, 24/8/35.



"I feel years younger since taking Schumann's!"

The charming Mrs. Hilton Pether, of Sydney, writes: "I was tired out and depressed and was continually haunted by the fear of premature old age. I was actually looking old, too. When a friend told me it was all probably due to Uric Acid in the system and recommended Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts. Before I had finished the first bottle the tiredness and depression had left me and I am now full of life again and feeling and looking years younger."

Here's the reason why!

Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts contain most of the important active ingredients of the famous Mineral Springs of Spas of Europe, and besides gently cleansing and purifying the entire system and blood stream of all impurities, they impart their stimulating tonic properties to all the internal organs. A regular dose of Schumann's dissolves the Uric Acid and will not allow it to accumulate in the joints. For RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, BACKACHE, CONSTIPATION, KIDNEY TROUBLE and BAD BREATH take a half teaspoonful of Schumann's in a long glass of warm water. Remember, Schumann's Salts must be good to be the recommended corrective for these ailments. Refuse all substitutes and insist on Schumann's—which is packed in hygienic glass containers.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES AT 1/6 AND 2/6 PER JAR

Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts

SCIATICA



No trace of it — my legs are as good as new now thanks to SLOAN'S.

For all muscular or nerve pains apply SLOAN'S. Just pat a little on the painful spot. Do not rub. SLOAN'S penetrates instantly and gives amazing results.

SLOAN'S is a boon to outdoor workers. It wards off Sciatica, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuritis — quiescent aching, lumpy nerves — comforts painful tissues.

All Stores and Chemists.

Attack the pain where the pain is — don't drug the whole system.



SLOAN'S

LINIMENT KILLS PAIN

Women Will Be Thrilled With This Interesting Fashion Development!

From contemplation of a lovely gown, superbly tailored, in a window, you may hear a young girl turn and sigh. For of what use is a lovely gown if lines beneath are ugly? Of what use if your weight is little, when unaccountable bulges show to mar perfection?

BUT modern gowns require modern garments, and specially-created for the average figure, and the slender sway-back type, come the new Beaudura-Lastik foundation garments—lovely feminine wear specially designed to create the coveted slender line, so that revealing gowns may bring no fears.

Lastex, a new discovery in elastic yarn, made it possible. It has been woven into perfect elasticated fabrics that are smooth, do not rum, and give firm control.

In the first instance, the fabric manufacturers used the threads in knitted

materials similar to the weaves used for bathing costumes. The next step was their use in the weaving of materials so as to render them capable of a certain stretch. The thread is so treated that it does not stretch beyond capacity.

From this new yarn, cleverly interwoven into satin, faille, net, and lace, Beaudura have created garments, tailored, and beautifully fitting. Their designer, Mrs. Murdoch, has used Beaudura-Lastik very carefully to give a "twin-control." That is, the material is so placed in some garments that we get an "up and down" stretch at the back of the garment, and a "side to side" stretch over the hips. In this way, control with a certain amount of restriction is given, but with all the flexibility and value of the fabric brought out.

Snappy Creations

ALL sorts of gay foundations have been fashioned. One little group includes Beaudura-Lastik net and lace pantie-steps. They are made to pull on like a small pair of trunks, and are quite suitable for the very slender youngster who does not want to wear stockings or suspenders, yet wants a little something to slim down the line of her legs under tight-fitting frocks.

One of the highlights is a side-fastening corsetette of figured Beaudura-Lastik satin. This is fashioned with the stretch of the fabric from side to side over the front and sides, and up and down at the back. To give just the right control over the centre-front there is a boned inner lining, which sleeks down the front-line. The beautifully-shaped uplift bust-line is of double net. It has new, entirely flat suspenders that will not show beneath the most revealing frock, and will not ladder the stockings. Altogether, a perfect garment for giving a sleek, unbroken line to the figure.

ELECTRICITY RATES REDUCED

THE rate for secondary K.W.H.s (units) of electricity used in homes where an electric range is installed has been reduced from 1.1d. per kilowatt hour (unit) to 7 (seven-tenths) of a penny.

This substantial reduction, it should be understood, applies not only to electricity used in cooking, but to all secondary kilowatt hours (units) used for any household purpose whatsoever. The only qualification is that an electric range of 4 kilowatts or over shall be installed in the home.

The new rate of 7d. per kilowatt hour (unit) is the lowest in the history of Sydney, and the Electricity Department renders it still more attractive to the modern woman by offering to bear the cost, up to £5, of installing an approved electric range in homes within the area supplied by the Municipal Council of Sydney. With the very latest electric ranges available on the easiest of terms, there can be no doubt that this thirty per cent. reduction in rates, coupled with the offer of free installation, will multiply the already fast-growing army of converts to the most modern form of cooking.

Don't Forget

The musicale in the Lady Mayreres' room at the Town Hall, arranged by Lady Bavin in aid of the Anti Debt and Dumb Society of N.S.W., October 25, at 3 p.m. Tickets obtainable from Lady Bavin or members of committee at 5 Elizabeth St.

The annual Scots' Hall organized by the Highland Society's Younger Set, Farmer's Blackland Galleries, August 28, 8.30 p.m. Reservations by ringing 3245.

Thirteenth annual meeting of the Rachel Foster Hospital for Women and Children, Beaumont House, Elizabeth Street, August 28, at 3 p.m.

Grace Bros Ltd. Employees' Golden Jubilee Ball, in aid of charity, September 10, at 8 p.m., at the new Palais Royal.

Late afternoon party in honor of president of club, Mrs. Florence Taylor, at the Arts Club, August 30, from 5 to 8 p.m.

For the benefit of the Church of England medical work the gardens of Mr. and Mrs. E. Carr Hordern will be open for public inspection September 14, from 2 to 6 p.m.

Third annual ball arranged by Women's Progress Association of the United Antients Order of Druids, Sydney Town Hall, August 31, in aid of Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children.

The New South Wales Shipping Staff's annual dance on Board Manoro, September 24, in aid of Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children. Phone BW7271 for tickets.



WHY? Have those Horrid RUST MARKS and GREEN STAINS on YOUR BATH when

KLEEN-BATH

WILL REMOVE THEM!
"WITH NO SHAKING OF POWDER ALL OVER THE PLACE."
"KLEEN-BATH CLEANS BATHS WITH EASE AND NO WASTE."

Stocked by All Grocers, City, Country, and Interstate.
Manufacturers: "KLEENERS LIMITED," SYDNEY.



GRAVOX

The Ideal GRAVY MAKER for SOUPS, STEWS, PIES, PUDDINGS, and ALL SAVOURIES, SALTS, SEASONS, THICKENS and BROWNS

Send 1d. Stamp for FREE SAMPLE
Klembro Pty. Ltd., Richmond, Victoria.

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

BE TALLER!

LADIES. If you are short you can increase your height and, at one and the same time, develop that graceful, willowy figure that is so much admired, by using the Ross System. It is a simple, safe, and sure method of increasing your height. It is not a fad, it is a fact. It is the only system that has been proved by scientific tests to be the most effective and the most reliable. It is the only system that has been used by the world's greatest athletes and the world's greatest actresses. It is the only system that has been used by the world's greatest soldiers and the world's greatest sailors. It is the only system that has been used by the world's greatest statesmen and the world's greatest scientists. It is the only system that has been used by the world's greatest philosophers and the world's greatest poets. It is the only system that has been used by the world's greatest musicians and the world's greatest dancers. It is the only system that has been used by the world's greatest actors and the world's greatest actresses. It is the only system that has been used by the world's greatest comedians and the world's greatest tragedians. It is the only system that has been used by the world's greatest clowns and the world's greatest jugglers. It is the only system that has been used by the world's greatest magicians and the world's greatest illusionists. It is the only system that has been used by the world's greatest sorcerers and the world's greatest wizards. It is the only system that has been used by the world's greatest druids and the world's greatest priests. It is the only system that has been used by the world's greatest monks and the world's greatest nuns. It is the only system that has been used by the world's greatest hermits and the world's greatest ascetics. It is the only system that has been used by the world's greatest saints and the world's greatest martyrs. It is the only system that has been used by the world's greatest heroes and the world's greatest heroines. It is the only system that has been used by the world's greatest kings and the world's greatest queens. It is the only system that has been used by the world's greatest emperors and the world's greatest empresses. It is the only system that has been used by the world's greatest popes and the world's greatest cardinals. It is the only system that has been used by the world's greatest bishops and the world's greatest abbots. It is the only system that has been used by the world's greatest abbesses and the world's greatest nuns. It is the only system that has been used by the world's greatest monks and the world's greatest hermits. It is the only system that has been used by the world's greatest druids and the world's greatest wizards. It is the only system that has been used by the world's greatest sorcerers and the world's greatest magicians. It is the only system that has been used by the world's greatest illusionists and the world's greatest jugglers. It is the only system that has been used by the world's greatest clowns and the world's greatest comedians. It is the only system that has been used by the world's greatest actors and the world's greatest actresses. It is the only system that has been used by the world's greatest statesmen and the world's greatest scientists. It is the only system that has been used by the world's greatest philosophers and the world's greatest poets. It is the only system that has been used by the world's greatest musicians and the world's greatest dancers. It is the only system that has been used by the world's greatest soldiers and the world's greatest sailors. It is the only system that has been used by the world's greatest athletes and the world's greatest actresses. It is the only system that has been used by the world's greatest athletes and the world's greatest actresses.

GENTLEMEN. If you wish to be tall get to know all about the Ross Method of Height Increase today. There is no longer any need to be short and undersized. You will develop your physical and mental powers to an extent that will surprise you. You can be added to your height within a few weeks without trouble or danger.

THE ROSS SYSTEM NEVER FAILS.

See, 22/2/-, complete.

Just a Few Quoted Testimonials of Ross Pupils

Age	Height	Weight	Remarks
18	5' 0"	120 lbs	Increased 2 1/2" in 10 days
19	5' 0"	120 lbs	Increased 2 1/2" in 10 days
20	5' 0"	120 lbs	Increased 2 1/2" in 10 days
21	5' 0"	120 lbs	Increased 2 1/2" in 10 days
22	5' 0"	120 lbs	Increased 2 1/2" in 10 days
23	5' 0"	120 lbs	Increased 2 1/2" in 10 days
24	5' 0"	120 lbs	Increased 2 1/2" in 10 days
25	5' 0"	120 lbs	Increased 2 1/2" in 10 days
26	5' 0"	120 lbs	Increased 2 1/2" in 10 days
27	5' 0"	120 lbs	Increased 2 1/2" in 10 days
28	5' 0"	120 lbs	Increased 2 1/2" in 10 days
29	5' 0"	120 lbs	Increased 2 1/2" in 10 days
30	5' 0"	120 lbs	Increased 2 1/2" in 10 days

The above is a reproduction of a Ross graph showing how the Ross System increases your height. It is a simple, safe, and sure method of increasing your height. It is not a fad, it is a fact. It is the only system that has been proved by scientific tests to be the most effective and the most reliable. It is the only system that has been used by the world's greatest athletes and the world's greatest actresses. It is the only system that has been used by the world's greatest soldiers and the world's greatest sailors. It is the only system that has been used by the world's greatest athletes and the world's greatest actresses.

Write us today for Free Details and Convincing Testimony of the "Ross" System, and receive 21d. stamp to defray postage. See A. W. MALCOLM ROSS, ROSS SYSTEM SPECIALIST.

P.O. Box 12, SCARBOROUGH, ENGLAND.

CATARRH SUFFERERS

Get free trial tin of TIGER SALVE!

Solified water says: "I have suffered with catarrh for years, and after trying all sorts of cure, I find that Tiger Salve gives me the most relief of all." Catarrh is a very painful and leads to serious disorders. Insert a little Tiger Salve into each nostril and obtain immediate relief. Tiger Salve is excellent for coughs and colds, influenza and bronchitis. Send 3 penny stamps to cover postage and packing to Tiger Salve Pty., 185 George Street, Sydney, and a trial tin will be sent you.



SUCH Lovely WHITE TOWELS

THEY'RE Genuine Admiralty, as supplied to the British Government. So you can be sure they'll wear and wear. Fine large size, too—46 x 23 inches—and the thickly-woven kind that everyone likes to use.

FREE FOR 36 SUNLIGHT WRAPPERS.

Sunlight's New Free Offer—Better Gifts Than Ever Before

FREE PILLOWCASE, TOO — LARGER SIZE, BETTER QUALITY. Best pillow cotton is used in this extra large Pillowcase, 31 1/2 x 21 inches, hemstitched and prettily embroidered. FOR 27 SUNLIGHT WRAPPERS.



TEAR THIS OUT—NOW! How to get your FREE GIFT

Save 36 Sunlight Soap Wrappers for a Bath Towel or 27 for a Pillowcase. Cut off the required number of wrapper tops, the strips bearing the words "Sunlight Soap" (3 in each carton). Take these to: LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPT., 147 YORK STREET (opp. Town Hall), SYDNEY. If you cannot call or send someone for your gift, cut out this form, fill in the particulars and enclose with wrappers addressed to: SUNLIGHT GIFT DEPT., LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, BOX 4810VY, G.P.O., SYDNEY. DO NOT ENCLOSE A LETTER.

FROM.....

ENCLOSED..... WRAPPERS, SUNLIGHT SOAP

GIFT REQUIRED.....BATH TOWEL.....PILLOWCASE (Cross out gift not required)

OFFER OPEN FOR LIMITED TIME ONLY



LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED

SUNLIGHT

Lightens Work....Whitens Clothes....

SOAP

£1,000 Guarantee of Purity

1,190,10

DAFFODIL ROOM for SWEET SIXTEEN

And so that it will be the loveliest room ever . . . Bertha Maxwell designs for you the most entrancing linens and transfers!

EVERY girl likes a room of her own to decorate and beautify as she wishes, to show her handiwork, and to be the pride of her heart. To own and care for such a room is to lay the foundations of good housekeeping, an invaluable training for the time when she has a whole home of her own to direct.

HERE is a collection of designs to suit workers of every age and taste, those with time to spare and those who live busy lives; conventional and realistic, these sweet daffodils, emblems of the spring, are yours in transfer form or on linen, to use as shown or in any other way you wish.

Everyone loves daffodils all the world over, and nowhere are they more cherished and loved than in some of the tropic parts of Australia, where their blooming period is short and fleeting. They are lovely subjects for decorative purposes, and have been favorites with needle-workers for centuries. Their grace and simplicity are suitable to very simple forms of working, their colors are cool, refreshing and strictly harmonious; for a girl's bedroom we know of no more perfect flower, and the designs we offer here are as youthful in their lines as the flowers themselves—few daffodils ever grow old.

You may have the oval mat 12 x 17 inches, with two round mats 8 inches in diameter, stamped on linen or Cessarine ready to work if you wish; or the round shape stamped in the centre of a cut-edged pillow sham to match, and these are the prices of the traced materials:

3-piece daffodil set, comprising 12 x 17 centre and two 8 x 8-inch mats in good quality deep cream or white linen, plain or spoke-stitched edge. Price, 2/- the set.

3-piece set in any desired shade of fadeless Cessarine, price, 1/6 the set. Daffodil pillow shams, 20 x 30, with round centre or daffodil border in white or deep cream linen, price, 2/9 each. With mitred corner hemstitched hems, 21 x 32 inches, price, 5/6 each.

Daffodil pillow shams in Cessarine, any desired color, plain edge, price, 2/6. With hemstitched hems, 21 x 32 inches, price, 3/-.

Daffodil bedspreads, measuring 65 x 92 inches, in deep cream linen only, carrying a central traced design with hemstitched hem. Price, 19/6, plus 1/6 postage.

Daffodil bedspread, same size with hemstitched hem in any desired shade. Price, 17/6, plus 1/- postage.

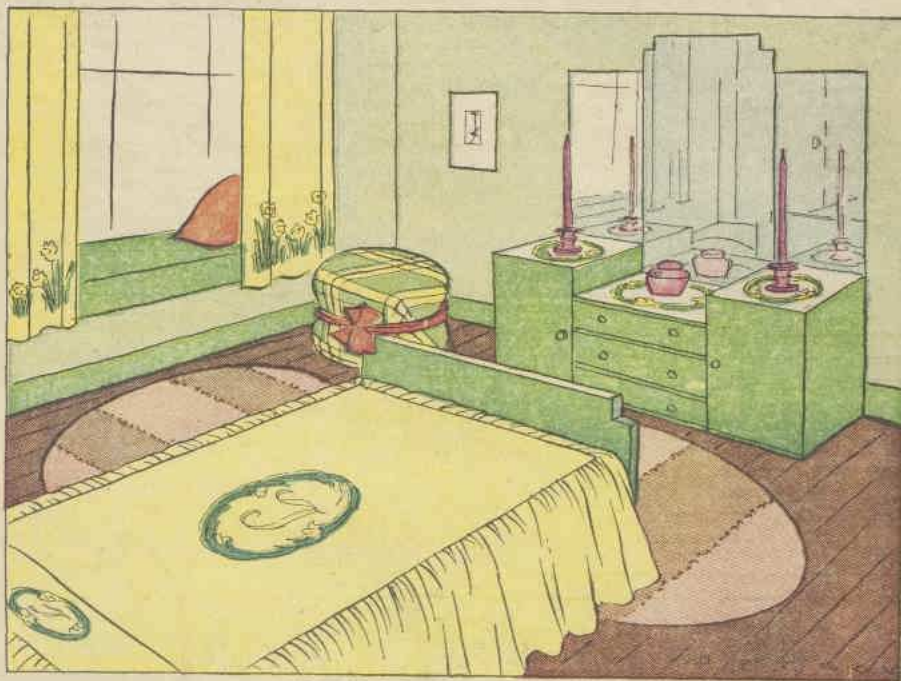
If you prefer transfers, you may have a large 20 x 30 inches transfer, giving the oval mat shape and the two round shapes, for 1/6.

monogram inside these designs when used on bed linen.

Then there is the lovely little border design of daffies as they grow among their own leaves; this sheet measures 15 x 20 inches, with three groups of flowers as shown, and the price of this transfer is 1/3.

You can cut this up as you wish, and place bits on curtains, shams, spread, cushions, or along the hems of aprons. This border design can be supplied traced on shams if you wish, at prices as stated above.

THE mats show a slightly venetian effect of work, and can be completely finished in buttonholing, as the design forms its own edge. Against the edge.



A PRETTY ROOM this, with its daffodil decorations. You may buy the three-piece dressing-table set, really for swift stitching; also shams and bedspread. Then again, two transfers are available. The realistic border design transfer shown at foot of page may decorate curtains, cushions, bedspread, or shams. Size, 15 x 20 inches. Price, 1/3.

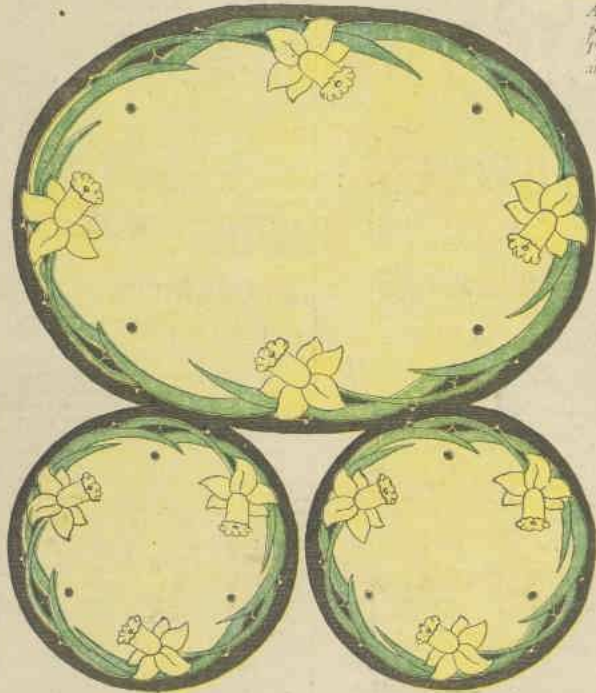
signs. Applique is also possible for the flowers, and is very beautiful if one has time for it. The quickest type of work is good firm outlining, for which this border is well adapted; this is especially suitable on curtains.

YELLOW flowers, green leaves, any shade almost may be used, but a soft green is best for the leaves; and then do not forget that the petals of daffodils may differ in color from the

cup, so that two yellows may be used on each flower.

Use stranded cotton or cotton a broder for linens and cottons; silk flosses on silks.

The border design is very suitable for aprons, frocks, bags, blotters and small table linens; it can be used for other crafts than that of the needle, such as stained leatherwork, repousse metal or china painting.



SHOWING Bertha Maxwell's entrancing design on the 3-piece set. The centre mat measures 12 x 17 inches, and the two smaller mats 8 x 8 inches. In deep cream or white linen, plain or spoke-stitched edge, Price 2/- Any desired shade of Cessarine, price 1/6. This design may also be had in transfer form. Size, 20 x 30 inches, price 1/6.

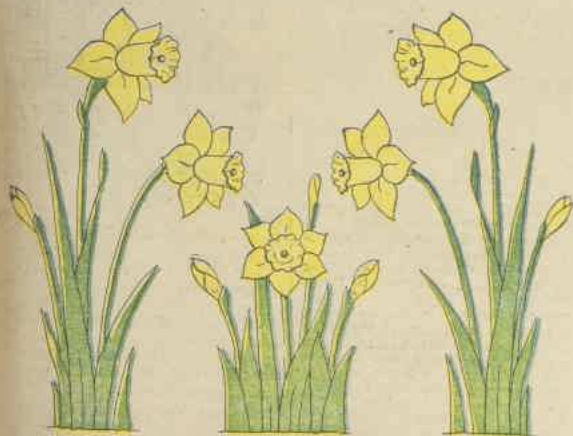
buttonholing on the outer parts. The top of the daffodil cup is frilled a little, so make the stitches slightly irregular in depth to secure this effect.

Here and there a small triple bar appears for strengthening the cut parts; work it over three foundation threads. Put in the plicated loops where they appear on the edge—there are not many, and they take only a few moments to work.

The Bed Linens

WHEN the oval and round designs described above are being used on shams or spreads, the method of working may be exactly the same as for the cut-work mats if a slightly open effect is desired. If solid work is preferred, the design is perfect for massive stitching, the cutwork being ignored; on the transfers, bars and loops should be clipped away if not to be used. Good satin-stitching or smooth, flat, buttonholing, or a combination of the two stitches, will express these conventional designs very well.

The border may be treated in solid style as described for the rounded de-



A SECTION of the realistic daffodil transfer design. This is also suitable for aprons, frocks, bags, blotters, and small table linens; it can be used also for other crafts, such as leatherwork, repousse metal, or china and glass painting. Price 1/3.

These designs in transfer form can be used for mats on your own materials; or you may use one or two of the round designs for the centre of pillow shams, with the large oval design on the bedspread; there is room for an initial or

SKIN TROUBLES

How Septic Poison Develops

A cut, a scratch, the head off a pimple. These tiny incidents may be dangerous—take care! You have only to be the least bit unlucky for inflammation to follow. From this it is but a step to the spread of destructive poison from SEPTIC germs. Any injury, no matter how trivial, is liable to turn septic if germs get in. Your safest and swiftest protection is Germolene Skin Ointment—the most powerful, effective and germicide known. Germolene quickly heals cuts, scratches, burns, scalds, broken chilblains and pimples. It checks infection before it starts to be serious. Even if sores and wounds are septic, inflamed and discharging, Germolene cleans them quickly and starts healthy new growth.

For EVERY Skin Trouble

All Chemists and Stores

Germolene

SKIN OINTMENT 1/9 & 4/- Per Tin



If you're BILIOUS

—DON'T EXPERIMENT

Biliousness is caused by irregular elimination. Waste products cause headaches, nausea and stomach discomfort. Remove clogging impurities from the system with Beecham's Pills. Purely vegetable. Vastly superior to irritating and unpalatable mineral laxatives.

TAKE

Beecham's PILLS

TRAVEL SERVICE

A COMMONWEALTH Savings Bank pass-book disposes of all the money worries that usually trouble the traveller. Whether the journey be undertaken for business or pleasure purposes, and so long as it is confined to Australia and the Mandated Territories, the Commonwealth Savings Bank Service will operate throughout. Money can be transferred to any point and withdrawn or deposited at any one of the Bank's 4000 Branches and Agencies without cost.

Ensure the utmost convenience and safety by travelling, not with a dangerously large amount of money in your pocket, but with just your pass-book to see you through.

Commonwealth Savings Bank of Australia

(Guaranteed by the Commonwealth Government)

JUST A MOMENT (Ladies and Gentlemen)

Don't Wait for Others to Tell You—Know Yourself

There may be many ways and methods of unveiling character—ourselves and others. **THE DELINEATOR** unfolds by simple reference the mysteries of our lives. **GET ONE TO-DAY**, you will never regret it—opens the door of character reading—wonderful results for yourself, family and friends. Copyrighted. Send postal note for 1/3 (not stamps) to **MERCHANTS & PUBLISHERS, 10 O'CONNELL STREET, SYDNEY**. Copy will be sent post free by return mail.



—do hope you can come for the week-end. I've invited Ronald since you and he used to be such very great friends. He's bringing a girl called Nora who seems to be running after him.

RONALD! I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU FOR AGES. WELL, I'VE BEEN PRETTY BUSY, YOU KNOW. INTRODUCE ME, RONNIE!

LATER. PAM LOOKS RATHER OUT OF THINGS. WHY DON'T YOU TAKE HER FOR A WALK, RONALD? SHE SAYS SHE'S TIRED. BESIDES, YOU PROMISED TO TAKE ME INTO THE VILLAGE, RONNIE.

THAT NIGHT. BUT, AUNTIE, IT'S SO AWFUL WHEN EVERYBODY KNOWS WE'RE ALMOST ENGAGED—AND THAT HUSSY NORA WINDS HIM ROUND HER LITTLE FINGER. PAM, YOU OUGHT TO MAKE AN EFFORT—WHY ARE YOU SO SPIRITLESS? I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG WITH YOU.

WAS AUNT MARY RIGHT? PAM ASKED HERSELF. THAT WEEK SHE SAW A DOCTOR. I CAN SEE YOU'RE SUFFERING FROM "NIGHT-STARVATION," THE ENERGY YOU USE UP WHEN ASLEEP FOR BREATHING AND OTHER AUTOMATIC ACTIONS IS NOT BEING REPLACED DURING THE NIGHT, AND NATURALLY YOU WAKE UP IN THE MORNING LOOKING AND FEELING TIRED OUT. THERE'S NOTHING LIKE HORLICK'S FOR PREVENTING THIS. OH, I'VE HEARD OF THAT!

ONE EVENING. SORRY TO RING YOU UP AT SUCH SHORT NOTICE BUT I'VE JUST GOT TWO TICKETS FOR... SHE THINKS SO I'M ONLY A STOP-GAP NOW! I'LL SHOW HIM SOMETHING. SHE SAYS THANKS, RONNIE, I'LL COME.

I SAY, PAM, YOU LOOK STUNNING TONIGHT. CAN'T I SEE YOU MORE OFTEN TOMORROW? SH-SH, RONNIE.

Girls who always feel tired-out miss more chances of happiness than they realise. In so many cases "Night-Starvation" is to blame. You see, all night long you burn up energy—breathing alone takes 20,000 muscular efforts. If this energy is not replaced, you wake tired. Horlick's Malted Milk, taken every night, guards against "Night-Starvation" by actually replacing lost energy while you sleep. Horlick's needs no milk—just add water. The flavour is rich and malty. Prices from 1/6. Horlick's Mixers 1/-.

Do you know these amazing facts about "Night-Starvation"? (1) The average person sits once every 10 minutes during sleep. The body shifts first this way and then that in order to rest all the muscle groups in turn. (2) During an 8-hour night, you expend 20,000 muscular efforts just to breathe! (3) All night through your heart has to beat and pump blood—about 25,000 times between 11 p.m. and 7 a.m. (4) Unless this energy is replaced during the night, you suffer from "Night-Starvation". Actual tests show that Horlick's, because it is so easily digested, restores this energy while you sleep.

HORLICK'S GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT-STARVATION

THIS MEANS YOU SLEEP SOUNDLY, WAKE REFRESHED, AND HAVE EXTRA ENERGY ALL DAY.

12 H 35

"TUSH!" said Peregrine, who found no comfort in this conversation. "What's o'clock? Past seven, is it? Very well, help me into this coat, and I'll be off. You can snuff the candles now; it is growing quite light. You have those letters I gave you?"

"I have them in my pocket now, sir, but, please God, I won't be called on to do more than burn them!"

"Why, certainly," said Peregrine, picking up his hat and gloves. He stretched out his right hand, and watched it closely. It was steady enough. That cheered him a little. He went softly out of the room, and down the stairs, followed by the valet, who carried a branch of candles to light the darkened stairway, and drew back the bolts of the front door.

A neat town-coach was drawn up outside the house, and Mr. Fitzjohn was standing on the pavement, muffled in a greatcoat, and consulting his watch.

"Good-bye, John," said Peregrine. "And if I don't see you again—well, good-bye, and don't forget the letters. I'm not late, is it, am I?"

"Bang up to the mark," Mr. Fitzjohn assured him. He ran an eye over Peregrine's person, and seemed satisfied. "Get in, Perry. Did you sleep well?"

"Sleep! Lord, yes! never stirred till my man roused me this morning!" replied Peregrine, taking his place in the coach.

"Dammie, you might be an old hand!" remarked Mr. Fitzjohn approvingly. "Is

GAY Adventure

Continued from Page 5

this your first meeting, or have you been out before?"

"Well, no, as a matter of fact it is my first," confessed Peregrine. "But not, I hope, my last."

"No fear of that," said Mr. Fitzjohn, rather too heartily. He began to prod the opposite seat with the tip of his walking-stick. "You don't want to kill him, and I can't for the life of me see why he should want to kill you. At the same time, Perry, it doesn't do to take chances, and you'll fire the moment the word's given, do you see? You've shot at Manton's, haven't you? Well, you know how to come up quick on to the mark, and all you have to do is to fancy yourself at the gallery, firing at a water. There's no difference."

Peregrine withdrew his gaze from the passing houses, and gave his friend a long, clear look. "Is there no difference?" he asked.

Mr. Fitzjohn met his eyes for a moment, and then studied the head of his cane. "Yes, there is a difference," he said. "But my father once told me that the secret of a good duellist is to imagine that there is none."

Peregrine nodded, and picked up the flat case that lay on the seat opposite and opened it. A pair of plain duelling pistols lay in it.

"You can handle 'em; they're not loaded," said Mr. Fitzjohn.

Peregrine lifted one from his bed, weighed it in his hand, and tested the pull. Then he laid it down again, and shut the case. "Nicely balanced," he remarked.

"Yes, they're a first-rate pair," agreed Mr. Fitzjohn. "Half-trigger, of course. It'll go off at a touch."

THE coach stopped in Great Ormond St. to pick up the doctor, who came out of his house almost as soon as the horses pulled up, and jumped nimbly into the coach. He had a black case under his arm, which Peregrine knew must contain the instruments of his profession. Oddly enough, the sight of it affected him more unpleasantly than the case of pistols had done.

"You are in good time, gentlemen," said the doctor, rubbing his hands together. "It is a cold morning, is it not?"

"Cold enough," said Mr. Fitzjohn. "But it won't be long before we are all of us drinking hot coffee in a place I know of hard by the Green."

"Myself, I never touch coffee," said the doctor. "I hold it to be injurious to the stomach. Cocoa, now—there is no harm in a cup of cocoa; I have even known it to prove in some cases extremely beneficial."

Interested in his subject, and possibly with some notion of diverting Peregrine's mind from the coming duel, he went on to discuss the effects of wine and tea on the human system, and was still talking when the coach arrived at the hamlet of Westbourn Green.

The meeting-place was at no great distance from the road; the coach was able to drive within sight of it, over a field.

"First on the ground," said Mr. Fitzjohn, jumping down. "But we shan't have long to wait, for it's close on eight now. Unless, of course, our man has thought better of it. Perry, if there's any offer of apology I shall accept it."

"Very well," said Peregrine, who was finding it increasingly difficult to talk. He got down from the coach, and walked beside his friend to the ground. The day, though dull, was by this time quite light. A sharp wind was blowing, and some scudding clouds overhead gave warning of rain to come. Peregrine thrust his hands into his pockets to keep them warm, and glanced up at the sky. He had rather an uncomfortable sensation in the pit of his stomach, but apart from that he felt curiously detached.

Hardly five minutes after their arrival another conveyance, this time a travelling chair, drove into the field, and Mr. Farnaby and Captain Crake got out.

Mr. Fitzjohn, observing the chair, was conscious once more of that faint feeling of unease. Unless he was much mistaken, there was a box strapped on to the back of the chair, and, although the vehicle was only drawn by a pair of horses with one postillion, it had all the appearance of being about to make a journey of some distance. His lips tightened, he began to suspect Mr. Farnaby of having a sterner purpose than he had supposed possible, and determined, in the event of Peregrine's receiving a mortal wound, to put every obstacle in the way of his opponent's flight.

Both the newcomers were stamping their feet on the ground, and snapping their hands on their arms, but Cap-

tain Crake soon came across the field to where Mr. Fitzjohn awaited him, and after the briefest of greetings the pair set about the task of inspecting and loading the pistols. No second shot was to be allowed, so that only Mr. Fitzjohn's pistols (a very fine pair of Manton's ten inches in length in the barrel, and with steel sights) were loaded.

"This done, Mr. Fitzjohn rejoined Peregrine, and said, in a low voice: "Twelve paces. You can't miss, Perry. Let him have it!"

"Yes, if I can I will," answered Peregrine, beginning to unbutton his greatcoat. "Do you advise fighting in this coat or without it?"

"Without it," said Mr. Fitzjohn, grimly surveying the very large mother-of-pearl buttons with which the coat was adorned. "I should have warned you to wear a black coat. Close it up to the throat, and remember not to stand square to the fellow, but give your side only, and keep your arm well in to it. And don't lower it until Farnaby's shot, Perry! Here comes the fellow now. You must salute him, of course, but I need not tell you that." He waited until this formality had been gone through, and then said: "Listen to me, Perry! Make up your mind where you mean to hit him, and don't trouble your head with wondering where he means to hit you. Take your aim when I say all's ready, keep your eye on the handkerchief, and when I let it drop, shoot! If you kill him I'll get you away somehow."

"It sounds mighty desperate," said Peregrine, forcing his pale lips into a smile. "You're a curst good friend, Fitz. Thank you, and—oh, well, just thank you!"

Mr. Fitzjohn gripped his shoulder. "Breakfast in my lodgings afterwards," he said, and walked off to measure the paces with Captain Crake.

Peregrine buttoned up his coat to the throat, observing as he did so that Mr. Farnaby, who was wearing black, had done the same. Mr. Farnaby, after his salute, had not looked at him again. He seemed to be impatient, and kept calling to his second to make haste, and not keep them all standing in the cold. When called upon to leech he came at once to the spot, took the pistol Mr. Fitzjohn handed him at half-cock, and stood with the muzzle pointed to the ground.

Peregrine was given the second pistol, and realised that the palms of his hands were sweating slightly. He wiped them on his pantaloons, took the pistol carefully (for the slightest touch would make a duelling pistol go off when set at half-cock, as he very well knew), and put himself into position.

The doctor turned his back, and the seconds retreated to a distance of eight paces. Peregrine was conscious of a sharp wind, ruffling his yellow locks. He fixed his eyes on Farnaby, trying to decide on some object on his dress to choose as his mark.

Mr. Fitzjohn was holding up a handkerchief. It fluttered in the wind, a splash of white against a background of grey.

Then, before the word could be given, an interruption took place. A third coach, this time a heavy lumbering affair, had driven up, and several men now jumped down from it, and came running towards the duellists, shouting: "In the name of the law! Hold!"

Please turn to Page 45

KISSABLE LIPS



Men say so!

Men want to kiss lips—not lipstick. There's no danger of "paint" spoiling the illusion with Tangee—it never costs lips with a layer of lipstick. Instead it blends with your lips... intensifies your own natural coloring. Its cream base soothes and protects chapped lips.

Also Tangee Tintorial, a deeper shade. Tangee Creme Rouge changes color too. Waterproof. Greaseless.

UNTOUCHED—Lips left untouched are up to have a faded look, make the face seem older. PAINTED—Don't risk that painted look. It's embarrassing and men don't like it. TANGEE—Intensifies natural color, removes youthful appeal, and ends that painted look.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

Sole Distributors for Australia: R. G. TURNLEY AND SON, Melbourne.

NOW SURPRISE and Please HIM...

With a pair of expertly designed, smartly patterned Golfing Socks and Mittens . . . knitted by your own capable hands!

Directions are not easily procurable for golf mittens—such a welcome addition to the golfer's outfit in chilly climes. "Gerda," our knitting expert, says these can be very quickly and simply made, and only take two skeins of wool. The socks are smart and can be made to fit almost any size by following the hints given hereunder.

As you will see by the illustration the golf socks have a neat pattern knitted into the tops. This design is woven in by twisting the colored wool at the back of the work. It is advisable to use a small ball of the colored wool as it is easier to handle.

If your golfing friend (or golfing husband) prefers a very deep turnover on his socks, work two inches more of rib after putting in the design.

For increasing the foot, the following measurements will be found helpful:

Measuring from where the stitches are knitted up at the side of the heel, work for 6 inches for a 10-inch foot, 6½ inches for a 10½-inch foot, and 7 inches for an 11-inch foot.

The directions for the mittens are for a medium size, but they can be made larger simply by using coarser needles than those quoted in the knitting directions.

Knitting Directions for Golf Socks

Materials: 2 skeins of 4-ply heather mixture wool, a small quantity of dark brown and beige wool the same ply, a set of 4 No. 12 steel needles.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st, stitch; d.b., dark brown; b., beige; h.m., heather mixture; p.s.s.o., pass slipped stitch over.

Tension: 8 sts. to 1 inch.

Cast on 84 sts. 28 sts. on each of three needles, k. into the back of cast-on sts. loosely. Work round in a rib of k. 1, p. 1 for 2 inches. Change to plain knitting and k. 2 rounds, join d.b. and k. 2 rounds, then 4 rounds of h.m. 2 rounds d.b., 4 rounds h.m. Now start design.

Round 1: 3 h.m., * 1 b., 6 h.m., repeat from * to last 4 sts., 1 b., 3 h.m. Round

2: 2 h.m., * 3 b., 4 h.m., repeat from * to last 5 sts., k. 3 b., 2 h.m. Round 3: K. 1 h.m., 5 b., * 2 h.m., d.b., repeat from * to last st., k. 1 h.m. Round 4: K. all round in b. Round 5: Same as round 3. Round 6: Same as round 2. Round 7: Same as round 1. K. 4 rounds in h.m., 2 rounds d.b., 4 rounds h.m., 2 rounds d.b., 2 rounds h.m., change to ribbing again and rib for 3 inches.

In next round * k. 5, p. 1, repeat from * to end of round. Repeat this round for 5½ inches.

Shape for the leg as follows: In the next round decrease once in first and last plain knitted rib, work 6 rounds without shaping. In next round decrease once at beginning of second and at end of second plain knitted rib from end. Work 6 rounds without shaping.

In the next round decrease once at the beginning of the third and at the third plain knitted rib from the end. Continue in this way until each plain knitted rib has been reduced to 4 sts., working 6 rounds between each shaping. Work 4 inches in rib of k. 4, p. 1.

Working the Heel

DIVIDE the stitches for the heel as follows: Knit plain the first 14 sts., slip the last 15 sts. of the round on to the end of the same needle (these 29 sts. are for the heel). Divide the remaining 45 sts. on to two needles and leave for the instep. Work 2½ inches on the heel sts. in alternate rows of purl and plain (always slipping the first and knitting the last st. in every row), ending with a purl row. To turn the heel, k. 18, slip 1, k. 1 p.s.s.o., turn, * p. 8, p. 2 tog., turn, k. 8, slip 1, k. 1 p.s.s.o., turn; repeat from * until all the sts. are knitted on to one needle (the last row will be a purl row), knit back 4 sts., thus completing the heel. Slip all the instep sts. on to one needle. Taking another needle, knit the remaining 5 heel sts., knit up 15 sts. from the side of the heel, with a second needle work in rib on the instep

Gay Colors for Men's Wear

EACH year our menfolk grow less conservative in their choice of color for sportswear; and now one meets with pullovers and cardigans in gay yellows, blues, and greens, and socks, brightly patterned. After all, why not? It must be very tiresome always to wear dull browns, greys, and navy, and men who love color now have the opportunity of indulging in it without question.

Pullovers are very varied, made plain or with all manner of ribs; necks are mostly crew or V-shaped, and the smartest sweaters of all are those worn tucked in at the waist.

White holds undisputed sway for tennis.



SO THAT YOU can get some idea of how these smart socks and cosy mittens will look on your golfing enthusiast, artist Petror shows them in close-up style. The original pair of socks, designed by "Gerda" (from which Petror made his sketch), were worked in brown and beige heather mixture, with the pattern in beige and dark brown strips. Only two skeins of wool are required for the mittens.

Shaping the Instep

1ST Round: K. plain to the last 3 sts. of the 1st needle, k. 2 tog., k. 1, work the 2nd needle in rib without shaping; on the 3rd needle k. 1, k. 2 tog. through the back of the loops, k. plain to the end of the round.

2nd and 3rd Rounds: Work without shaping, working the 1st and 3rd needles plain and the second in rib. Repeat the last 3 rounds until 14 sts. remain on the 1st needle and 13 on the 3rd. Work without shaping until the foot measures (from where the heel sts. were picked up) 8 inches. Slip the first st. from the beginning of the 2nd needle on to the end of the 1st needle and the last st. of the 2nd needle on to the beginning of the 3rd needle.

Shape for the toe as follows: K. plain to the last 3 sts. of the 1st needle, k. 2 tog., k. 1; on the 2nd needle k. 1, k. 2 tog. through the back of the loops, k. plain to the last 3 sts., k. 2 tog., k. 1; on the 3rd needle k. 1, k. 2 tog. through the back of the loops, k. plain to the end of the needle. Knit 2 rounds plain without shaping.

Repeat the last three rounds until 30 sts. remain in the round. Divide sts. evenly on 2 needles and either cast off the sts. from two needles together or graft the sts.

Work another sock in the same way. Press carefully with a hot iron over a damp cloth.

Knitting Directions for Golf Mittens

Materials: 2 skeins of 4-ply heather mixture wool, pair of No. 12 steel needles, a medium crochet hook.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; sts., stitches; sl, slip; ch., chain; d.c., double crochet.

Left-hand Mitten: Cast on 56 sts., k. in rib of k. 2, p. 2, for 3½ inches, then 1 plain row and 1 purl row. Now begin pattern, sl. first st., * k. 1, sl. 1, putting in needle as for purl, but without putting wool forward. Repeat from * to end of row, k. last st.

Next Row: Sl. 1, * k. 1, p. 1, repeat from * to end of row, k. last st.

Repeat these two rows for whole mitten. When there are 2½ inches from end of ribbing, cast off 12 sts. at beginning of row for thumb. Continue in pattern for 9 more rows, then with wrong side of work towards you, cast off 4 sts. at beginning of next row for little finger.

Continue in pattern for 9 more rows, then cast off remaining sts. on wrong side.

Press Before Proceeding

NOW press lightly with a hot iron over a damp cloth on the wrong side, then join ribbing st. by st. and row by row.

Work a row of d.c. right round the hand portion, then tie the wool to right-hand corner of sts. which were cast off for thumb. Work a ch. of 10 sts. across thumb, sl. into the end st., turn. Work 10 d.c. into this ch., thus making a bar to go over thumb; finish off.

Join wool to back of hand and work a similar ch. of 10 sts., miss 10 sts., 1 d.c. into 11th st., 10 ch., miss 10, 1 d.c. into 11th, 10 ch., miss 10, 1 d.c. into last st.,



WEANING NEVER TROUBLED HIM . . .

There is no finer food at the weaning stage than Robinson's "Patent" Groats and milk. It is the easiest food to assimilate and contributes to the development of bone and muscle at this critical growing period.

ROBINSON'S "PATENT" GROATS

Every mother should possess a copy of "My Back", an authoritative guide to successful infant feeding. Write for your copy today to: Colman & Keen (A/No) Ltd., G.P.O. Box 2503, M.M., Sydney, N.S.W.

GF. 35/1.

KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Now she has become POPULAR

She is surrounded by admirers wherever she goes. Her sunny disposition, her zest for all she undertakes, her clear skin and radiant glow of health are irresistible! Yet not long ago she was dull, irritable and unpopular. What brought the change?

Constipation was stealing her freshness, she had headaches, slept poorly. At last she tried Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, eating daily two tablespoonfuls of this delicious, ready-to-serve cereal in cold milk or cream. Her health improved rapidly and her popularity with it.

ALL-BRAN contains "hulk" which clears the system of poisonous waste naturally. It promotes appetite and makes rich blood. It is not harsh or habit-forming like pills or drugs. Your grocer sells ALL-BRAN.

Sealed inside with the WAXTITE bag



Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

FREE—Send your name and address to Kellogg's Pty. Ltd., Box 8, Botany, Sydney, for an interesting health booklet and diet series—they're FREE.

Made in Australia by KELLOGG (Aust.) PTY. LTD., Sydney



BRICK BRADFORD IN THE CITY BENEATH THE SEA

Invading hosts of Yaca Indians are attacking Amaru. In league with Inca Hasta, the Yaca leader, is Gable Zane, a treacherous white aviator. Brick Bradford has set off to capture Zane's plane, but, meanwhile, even

Amaru's women warriors are rushed to the fight. June Salisbury, Bradford's beautiful friend, is left in charge of Princess Cuycha, who, to June's indignation, claims that Brick is in love with her.



Gonzies Letter

MY DEAR PAUL:

This week a Pal asked me how we get tar. Not how we get it on our fingers and clothes, but how it is obtained. This is what I told him:

Tar can be distilled from many products. The best-known kinds are wood-tar and coal-tar, the former being the most important of all. The principal places where wood-tar is made are Russia, Finland, and Sweden. All these countries have great pine forests, the wood of which, when burnt, gives off plenty of tar.

Tar is also extracted from the roots of the South Sea trees, the Siberian larch, and from swamp pine, which grows in North and South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama, in the United States of America.

Tar is still made in some places by a very ancient process. The wood is burnt in cone-shaped piles covered over with earth and turf in order to keep out the air. A few holes are made in the covering in order to create a draught. The whole pile rests on a clay floor, from which the tar is eventually collected. This process is very slow, and often a week passes before any tar is obtained.

The modern method is to burn the wood in kilns or retorts. This serves a double purpose, as both charcoal and tar are obtained. Incidentally, tar is used quite a lot in medical prescriptions.

To sure, Paul, you should all know just a little about tar should anyone ask you what it is.

Good-bye till next week.

Cheerily,

From your Pal,

CONNIE.

Diary of a Mischievous Pup

MONDAY: Ate the master's chop, was put out of the house. Chased the house till one passed my nose.

TUESDAY: Went chattering with master, but seemed to do something wrong. When I tried to make friends with the sheep, got a stern look from them at once.

WEDNESDAY: Chased a rabbit down the borrow, but got stuck half way down. Master dug me out with a spade, and the rabbit, too (so I did have rather for dinner after all).

THURSDAY: Went "no hunting with master. Got kicked by a big man too. Am very seriously injured. I think even if master said I'm hot.

FRIDAY: Got a bath from master. Oh, dear, I feel something like a drowned rat—water, soap, and horrible all over. Sleep in my eye, and when I hit a case of the awful sniff. Brrr!

SATURDAY: Brrr! Went to town in the car with master, got a chocolate and ate all the cream that wasn't meant for me, but, well, if people will walk holding those dirty, sticky, milky things up to their noses, how can a dog resist taking just one lick?

SUNDAY: Master played his mandolin, but when I started to sing for him he just laughed and said I wasn't musical, but such a life!

Two Prize Cards to HONOR DE GROOT (12), KAREE Vale, Coahla, N.S.W.

Taronga Park

CROSS BY JOYCE SULLIVAN

Across our beautiful harbor, With its waters deep and blue, Nestled 'midst nature's grandeur, Are the animals at the Zoo. From foreign lands they've travelled, To live at Taronga Park, From icy peaks and mountain crags, From jungles, dense and dark. At evening there comes a remission, For supper is coming at last, As the ever-considerate keeper Hands each beast his respective repast.

Prize of 5/- to JOYCE SULLIVAN (12), Dewhurst St., Werribee Creek (N.S.W.), for this original verse.

FUN FOR ALL

JACK: Your father ought to be ashamed of himself. See, your shoes with all holes in them, and he's a shoemaker.

Jummy: That's nothing; your father's a dentist and your baby has only one tooth.

Prize Card to LARLIE MOSCHIEFF, Kanaok, via Coolamon, N.S.W.

What is the difference between a sailor and a bad salesman?—One pulls the "wells" up, and the other puts the "wells" down.

How many eggs go to a robin's nest?—None. They are all dished.

Prize Card to GRAHAM MURPHY, 23 Hudson St., Elsternwick 1st, Vic.

Teacher: No class of small boys! Now, who can give me a sentence with ten nouns in it?

Willie: Please, teacher, I can give you one: Ten thousand soldiers marched towards the city.

Prize Card to JOAN CORRELL, 42 Balmory Avenue, Kingswood, Adelaide.



Two Prize Cards to JUDY KENT MACK (11), Frankston P.O., Frankston, Vic.

Just Chatter



HERE you see MARY CRUISE, of Woolahra.

—Paul Photo

NIYA STEPHENSON, of Kibera (N.S.W.), is welcomed as a new Pal. JEAN BAKER, of Summer Hill (N.S.W.), recently celebrated her fourteenth birthday. BONNIE AKERS, of Cairns (Qld.), is a new member of the club.

LAUREL PETER, of Thurmore (N.S.W.), is a new Pal. FRED MANDOUR, of Capertee (N.S.W.), is fond of jokes of all kinds. EKA AYRES, of Epping, Gippsland (Vic.), likes nature study and reading. ESTELLE GRANT, of Armidale (N.S.W.), writes good verse.

AUDREY OLIVER, of Tamworth, via Murrumbidgee, is fond of riding, rowing, sewing, and dancing. INEY KING, of Epping (N.S.W.), is a new Pal. JOHNNY LEE, of Murrumbidgee, is a new Pal. JACK MURRAY, of New Lambton (N.S.W.), is fond of playing football.

PATRICIA LOANE, of Ipswich (Qld.), likes writing essays and short verse. CHRISTOPHER ORAM, of Glenview (Vic.), is welcomed as a new Pal. DUDLEY NEWELL, of 31 Clarendon St., Belmont (N.S.W.), would like to correspond with a Pal in New Zealand about 15 years of age.

JEAN KINGSTON, of Gubba, via Oneacre (N.S.W.), writes a delightful letter. DIANA TERRELL, of Glenview, Melbourne (Vic.), writes good stories. DOROTHY SAUNDERS, of Trillick, has a jigsaw and a kitten for her pets.

SANDY STOKES, of Colyton (Vic.), is fifteen years of age and is welcomed as a new Pal. ERIC REED, of Bundage, writes pretty verse. LILA STAFFORD, of Dunfermline (N.S.W.), writes an interesting letter. EDITH CHANDLER, of Crony Park, who is fond of reading and sewing, is welcomed as a new Pal.

VALERIE TOMBS, of Torrensfield (S.A.), likes reading good books. DOROTHY AYMER, of Merveth (Qld.), is learning to play tennis. BILL GAMBLE, of Cullisra, writes nice verse.

BEST LETTER

Prize of 5/- goes to ESTELLE V. GRANT, 50 Taylor St., Armidale, N.S.W., for the best letter of the week.

FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

By C. MARSHALL

"I THINK it's time we went for a nice bike," said Fred to Wunderlust one Saturday morning.

"Yes," answered Wunderlust. "I think it would do us the world of good. We could go down by the Lily Valley or up Precipitous Hill."

"I think the view is much nicer from Precipitous Hill," said Fred. "Of course, you have to do a lot of walking, but I think the view is worth it."

"Well, Precipitous Hill it will be," smiled Wunderlust, "and as there's no time like the present, I think we should pack a few things to eat and go off straight away."

This was what Fred had hoped Wunderlust would say, and before Wunderlust had time to say another word he was off busy preparing a few odds and ends which would keep the pangs of hunger away.

Wunderlust smiled to himself as his eyes scanned the morning paper. But the smile did not last long, for his eye lingered on a heading in big black type, "Man Missing on Precipitous Hill."

Before Wunderlust had read the full account, Fred was back on the scene with a haversack bulging with good things.

"All ready?" asked Wunderlust, rising from his chair. He did not mention a word about the man that was missing. He knew that if he did, Fred would want to scour the hills all day and night until he found him.

"Everything except you," said Fred, adjusting the haversack on his back.

"Well, that's soon fixed," said Wunderlust. "I'll just put some comfortable shoes on and then we'll be off."

It took Wunderlust only a few minutes to change his shoes and then they started on their hike.

It was very pleasant in the sunlight, and the day was one of those beautiful days which was not

too hot, not too cold, but just right. All day Wunderlust looked here and there, and all over the place to see if he could see any signs of the missing man, but he did not mention a word to Fred about the matter.

Just as the sun was sinking, and Fred and Wunderlust were strolling down Precipitous Hill on their way back to Mushroom Grove, Wunderlust had a feeling that they were not alone.

On looking behind him for about the sixth time, he saw a man walking in a crouched position down the street, and, as he looked, the man cried a faint "Help!"

Wunderlust and Fred quickly went to the man's assistance and helped him along the road to the nearest house.

The man was badly hurt about the head, and suffered a lot from exposure. When his head had been bandaged, and he felt a little better, he explained to Wunderlust and Fred, and also the little old man and woman who lived in the cottage, how he had fallen down and hurt his head on a large stone, and how he had wandered about in a dazed condition until he had been found.

Wunderlust then told Fred what he had read in the morning paper, and Fred, though he would have liked to have known about it before, was delighted to know that they had found the lost man.



Prize of 5/- to JOAN HAGUE, Denison St., Maitland, N.S.W., for this original sketch in black and white.

GAY Adventure

Continued from Page 42

CHAPTER 11



A smart new frock for a special occasion matters little if you lack energy and vitality. Liveliness and fatigue are apt to overtake you periodically—and at those times Vicker's Gin is a most desirable and effective palliative. Through its gently stimulating properties a little Vicker's Gin will counteract fatigue and its ABSOLUTE PURITY makes it a medicinal beverage that can be adopted with every safety.

HER ARMS AND LEGS IMMOVABLE

Ten Years with Rheumatism

To this woman it must have been like commencing to live a new life, when she began to use her limbs again, after ten years of helplessness. "I suffered with rheumatism," she writes, "and had been bedridden since 1920. I could not move arms or legs, and had to be fed like a child. Everybody thought I should be an invalid all my life. I forced myself to fight against it, and tried a number of different things. It was Karsch's Salts that eventually saved me, and to-day I consider it is saving my life. My condition has greatly improved, and my limbs are gradually becoming more supple. Already I can eat without assistance, and dress myself—which I had not done for ten years."—M. H. Two of the ingredients of Karsch's Salts are the most effective solvents of uric acid known to medical science. They swiftly dull the sharp edges of the painful crystals, then convert them into a harmless solution. Other ingredients have a stimulating effect upon the kidneys, and assist them to expel the dissolved uric acid needles through the natural channel.



Keep baby regular for safe teething

Every mother knows the real danger of constipation during teething. Keep baby's bloodstream cool and habits regular by Steedman's Powders . . . the comfort of mothers for over 100 years. Invaluable up to the age of 10 years.

"Hints to Mothers" Booklet sent free on request.

STEEDMAN'S POWDERS

FOR CONSTIPATION

John Steedman & Co.

Box 494 A, G.P.O. Sydney.

Box 591 B, G.P.O. Melbourne.

PEREGRINE jerked his head round, heard a stifled oath from Farnaby, and the next minute was in the grip of a burly officer. "I arrest you in the name of the law!" puffed this individual. "Attempt to break the peace! I shall have to take you before a magistrate."

Mr. Fitzjohn, who admitted afterwards that he had never been so glad to see a constable before, heaved one long sigh of relief and said: "Oh, very well! Nothing for it, Perry. You had better put our coat on again."

Mr. Farnaby, in the grip of a second constable, showed a disposition to resist. "Who set you on?" he demanded.

"Acting on information received," was the curt reply. "Now give me that pistol, sir! It ain't no use resisting."

An unwelcome suspicion crossed Peregrine's mind. He said quickly: "Do you know who lodged the information?"

"No, nor it ain't my business," answered the constable. "You put on your coat, sir, and come with us."

Mr. Fitzjohn went to lend Peregrine a hand. "Do you suspect someone?" he asked.

"By God I do, and I mean to know the truth."

"Who knew of it?"

"My cousin," said Peregrine. "But I did not tell him the place of rendezvous—of that I am perfectly certain! How he found that out, if it was he—"

"But, Perry, surely he wouldn't inform the magistrates if he told him in confidence, which I suppose you must have?"

"I don't know, but I shall find out!" said Peregrine, buttoning up his great-coat.

Mr. Fitzjohn turned with sudden suspicion to the doctor, who was standing beside them. "I take it you know nothing of this, Lane?"

The doctor replied in a dry tone: "I did not lay information against your principal, sir, but I am forced to admit that it may be through me that this duel has been interrupted. If it was so I cannot regret it, though I certainly did not intend it."

"What the devil do you mean?" said Mr. Fitzjohn.

The doctor tucked his case of instruments under his arm. "Yesterday, sir," he said, "not long after you called on me, I received a visit from another gentleman requiring my services in an affair of honor to-day. I told him that it was quite out of my power, since I was already engaged. He gave me to understand that he was acting as second to your opponent—a fact I could readily believe, as it would be an odd, almost an unprecedented occurrence for two duels to be fought in London upon the same day. I informed this gentleman that I could not disclose the name of my principal, though I could have no objection to attending his man as well as if he should prove to be the unknown adversary. He realised the propriety of my scruples, and at once made it plain to me that he was conversant with your affair, by giving me the names of yourself and Sir Peregrine Taverner. I said that I should be happy to do what I could for his principal, and, as I recollect, we fell into some slight conversation during the course of which I might easily mention the place of rendezvous. When your opponent came on to the ground, sir, and I perceived his friend to be totally unlike my visitor, I own I felt some surprise. But upon reflection I could not recollect that my visitor actually stated that he was acting as a second in the affair, and I concluded that I had misunderstood him, and that he had come to me in place of the second."

"What was he like?" demanded Peregrine, who had listened to this speech with considerable impatience. "Was he tall, rather dark, and elegantly dressed?"

"Yes," said the doctor. "Certainly he was tall. I should describe him as very dark. He was a gentlemanlike man, quiet in his manner, and with a pronounced air of fashion."

"I knew him!" said Peregrine. "My cousin to the life!"

At this point one of the constables came up to request their following him to the court. They could only obey, and in a few minutes the whole party was being driven off to the nearest magistrate.

It was fully an hour later before the principals were at liberty to go their several ways. Both were bound over to keep the peace, a great many formalities were gone through, sureties were paid, the magistrate read them a lecture, and Mr. Fitzjohn longed for his breakfast. At last they were set free. Mr. Farnaby and his second, both wearing the blackest of bows, drove away in their chaise, and Peregrine and Mr. Fitzjohn went off to Cork Street, the doctor having gone away in a hackney some time previously.

HOST HOLDBROOK 5571: Holdbrook's Pure Malt Vinegar is clear, brilliant, and mild. Ah! It is a wonderful brew.***

THE secret of the duel was soon out. Peregrine arrived in Brook Street shortly after eleven o'clock to find his valet, who had given him up for lost an hour before, standing over Miss Taverner while she read her brother's farewell letter.

Just as Peregrine walked into the room, the sheets of the letter fluttered to the floor. Miss Taverner sprang up crying: "I must go at once! What have they done to him? Where is Fitzjohn?" Then she caught sight of Peregrine in the doorway, and the next instant was in his arms. "Perry! Oh, Perry my darling, you are safe!"

"Yes, yes, of course I am safe," said Peregrine, clumsily patting her shoulder. "What the devil do you mean by making all this stir, John? You fool, did I not charge you to wait until you heard from Mr. Fitzjohn?"

His sister grasped the lapels of his coat. "Tell me at once, Peregrine, what has happened?"

"Nothing has happened. I can tell you. I am in a pretty rage, but a rare fool I am made to look! We were informed against, and I have a strong notion who laid the information!"

"Whoever he is, he has earned my undying gratitude!" declared Judith, still shaken from the fright she had had. "How could you go out to fight without a word to me? Oh, how I hate the practice of duelling! How I despise all you men for thinking it a way to settle a quarrel!"

"Stuff!" said Peregrine, disengaging himself from her clasp. "As for you, John, be off to your work! You've meddled enough for one day! If I had dreamed the fellow was not to be trusted—but I might have known! I had no business to be taken in by him. My father warned us against him, and you may depend upon it the son is no better."

"Do you speak of my cousin? Is it possible that it was he who saved you from this terrible affair?"

"Lord, no, don't talk in that silly way! You don't understand these things. Ay, it was our cousin; I am persuaded it was he. I am off to settle with him on the instant."

SHE detained him. "You need not; I expect him here at any minute. He is to take Mrs. Scattergood and me to Madame Tussaud's Exhibition. Indeed, I do not know what would be keeping him. For he said he would be here quite by eleven, and you see it is past eleven now."

"That's cool, upon my word!" exclaimed Peregrine. "He has the impudence to get me up before a break, and takes my sister out on the top of it! A very pretty fellow is this Bernard Taverner!"

"Do I hear my name?" The voice, a quiet one, came from the doorway behind Peregrine. "Ah, Peregrine! Thank God!"

Peregrine swung round to confront his cousin. "Ay, you are surprised to see me, are you not?"

"I am glad," Mr. Taverner replied steadily. "You imposed silence upon me; it has been hard for me to stand by. But I guessed I must hear certain tidings of you by this time. You have taken no hurt?"

"Silence!" ejaculated Peregrine. "Will you tell me you have kept silence over this?"

His cousin looked at him intently, and from him to Judith. She had sunk down on the sofa, and could only smile at him rather tremulously. "Will you tell me what you mean me to understand by that?" he asked in an even tone.

"Who was the man who laid the information against us, and had us arrested on the ground?" Peregrine flung at him.

Mr. Taverner continued to look at him, his brows a little knit. Peregrine said angrily: "Who was the man who induced the surgeon to disclose the place of rendezvous? Who else knew of the meeting but you?"

"I cannot answer that question, Perry. I have no means of telling who else knew of it," responded Mr. Taverner.

"Give me a plain yes or no!" snapped Peregrine. "Did you lay that information?"

Mr. Taverner said slowly: "I can understand and pardon your indignation, but consider a moment if you please! You engaged my silence; do you accuse me of breaking faith with you?"

The needles of the male code of honor being beyond Miss Taverner's sympathy she cried impatiently: "What could that signify in face of such danger to Perry? What other course could be open to any friend of his than at all costs to stop the meeting?"

Mr. Taverner smiled, but shook his head. Peregrine, a little confounded, stammered: "I don't wish to be doing you an injustice, but you do not answer me! Only one other person knew of the meeting—my valet, and he does not fit the description Dr. Lane gave."

Please turn to Page 46

Also Spearmint in six bar packets, 3d.

IT IS THE SMOKER'S BEST FRIEND

W.RIGLEY'S
P.K.
CHEWING SWEET
SPEARMINT
CHEWING SWEET
W.RIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT
CHEWING SWEET

WHEN you buy your favourite brand of cigarettes, remember to take your change in Wrigley's—for Wrigley's chewing gum keeps the mouth refreshed and cool and makes every smoke more enjoyable. Wrigley's is just the thing, too, when the sign says "No Smoking" . . . it relaxes tense nerves. Be sure to keep a packet in your pocket—it's delicious!

TAKE YOUR CHANGE IN WRIGLEY'S

W.T. 35-5

Psychology No. 2

Farewell Drugs!
Good-bye Cosmetics!

The Modern Psycho-Stimulus System of Beauty and Health Culture acts directly on the subconscious mind, tones up the nervous system, revitalises, rejuvenates.

Ladies, are you losing your charm—your beauty? Have you a complex? Are you handicapped by some physical disability—some supposedly incurable complaint? Have your children any bad habits?

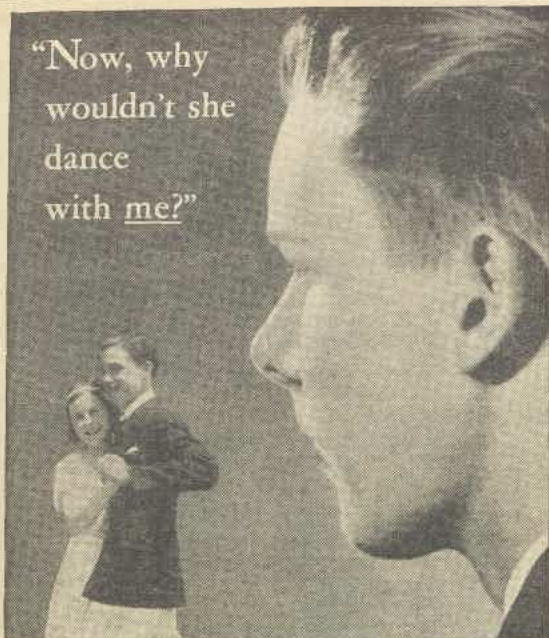
If so, make personal call or send stamped address for further particulars to the Principal,

PSYCHO-STIMULUS SYSTEM (Applied Psychology)
TRUST BUILDING, KING STREET, SYDNEY.

CLEANING LAME: Gold or silver lame can easily be cleaned at home by simply washing it in lukewarm water and soap flakes. Squeeze gently to remove all dirt, and rinse thoroughly two or three times in tepid water. Iron with a cool iron while slightly damp.

GETTING RID OF MOTHS: If your suite is affected by moths, and if the trouble is on the surface, spray it with paraffin or benzine. If the moths are into the stuffing, however, you will have to have the suite fumigated by an expert.

"Now, why wouldn't she dance with me?"



MANY a puzzled fellow never realises that he misses being popular by the stain of his teeth.

It never occurs to him that his teeth may be dull—even after brushing.

But others notice—think he's careless about his appearance—and sometimes pass him up. It's really hard to "take to" a person whose teeth don't look quite clean.

7 stains discolour teeth
Colgate's removes all seven

The things you eat and drink leave seven kinds of stains on teeth. For truly clean, sparkling teeth—all stains must be removed daily!

Most toothpastes have only one way of cleaning teeth. But it takes two ways to remove all stains. A scrubbing action to rub off some, an emulsive action to banish others.

Colgate's has both! Colgate's takes off every bit of stain—even between teeth, and in tiny crevices the usual toothpaste can't even reach.

For Colgate's brushes into a creamy foam! The emulsive action of the foam loosens most of the stains, dissolves them, and washes them away. The polishing ingredient in Colgate's—a safe powder such as dentists recommend—removes the stains that are left—leaving your teeth completely clean—gleaming!

Refreshes your mouth, too!

Colgate's tastes fine, too—leaves your whole mouth feeling invigorated, tingling with the freshness of its peppermint flavour.

The 7 causes of stains that discolour teeth

Group No. 1—Starchy foods, Group No. 2—Sugary foods, Group No. 3—Fatty foods, Group No. 4—Fruit acids, Group No. 5—Fruit acids, Group No. 6—Fruit acids, Group No. 7—Beverages and tobacco.

Colgate's removes all seven



AIM YOUR SALES ARROWS AT THIS TARGET and YOU WILL SCORE

The Highest - Powered Country Station in Victoria.

3HA HAMILTON

LET "H.A." TELL YOUR SALES STORY

Melbourne Office, 239 Collins St., M4731. Rates on Application. Sydney Office, 43 Hunter St., B2311.

The Voice of the Western District.

GAY Adventure

Continued from Page 45

"AND what, may I ask, was that description?"

"It was of a tall, gentlemanlike man, dark, and with an air of fastidious."

Mr. Taverner looked rather amused. "My dear Perry, am I the only man in town answering to that description? Is that all that you base your suspicions on? Have you not considered that your opponent may very likely have spoken of the meeting as well as you?"

"Farnaby?" Peregrine was disconcerted. "No, it had not occurred—that is to say, I do not think it probable."

"Why, what is this? Is it more probable, then, that I laid the information?"

"Of course if you assure me you did not, I am bound to accept your word," said Peregrine stiffly.

"I am glad of that," said his cousin. "I will confess, at the risk of offending you afresh, that however little I may have had to do with it, I am more than pleased to find that information was laid."

"You are very good," said Peregrine, eyeing him a trifle askance.

Mr. Taverner laughed. "Well, were you so anxious to be shot at? Come, you are not to be picking a quarrel with me, you know! Judith, do you go to the Exhibition? Is Mrs. Scattergood ready?"

Judith got up. "She went into the breakfast-parlor to write a note before you came. Shall we fetch her?"

"By all means. We are behind time. I believe, I was detained, and should beg pardon." He nodded pleasantly to Peregrine and held open the door for Judith to pass out.

In the hall she waited for him to close the door, and then said in a low voice: "You did not deny it?"

He raised his brows, looking down at her quizzically. "Are you also to pick a quarrel with me, Judith?"

"No, indeed," she said earnestly. "Perry is only a boy; he has these nonsensical notions. You are wiser. Oh, do not tell me! Indeed, you need not! You saved him, and I am—you do not know how grateful!"

He took her hand in both of his. "To earn your good opinion there is nothing I would not do," he said.

His eyes fell before the look in his. "You have earned it. From the bottom of my heart, I thank you."

"I want more than gratitude," he said, holding her fast. "Tell me, may I hope? I dare not press you; you have seemed to show me that you do not wish me to speak, and yet I must! Only assure me that I may hope—I ask no more!"

She was most strangely moved, and knew not how to answer him. Her hand trembled; he bent and kissed it. She murmured: "I do not know. I—I have not thought of marriage. I wish you would not ask me yet. What can I answer?"

"At least tell me there is no one else!"

"There is no one, cousin," she said. "He continued to hold her hand a minute, and when she made a movement to disengage herself, pressed it slightly, and released it. "I am content. We will go and look for Mrs. Scattergood."

IN another part of the town Mr. Farnaby was still talking the affair over with his second, who was by this time heartily sick of the subject. His principal seemed to him so much put out over it that he presently said: "What's your game, Ned? There's more to it than you've told me, eh? Who wants that young prig put away? You're being paid, and paid handsomely, for the task, ain't you?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Farnaby. "Taverner hit me in the face."

"I can see he did," said his friend, interestedly surveying the contusion that marked Mr. Farnaby's countenance.

Farnaby flushed. "You should know I am not the man to stomach an insult!" he declared.

"Not unless you was paid to," agreed Captain Craze.

Mr. Farnaby said with dignity that the Captain forgot himself.

"I don't forget myself, but it seems to me that you have," said the Captain frankly. "If there was money in this where was my share? Tell me that!"

"There is no money," said Mr. Farnaby, and closed the interview. He spent the rest of the day in a mood of bitter discontent, and betook himself in the evening to the King's Arms, at the corner of Duke Street and King Street, to solace himself with gin and the company of such of his cronies as he might find there.

The King's Arms was owned by Thomas Cribb, champion heavyweight of England. All sorts and conditions of men, from titled gentlemen to coalheavers, frequented it, but it was not every visitor's fortune to be admitted into the famous parlor. Mr.

H.OST HOLBROOK says: Spread Holbrook's Anchovy Paste on hot buttered toast. Remove crust, cut into strips. Ah! how tasty—

Farnaby for one did not rank amongst the privileged. Since gin and not boxing-talk was what he came for, this did not trouble him, and he was quite content to ensconce himself in a cosy corner of the taproom and watch the prize-fighters and the Corinthians drift past him to the inner sanctum. The tavern was always crowded; every young buck came to it, every prize-fighter of note, and it was not unusual for some ambitious person to walk in and pick a quarrel with the genial host for the privilege of being able to boast afterwards that he had exchanged blows with the champion. This practice had of late become less popular, as Cribb had formed a disappointing habit of haling his would-be assailants straight before a magistrate, on the score that if he obliged every man who wanted to be knocked down by him he would have no peace at all.

Mr. Farnaby found a nook in the taproom on this particular evening, and settled down to his glass of daffy, keeping a look-out for any acquaintance who might come in.

Plenty of people did come in, but although he might nod to some of them, or exchange a brief greeting, his particular friends were not amongst them. Tom Belcher, the great Jen's brother, strolled in arm in arm with old Bill Gibbons; Warr stood chatting a while with Cribb before he went through into the parlor; Gentleman Jackson arrived with a party of Corinthians whom he was amusing with one of his stories. Mr. Farnaby watched them all without envy, and called for another glass of daffy.

THE taproom was full almost to overflowing when the door was pushed open and the Earl of Worth walked in. He stood on the threshold for a moment, looking round through the smoke of a score of pipes, and Tom Cribb, who had just come out of the parlor, saw him, and crossed the room to his side. "Good evening, my lord," he said. "Glad to see your lordship. You'll find a snug little gathering in the parlor to-night. Lord Yarmouth's there, Colonel Aston, Sir Henry Smyth, Mr. Jackson, and I don't know who besides. Will you go through my lord?"

"Presently," said the Earl. "I see someone here I want a word with first."

"Here, my lord?" said Cribb, looking round at the company with a wrinkled brow.

"Yes, here," said the Earl, and went past him with a swing of his caped driving coat straight up to the table at which Mr. Farnaby was sitting.

Mr. Farnaby, who was idly watching a couple of men throwing dice at a neighboring table, did not see the Earl until he stood right over him. He looked up then, and came to his feet in a hurry.

"Good evening," said the Earl politely.

Farnaby made him a bow. "Good evening, sir," he returned, looking sideways at the Earl.

Worth laid his cane on the table, and began to draw off his gloves. "You were expecting me, no doubt," he said.

"Oh no, hardly!" replied Farnaby with a sneer. "I know your lordship is in the habit of frequenting Cribb's Parlor, but I had no expectation of being recognised by you."

The Earl drew out a chair on the opposite side of the table, and sat down. From under the shade of his curly-brimmed hat, which he wore tilted rather over his face, his eyes mocked unpleasantly. "You think I might be chary of being seen in your company? Very true, but I believe my credit with the world to be fairly good. My reputation may yet survive. You may sit down."

"I have every intention of so doing," retorted Farnaby, suiting the action to the word, and tossing off what remained of his second glass of daffy. "I am sure I am highly honored to have your lordship's company!"

"Make the most of it then," advised the Earl "for it is not an honor that is likely to befall you again."

Farnaby's hand fidgeted with his empty glass; he was watching the Earl covertly. "Indeed! And what may your lordship mean?"

"Merely that I shall have no further need of your company after to-night, Farnaby. Circumstance has caused our paths to cross, but they diverge again now, quite widely, I assure you."

"If I had the pleasure of understanding your lordship—" "I should not have thought that you would derive much pleasure from that," said the Earl. "But if you do, enjoy it to the full, for I think you understand me tolerably well."

"I assure you I do not, sir. I am at a loss to discover why you should take this tone with me, and I may add, my lord, that I resent it!"

To be continued



SHIMMERING FASCINATING WAVES!
And Nobody Knows She Set Them Herself—for Sixpence!

It was worry that made her decide to try "Hennafom Wave-Set." She hadn't the money for another "Permanent" and was rather desperate about it. Now, you couldn't get her into a hairdresser's!

She says "Hennafom Wave-Set" is a Home-Waving Marvel. She just washed her hair as usual, let it nearly dry, and then wet it again with the "Hennafom Wave-Set." Next she drew in the waves with her fingers, fixed them in place and waited a few minutes. The tedious, fascinating waves that revealed themselves as she looked in her mirror were the smartest she had ever seen! Look at the photograph. Could you tell that she had not been to an expensive hairdresser? Impossible to tell! Try Kathleen Court's "Hennafom Wave-Set" yourself—it will amaze you! It is the greatest boon ever conferred on women since the advent of "Facial Youth." A bottle, sufficient for at least five treatments, costs only 2/6 at any good chemist's or druggist's.

Health now—and for their lifetime!

Give your children a spoonful of Bemax with their breakfast every day. Bemax is not a medicine; it is as much a part of natural diet as milk or eggs.

Bemax provides those health-giving Vitamins in which only too many modern foods are deficient. And it is this deficiency that results, later in life, in rheumatism, stubborn constipation, heart diseases and nervous troubles.

A daily spoonful of Bemax in your children's breakfast milk will promote regular habits. It strengthens and encourages the intestines. It ensures a clean, healthy constitution and sound digestion. It builds vitality to resist infection—without medicine or drugs—for a lifetime of sturdy good health.

Children love Bemax. Its crisp flakes require no cooking. It is as simple, as pleasant, and as effective a means to fitness as fresh air.

You're bound to benefit from Bemax, the richest natural Vitamin tonic food. The 3/6 tin contains a month's supply for an adult, with scale of quantities for children of all ages. Obtainable of all Chemists and Stores. Write for free booklet "Vitamins and Health" to Fawcett & Johnson, Ltd. (Dept. R.11), G.P.O. Box 3679 S.S. Sydney, N.S.W. (Sole Consignees for Australia).

Try this BEAUTY SHAMPOO



Make a thick lather with the New Rexona Soap and massage it briskly into the scalp. The fragrant medicated lather sends new life to the very roots of your hair.

THE NEW Rexona MEDICATED SOAP
Containing CADYL
As good for your hair as it is for your skin



CRICKO and Lacrosse Are New VOGUES for SPORTSWOMEN

Two new games have made their appearance in Australia during the last few weeks.

In Victoria a meeting has been held to form a lacrosse association, and in New South Wales a game known as cricko has made its appearance. It is still a matter of conjecture as to whether our sportswomen will accept these new pastimes.

MELBOURNE is to have the first Women's Lacrosse Club in Australia.

Already a tentative meeting has been held at the Y.W.C.A., Melbourne, with the idea of promoting interest in lacrosse, which hitherto has been regarded as a man's game, and rather rough at that, on this side of the world.

A women's club should be firmly formed by the beginning of next winter season.

Miss Nell Rawlins, who played county and territorial lacrosse in England until a few months ago when she came out to become director of physical education at the Y.W.C.A., Melbourne, says that many of the girls' schools in England, including Wickham Abbey and Roedene, have dropped hockey in favor of lacrosse, while Cheltenham and others play both games.

With another sportsmistress, Miss Rawlins is planning a series of exhibitions in catching and throwing, to be given at the conclusion of hockey matches, while a number of keen sports-girls are present at the Y.W.C.A. grounds at Albert Park.

As soon as enough girls become interested, two teams will be formed within the Y.W.C.A. Lacrosse is a winter game, but these teams will practise until just before the summer games begin, when they will play a demonstration game.

No Rough Play

Played according to women's rules, which do not allow hacking or banging down, lacrosse is very different from the dangerous hurly-burly played by men. Women players are only allowed to tip up with their crosses, a rule which eliminates most of the roughness.

"Played properly, it is not nearly so rough as hockey," says Miss Rawlins, who is an international hockey player and should know. "Lacrosse is played in the air, and any game played in the air is splendid for the physique."

She also points out that women's lacrosse only appeared in England after the war, yet the All Women's Lacrosse Association has gone further ahead than the Cricket Association.

Women also play in Scotland and Ireland, and an English team which toured America last year did much to raise the level of the game there.

CAKES WITHOUT COOKING!

Who cares about temperamental evenings when there's a recipe like this! All you have to do is mix and mix—and you have the most delicious cakes. It's odd to think that cakes that need no cooking will add to your fame as a cook! Of course, they're made with Copha, the pure vegetable shortening, and anything made with Copha—cakes, pastry, puddings and things—tastes ever so much more delicious.

COPHA BANBURY FRUIT SQUARES
1 lb. Pure Copha 1 lb. Brown Sugar (malted) 1 Egg
1 lb. Sultanas 1 teaspoon Almond
1 lb. Cut Peel Essence
1 lb. Cake Crumbs 1 dessertspoon or Breadcrumbs Cocoa
Mix the sultanas and peel, and mix well with the crumbs, sugar, egg, essence and cocoa. Add the hot (not boiling) Copha and mix well. Put the mixture through the mincer again Press into shallow tins, and bake in the oven for 15 minutes. Cut in squares. This is only one of many delicious recipes in the Copha Recipe Book—book you simply must possess. It contains such a variety of dishes, and is free and post free. Write to:

Edible Oil Industries Pty. Ltd.,
Department WW,
Box 2255 KE, G.P.O.,
Sydney.

for a copy right away. At the same time ask for a copy of the Copha Vegetable Cookery Folder, and learn how to cook your vegetables so that they will lose none of their natural juices, their garden freshness of flavor. Vegetables cooked this way are really essential for children, because these health-giving juices are so vital to their health.

Though there are 12 people to a side, and it is played with a cross (a long stick with a net attached) and a solid rubber ball, lacrosse is a game of attack and defence, and has the same type of tactics as basketball. A good basketball player would soon learn to play, in spite of the fact that the field is the same size as a hockey field.

Special short, lightweight lacrosse sticks are made in England for women players, but inquiries reveal that no such sticks can be procured here at present.

"CRICKO" will be recognised by Sydney and Queensland sports players as being very similar to vigorous. Twelve players will take the field, and the game will be played on concrete wickets similar to those prepared for matting cricket wickets.

The batsmen will have bats similar in shape to a canoe paddle, but heavily wooded at the back in similar fashion to a cricket bat.

Under the rules it is compulsory for the batsman to run, but only if the ball is hit further than five feet in front of the wicket. Two hard rubber balls will be used by two bowlers alternately, one ball being a very dark red and the other one orange in color.

"BREATH of HEATHER in HER VOICE"

By KITTY LESMURDIE

As a goodly company of fine sportswomen, the British women golfers may earn golden honors on the greens, but off them they will make many friends.

I liked them better than the English women cricketers. They were so homey and thrilled to pieces to be in Australia.

THE team was not obtained by elimination tests, but those able and willing to go submitted their names, and a committee of the British Ladies' Golf Union decided from what they had already seen of their ability. Their decision was a wise one.

The English players wanted to interview me when the Strathairn arrived, so keen were they to find out things. How did our golfers dress, play, and the like?

All wore smartly-tailored suits with beige overcoat of that fluffy, woolly material which reminds one of a teddy bear.

All wore ties of the Ladies' Golf Union colors, green, blue, red, and gold, which represent England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales.

Mrs. P. Hodson, manager, and non-playing captain, said the visitors had put themselves into the hands of the women's golf unions here, and their first reception portended a marvellous time.

She lives on the outskirts of Liverpool, and has been so busy on the administrative side of the game that she does not claim to be a particularly good player.

She was chairman of the British Ladies' Golf Union two years ago, and at present is vice-chairman.

Mrs. Walter Greenless, a very vivacious member of the party, lives in Troon, Ayrshire, Scotland. She has a son aged 13, and a daughter aged 14. Both are keen golfers.

Miss J. B. Water, though Irish by birth, lives at Troon also—"because I married a Scotman."

She did not have her first golf lesson until after she was married in 1924.



HIKING IN SHORTS is an offence in Yonkers City, U.S.A. Recently, the City Government arrested five girls for appearing on the streets in shorts. This new "shorts" ban has led to the introduction of a "check-your-skirt" service. Now hikers who prefer the "shorts" fashion wear a skirt over their shorts while walking through Yonkers City, and park the skirts at service booths similar to this one outside the city's boundaries.

Vigoro, in a way, is considered the stepping-stone to cricket, but whether "cricko" will oust vigoro remains to be seen. The "cricko" competition is expected to commence on September 28.

and theatres, and went to London fairly often.

She wears what Americans call a "wind-cheater" when it is very cold. It is a sort of fleecy-lined jumper with a very high neck.

She thought grey and blues the best colors on the golf course.

Miss Jessie Anderson, from Perth, Scotland, plays golf for her old school, the Perth Academy.

"She is a brow Scots lassie with the breath of heather in her voice."

The baby of the team, Miss Pam Barton, looks younger even than her 18 years. She wore a dinky beret which did not hide her red hair. She has played golf seriously since she was 13. Her home is in South-West London. Her club is the Royal Mid-Surrey. She is keen on dancing and all sorts of games, and has promised that she will wear her famous blue macintosh trousers for playing in should it rain.

Living in a Suitcase While on Tour

When Australian sportswomen tour abroad, the question of luggage is one of first-rate importance.

Cricketers selected for the English tour in 1937 will have to study the art of selection very closely.

THE Australian Women's Cricket Council has delved into the matter of luggage for a tour lasting nearly six months.

It is probable that the players will have to confine themselves to one large suitcase or cabin-trunk, one hat-box, one small suitcase, and a bag containing cricket gear.

Into the cabin-trunk or suitcase will go six cricket shirts and three divided skirts, two dinner frocks, two or three evening frocks, blazer, two white sweaters, six washing frocks, raincoat and overcoat, and street frocks.

Shoes no doubt will find a place among the hats in the hat-box.

The small case will contain powder, cream, and sundries.

The cricket kit is an easier problem, for each girl, with the exception of the

OUR BOOK OFFER!

Here is Taken No. 17 in The Australian Women's Weekly "Silver Jubilee Book" and "Illustrated Family Doctor" book offer. Cut out now and paste it at once on your voucher before you forget it.

TOKEN B8

Here is Taken No. B8 in The Australian Women's Weekly "Children's Treasury House" book offer. Cut out now and paste it at once on your voucher before you forget it.

"SLIMU"

SLIMU—brings slenderness and health. The qualified chemists who prepare Slimu do not claim that it performs miracles, and reduces 30 or 60 lb. in a couple of weeks. Slimu reduces weight to a healthy, normal way at the rate of two or three pounds weekly, without drastic dieting, which is detrimental to health. An important feature of Slimu is that whilst reducing you it provides a health tonic to the whole system, stimulating uric acid, Slimu is a valuable cure for Rheumatism, Sciatica, and kindred ailments. Obtainable from David Jones' Ltd., Farmer's Ltd., All Leading Chemists, or direct from Bell's Products, 18 Margaret Street, Sydney.

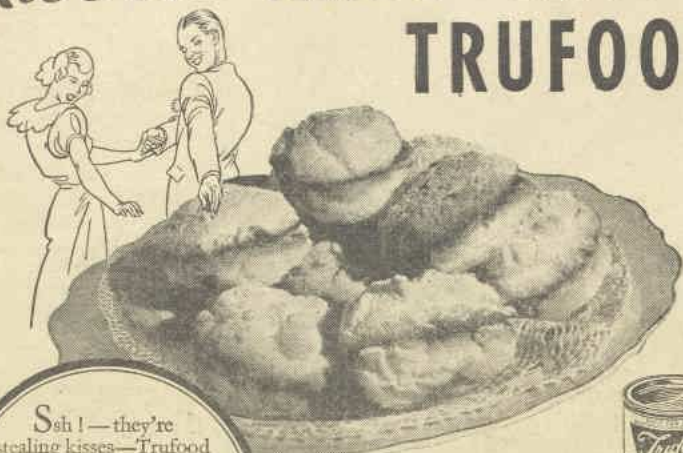


I Stopped Experimenting with Face Creams when I discovered Daggett & Ramsdell Perfect Cold Cream

Don't go on seeking day after day and at great expense for a beautiful complexion, and envying those who have one. Try Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream just once and you will find it penetrates deeper, cleanses more thoroughly, softens and nourishes your skin as no other cream you have ever used. Apply it night and morning and see how much smoother, softer and lovelier it will make your skin.



Kisses MADE WITH TRUFOOD



Shh! — they're stealing kisses — Trufood kisses — airy little cakes that could never stay long in any pantry. But Trufood dishes are like that — so delicious, so light, that no-one can resist them.

TRUFOOD

IS ALL PURE MILK

It is purest country milk with only the water and butterfat removed — no preservatives or sugar are added. It is far more convenient and economical to use than ordinary milk because you need only mix the exact amount required.



WHERE TO GET YOUR FREE GIFT

Take your labels to Linton Free Gift Depot, 147 York Street (opp. Town Hall), Sydney. If you cannot call or send someone, attach your labels to a sheet of paper bearing:—
(1) Your name and address in BLOCK LETTERS.
(2) The number of labels enclosed.
(3) The gift you require.
Post to Linton Free Gift Depot, Box 4477, G.P.O., Sydney. Make sure you put the correct postage on envelope.



FREE GLASSCLOTHS AND BATH TOWELS

Save Trufood Labels

For a Pure Irish Linen Glasscloth, 23 x 33 ins., save 10 1-lb. labels or 3 5-lb. labels.
For a coloured Bath Towel, 21 x 42 ins., save 15 1-lb. labels or 3 5-lb. labels.

Gifts will only be exchanged for labels from 1-lb. and 5-lb. tins.

TRUFOOD OF AUSTRALIA LIMITED

30.77.101



Wonderful Holidays

Islands of Romance

Twenty-one wonderful days and nights—December 19 to January 8—cruising from Sydney to Noumea per Messageries Maritimes s.s. Laparous, with ten ports of call, numerous shore excursions and river and harbor trips. Special INCLUSIVE price of £12. Don't delay. Enquire at once.

Glamorous Barrier Reef

Tropic nights, bird-hunting, swimming, moonlight bathing. Island life and cruising in the world's most picturesque water-ways. Enquire now about holidays that will live in your memory. Plan ahead.

Enchanting Tasmania

One thousand miles of enchantment. A complete tour of the wonderful little island, leaving Sydney on December 18 and also on Xmas Eve. Twelve marvellous days. £21/5. Thirteen days, £21/10. And that means EVERYTHING paid from Sydney to Sydney. Early booking ESSENTIAL.

For Free Friendly Advice on All Travel
WRITE OR CALL

Women's Weekly
TRAVEL BUREAU
RADIO HOUSE, 300 PITT STREET, SYDNEY
Box 2607EE, G.P.O., Sydney. Tel. MA4496.

About that Vacation?

£2/2/- per week to **£3/3/-** per week. Recommended Guest Houses and Hotels for your annual vacation at BUNDANOON, MACQUARIE WATERS, ORANGE, NOWRA, TERRIGAL, BURRAGO, RANG VALLEY, MULLGOA, KURAJONG, HENRICH'S, PENRITH, BATHURST, and others. Tennis, golf, riding, boating, fishing, and all holiday amusements.

£16/7/6 Sydney to Hobart by boat. First Class. Eight days' sight-seeing and accommodation in Hobart and return to Sydney. Shore excursions every day.

£19/- Fourteen days. From Sydney to Melbourne (or vice-versa) by car (each way by different route) and 8 days' stay in either capital with all hotel accommodation en route and in the city.

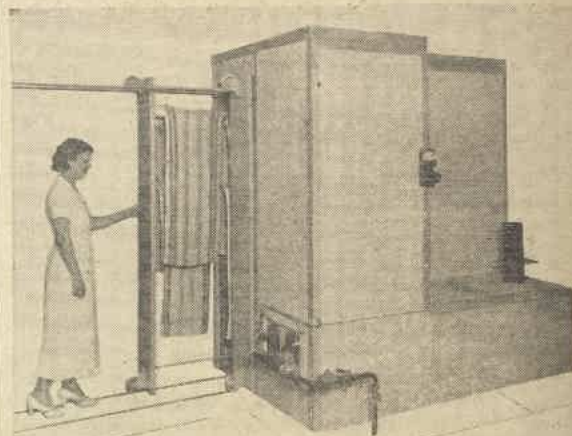
£19/5/- Fourteen days' holiday, embracing motor tour from Sydney to Brisbane (or vice-versa) and return by varying routes, and including 8 days in either Brisbane or Sydney. ALL accommodation paid en route and in the city.

£80/14/11 Australian currency. From Sydney to London via Paris and RETURN. Splendid opportunity for economic trip. Quoties from Melbourne or Brisbane on application.

For Full Travel Information
Write or Call at

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU
RADIO HOUSE
300 PITT ST. : SYDNEY

Free, Friendly Advice
Phone MA4496



WITHIN fifteen minutes of a full rack of clothes entering this automatic drying cabinet, light articles are ready to iron, and within two hours heavy garments and even blankets may be folded away—dry as a bone!

NO MATTER the WEATHER

Clothes dry in a jiffy... the modern answer to the flat dweller's problem!

Insufficiency of drying space is one of the great drawbacks to life in flats, boarding-houses, hotels, and similar establishments, and the difficulty is not made simpler by the allotting of special washing days to the various occupants.

WITHIN the past year a great advance has been made in overcoming the problem of drying by the use of automatic driers in which gas is used for heating. In brief, the drier is simply a large cabinet into which racks bearing the wet clothes are placed. The size of the driers varies, the smallest being about 8 feet long, 7 feet high, and 4 feet 6 inches in width. The heating equipment is in an adjoining chamber, and

once lighted, a fixed temperature is maintained in the drier by thermostatic control, the hot-air being forced over the clothes by a small fan, which keeps the air in the drier constantly in circulation.

After a full rack of wet clothes is wheeled into the drier, in fifteen minutes the light articles are ready to iron. Within two hours even heavy garments and towels and blankets are dry—free from any musty smell or odor.

Among establishments recently equipped by the Australian Gas Light Company with an automatic laundry drier are a private hospital at Arncliffe; flats at Edgecliff, Kensington, William St, Double Bay, and Pacific Highway, Gordon.

MAKE-UP...

should begin where the frock leaves off — says expert cosmetologist.

Gold and silver have entered the field of cosmetics! Silver eye-shadow and gold or silver finger-nails are quite the latest vogue in Paris, says Mme. Pauline Pirlouquer, the expert cosmetologist, who has recently returned from abroad.

IN Paris, in fact in Europe generally, Mme. Pauline said, in the course of an interview this week, there was scarcely a woman who did not use make-up.

In Australia, she said, the women do not employ cosmetics to this same extent at all, but when a woman can doubly enhance her beauty by their use, there is no reason why she shouldn't. Make-up for beauty, she remarked, should begin where the frock leaves off. Very often, women make the mistake of having their faces beautifully made up, yet neglect their neck and shoulders. The neck must harmonize with the skin tint of the face or make-up destroys its own end.

Madame herself, a young woman in her early twenties, portrays in her own youthful personality the art of her profession, for she looks but a girl in her teens! She is a firm believer in cold water for washing the face, and always a good cleansing cream as the very basis of skin beauty.

While in Paris this charming Frenchwoman had the pleasure of various interviews with Monsieur Antoine, the world-famous beauty expert, and from whom she gained a valuable knowledge of the art of make-up and beauty culture. She was also fortunate in meeting some of the well-known film stars when on her way back to Australia. She visited Hollywood. She had the privilege of making up the Continental actress, Lillian Harvey, and learned many of the beauty secrets of the more famous stars.

Madame Pauline, while at Grace Bros., may be consulted on all matters relating to make-up and skin beauty, for she is anxious to give to the women of Sydney the benefit of her wide experience in this field.

STOP SMOKING!

Tobacco kills. FORMER ANTI-SMOKING MIXTURE definitely overcomes the tobacco habit. Hundreds of satisfied users. See testimonials. Price 4/8. Just free in any address from: **NOEL F. FORD, M.F.S. (1894 Univ.)**, Chemist, 247 King St., Newtown, Sydney, N.S.W.

JOHNSON'S WAX POLISH

Also in larger tins... 1/6

Not merely a shine—but a flint-hard finish for floors, linoleum, furniture, woodwork. Resists wear. Greaseless. Cheaper because it goes further and lasts longer.

S. C. Johnson & Son Ltd., Rosebery, N.S.W.

INVISIBLE MENDING

Damaged Garments Re-woven, Torn, Burnt, Moth-eaten, Stains, Costumed, Carpets, etc., INVISIBLY RE-WOVEN.

SYDNEY WEAVING CO.
90 PITT ST. Phone: RW662

BERLITZ DIRECT METHOD

11 MARTIN PLACE (opposite Post Office) PHONE: RW662. THE BERLITZ DIRECT METHOD, established in SYDNEY, 1928. Since then we have taught successfully many thousands of students. ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, SPANISH, RUSSIAN, DUTCH, SWEDISH, JAPANESE, CHINESE, PORTUGUESE, TRANS-LATIONS in all languages. New German class starting Wednesday, 21st August, 8 p.m.

ASTROLOGY

Will I always be unhappy? When will my condition improve? Will I realize my ambitions? What are my future prospects? An answer to all your questions and Full Astrological Reading for 2/6. Send P.N. 2/6. Name, Birth-date to: **A. MOORE**, Box 2478, G.P.O., Sydney.

UNWANTED HAIR!

The Dainty Way of Removing Hair. CREME LA-NE-TA on complete post card, then wash it off. Takes only 4 days. 30 months and leaves skin soft and smooth. LA-NE-TA discourages regrowth, has no disagreeable odor, and NO PAIN. CAN DETECT ITS USE. Trial-size tube 1/6. Full-size tube 2/6. All chemists. TRIAL POST FREE. Send P.N. 2/6. Name for 1/6. 201 Pitt-st. tube 1/6. LA-NE-TA, 201 Pitt-st. Sydney.

DEATH in SINGAPORE

Complete Book-Length Novel

By STEWART McPHIE

THIS SUPPLEMENT MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY

• Free Supplement
to The Australian
Women's Weekly.

CHAPTER 1



HE blind of woven grass swayed outwards and then slatted back dryly against the walls on each side of the doorway it covered. The wind was not strong; indeed, it was not a wind, only the breeze that came each night to cool Singapore after the heat of the day. But that current of air was sufficient to lift the heavy grass blind, belly it out, and then, weakening, allow it to slap back.

Crouching in a corner of the verandah, in the shadow cast by a tall palm towering over that corner of the bungalow, Rearden watched the intermittent movements of the blind, watched as it lifted to allow a band of yellow light from the room within to fall across the boards of the verandah. As the blind swung outwards, the band of light widened, only to narrow and disappear as the breeze fell off.

A low murmur of voices came from within. As far as Rearden could make out there were two people talking. The conversation was not loud. All along it had been maintained in a low key, but there seemed to be a man and a woman in there. Moving uneasily, trying to settle his cramped limbs into a comfortable position, the man on the verandah thought that they must stop soon. A couple of hours must have elapsed since first he had come stealthily through the garden, approaching the bungalow only to find that the way was not clear; that he would have to wait.

Unexpectedly the breeze strengthened. On its still caressing wings it brought the faint scotch of exotic things, of strange blooms, spices. The immemorial odor of the east. Rearden grinned sardonically to himself as the phrase flashed inconspicuously through his mind. Oh, yes? All right for poetic birds to gibber in strains like that. So far as he was concerned, romance was one hell of a long way away. He'd a damn sight sooner be well away from Singapore and all its odors, good and bad; well at sea with Shorters, the job done, and the only odor the smell of the bilge and the sharp tang of salt as the Elenora broke the back of a wave and took a mist of stinging spray over her fore-cle-head.

The verandah rail creaked as he bent cautiously to rest his back against one of its posts. Shorters! Ah, yes. Shorters should be due some time this week. Not to-morrow. Monday, Rearden reflected. That would be a bit ahead of schedule.

Say, Friday or Saturday. Probably the Elenora was only a couple of hundred miles from Singapore now, her crew being driven mad by what must seem to be her old man's senseless tacking to and fro across a few acres of ocean. Rearden grinned to himself at the picture he had conjured up. An auxiliary schooner wasting time somewhere well out of the way of shipping likely to report her while Tom Shorters sat all day and half the night under the canvas awning aft, drinking gin and bitters, smoking interminable cheroots and blandly unconscious of the talk among the crew that had learnt to be surprised at nothing but time-wasting.

The knowledge that the Elenora would not anchor in the roads for a few days at least prevented Rearden fretting at the delays that had cropped up and prevented him attending to his own end of the job. This was the third occasion on which stealthily he had come by night to Cripps-Mumford's bungalow. And always the luck had been out. The first time there'd been a party of sorts. Liquor by the gallon, a few women—Eurasians if Rearden knew anything—music, fun, the usual thing. The out-of-place figure lurking in the garden had been forced by the hint of breaking dawn to disappear long before the revels showed any sign of coming to an end.

The second visit had been different. Cripps-Mumford had been there but this time some sort of conference had engaged him. A car had driven up just as Rearden had been making up his mind that the coast was clear for him to enter the grounds. Three men had alighted and hurried into the garden where the heavy shadows of palms and shrubs successfully prevented any possibility of an observer identifying them. Yet Rearden imagined that he had seen one of them before; that peculiar, scarcely noticeable drag of the left foot seemed familiar. And that night, even as to-night, he had been afraid of venturing to the hanging grass blind in an endeavor to see who Cripps-Mumford's mysterious guests might be. He had been tempted to risk it, but had refrained. If he were seen and recognised then the game would be up.

And now he was checked for the third time. A woman. In the darkness, Rearden shrugged. He might have expected that, knowing the reputation enjoyed by the owner of this sequestered house. Women—they'd always been C.M.'s weakness. It was a joke in the clubs and at the bar in Raffles or the International.

However, Rearden decided, it might be all for the best. If things broke right he'd try and do the job to-night. Of course, on the other hand, if this vigil were as profitless as the two previous ones it

wouldn't matter so much. The less time that elapsed between grabbing what he wanted and getting aboard the schooner the better. He had no illusions about Cripps-Mumford. If he, Rearden, managed to pull the job off, C.M. would not be likely to take it lying down. No! He'd have some of Singapore's deadliest thugs on the job to recover what had been taken. Moreover, unless Rearden were mistaken, there'd be others interested in the matter, too: others who would have an organisation of their own more dangerous and far more deadly than any thugs Cripps-Mumford might be able to hire. Whistling almost possessively to himself, the man in the shadow of the palm decided that he wouldn't mind, in fact, if a chance did not occur until the Elenora actually arrived.

The blind belled out and slapped back. To the east, through the tattered leaves of palms, the sky began to pale. The moon would soon be hanging up its full round bulk to look down on this cosmopolitan, throbbing port. Rearden saw, knowing that when the first orange allice appeared, he would have to leave the verandah for the more discreet shelter of the garden. Easily, in preparation for this change of observation posts, he swung a leg over the rail against which he had been leaning. At that moment, the blind flapped again, and as it did so, it seemed to him that the confused mumble of voices that had been going on for so long changed in tone, grew louder, sharper.

INSTANTLY Rearden dropped back to his former position. Hitherto, he had hugged the shadow-filled end of the verandah because no good would have been served by approaching nearer to that blind-covered doorway. The voices had been too low to have been understandable by anybody not at the doorway itself, and the risk of detection, once clear of the shadows, was too great to make worthwhile a position near enough to pick up a word or two perhaps, but not sufficiently close to follow the whole conversation.

But now, with the two speakers inside either growing less careful or stirred by anger into louder speech, the situation was different. A risk would be justified by overhearing more than a stray word. Silently as a cat, the figure at the end of the verandah stirred, bent forward for a moment to see whether those inside would continue to speak loudly, and then, satisfied, slid like a dark shadow along the wall to a point midway between the door and the position it had formerly occupied. No sound marked its progress.

Beyond the verandah the palms and

CHAPTER 2

shrubs rustled in the wind. The blind slapped smartly and then again, caught in a double eddy of draught. The voices were still high-pitched. Rearden could overhear enough now to catch the drift of what was being said.

"Tom!"
The exclamation was the first word that came to him. The woman's voice was strained and imploring. From the verandah it seemed that both threat and beseeching joined in the single clear-cut syllable. Cripps-Mumford's reply was clear.

"I mean it. I don't know what you thought you'd gain by coming here to-night. Sometimes I think you're crazy." His voice ceased, and then he added, as if anger were stirring him, "Crazy! You hear?"

"Yes." The softer feminine tones were dull now. "So all this talking is for nothing. Nothing. Well..."

From the room came the scrape of a chair being pushed back. Then the woman's voice again.

"They told me you were bad, Tom. I wouldn't believe them. Refused to listen. Now..."

Cripps-Mumford's voice broke in, harsh and domineering.

"Who told you? Answer me, Sheila. Damn you, you've talked enough! Now talk a bit more. Who's been blabbing to you about me?"

HOLDING his breath, every nerve taut, Rearden edged a little further towards the doorway. He did not want to miss a word of this; somebody had been talking about Cripps-Mumford. So, well, C.M. was not the only one who was interested in knowing who had been gossiping. Inside the room voices were raised again.

"I asked you who'd been opening his mouth."

The man on the verandah strained his ears for the reply. He did not hear it. Even as the woman commenced to answer, the woven-grass blind flung and blew back, its heavy bottom slat crashing lightly against the wall. The noise was made and over in a second, but that second had been all-important. The next words that Rearden heard conveyed nothing.

"...but I refused to believe her."

"Oh, so she's been talking, has she? Well, blusteringly, she knows nothing."

Silence followed for a space, a silence only broken in Rearden's ears by the heavy thud of his own heart, and the innumerable rustlings and creakings of garden noises. Impetuously he cursed that inopportune breath of wind. Who was this "she" they were talking about? If only he could have heard one word more, just the name... As if to mock him, the blind lifted and slapped again.

The sound of it seemed to arouse the unseen woman.

"Tom, for the last time, will you give me what I want?" Her voice rose as if she were rapidly approaching the end of her restraint. "Before God, I'd sooner see you dead."

"Yes, Cripps-Mumford's drawl was unpleasant. 'I believe you. And I believe, too, that you'd attend to the killing if you thought for half a second you could get away with it. You...'"

Outside Rearden clearly heard the woman catch her breath as the epithet bit home. It seemed to pull her together.

"Yes, I think I would." Her tone was icy-cold now, quite lifeless. "I think I would," she repeated.

Cripps-Mumford's laugh, high and unpleasant, echoed out.

"Bah! You haven't the nerve. Don't pretend to yourself, Sheila. You couldn't do it." His voice became horribly taunting. "I'll tell you something. You'd like to get your fingers on you know what, wouldn't you? You'd not shed a tear if you could see me stretched out, stiff and

cold, in this very room. Well..." he paused as if to give the next words further weight, "what you want so much is in this drawer, here under my hand. Does that interest you?"

His mocking laugh rang out again, but the crouching Rearden did not hear it. His brain was racing madly. Could this woman be on the same errand as that which had brought him there? The thought was fantastic, impossible. How could she know even of the existence of that which he sought? For a moment he considered the possibility of her being in alliance with those others, but this theory he rejected immediately. She couldn't know! And yet there was something that made him feel uncertain. In the drawer, Cripps-Mumford had said. If by any chance Rearden thought with a tightening of the jaw, he and this woman should be seeking the same thing, it was something to know that it was so close.

"...one last chance, Tom. Will you give me what I came for?"

The steady determination in the voice penetrated Rearden's absorption. He stiffened. There was a note in the woman's tone that commanded attention, but Cripps-Mumford was deaf to it. His laugh rang out again, blatant, mocking.

"No," he said, "I..."

And then it happened. There came the click of an electric light switch. The patch of blind-shaded light that had been the doorway went black. From the darkness of the room came a loud oath, followed by the crash of a chair falling backwards as someone rose hurriedly. And then, before the echoes had died away, the sharp double-crack of a gun.

Stunned by the suddenness of it all, Rearden remained pressed against the outside wall. He heard a scuffling noise inside, and then a woman's panic-stricken voice:

"Tom! For God's sake answer me, Tom!"

The sound of that voice seemed to release something in Rearden. In two swift, noiseless strides he reached the black space that was the doorway. He did not even have to pull the blind aside to enter. The breeze obligingly swung it out as he reached it.

Like a wrath he slipped into the room, pressing back against the wall once he was inside, and stretching out groping fingers for the electric light switch.

He could see nothing. The woman Cripps-Mumford had called Sheila was, he gathered, on the other side of the room. Rearden heard her still sobbingly calling on "Tom." Apparently she had not observed his quick entry. He moved cautiously along the wall, fingers still feeling for the switch; the other hand closed on the butt of the automatic jammed into the waistband of his trousers.

SUDDENLY his foot, sliding along the floor, knocked something that gave out a tiny scraping sound.

"Who's that?" came the woman's voice, still uncertain, but surprisingly free from fear.

Before she had time to repeat the challenge Rearden's hand found the switch. A click, and the big room was flooded with light. In its sudden radiance, Rearden blinked, unable to see clearly for the moment. Then objects seemed to jump into focus. Lying half-hidden by a heavy desk was Cripps-Mumford, a sinister red stream flowing from beneath him on to the grass-matting. A woman half-stood, half-crouched against the other wall facing the desk. In the shock of that first view of the room Rearden noticed only two things about her, first, that she had masses of rich gleaming auburn hair, and, second, that at her feet lay a small nickel-plated automatic.

REARDEN did not pause to take in any other of the details of that room. His keen eyes flashed from the girl, as he now saw her to be, back to the horribly still figure by the desk, and then, without a word, he stepped over and knelt beside what, a minute before, had been Lieutenant-Commander Cripps-Mumford, R.N. Still in silence, he turned the body over, not moving a muscle at sight of the white, lifeless face, the lips of which were still fixed in a cynical grin, as if even the switching off of the light had not been sufficient to warn this man that death was at his elbow.

For a space he crouched there, still supporting the corpse, gazing down into the staring, grinning mask that would never, now, betray the secrets that had been Cripps-Mumford's secrets—the hopes, treacheries, schemings and fears that had been Cripps-Mumford's, forcing him into the tortuous and dangerous paths that had led to this. And as he gazed, Rearden was transported back to other scenes, to surroundings of fifteen years before, happenings he had forgotten, but which now compressed themselves into a few, vital seconds, forcing out all consciousness of the room, his purpose there, the woman still standing over by the wall.

Strangely enough, the girl had not moved from the moment the light went up. It seemed at first that the shock of these sudden happenings had paralysed her. Beyond a sudden dilation of the pupils of her eyes, she had given no sign of surprise or panic when the swift blaze of the electric light had revealed this stranger in the room. When Rearden crossed to the desk and bent over the lifeless body of the man with whom she had been pleading, she drew a deep breath that was almost a sigh; beyond that, nothing. Now, while Rearden knelt down, looking at the wounds, she studied him. There was nothing calculating or cold in her appraisal; it was as if, rather than allow her mind to remain on what had happened or her eyes to see either the dead thing on the floor or, at her feet, the ugly-looking automatic, she fastened on Rearden as something alive, a fellow-being in that room of death whose mere presence might help to keep back the waves of hysteria that mounted, threatening to overcome her.

She saw a man who might have been a seaman deserted from his ship. Rope-aided shoes covered his feet which were innocent of socks. Paint—and grease-stained dungaree trousers were topped by a faded khaki dungaree jacket such as a steward on a tramp steamer might wear in the tropics. What could be seen of the shirt underneath was grimy and ragged, but neither shirt nor jacket could hide the breadth of the shoulders or the ridges of hard muscle on the back and about the upper part of the arms.

The face, under a strong bristle of beard, was brownish-red, as if it had been exposed a great deal to wind and weather. Nose and chin were the two salient features of this countenance; the former high-bridged and thin, the latter running in a strong line that bespoke determination and courage. The mouth, the woman noticed, gave evidence of a sense of humor which would mitigate to some extent the dominating forcefulness of the rest of the face. Above keen, grey eyes, a wide forehead ended in an untidy mop of fair hair on which was pushed back an old and battered visored cap.

Even as she completed this inventory, Rearden stirred, allowed the body to rest once more on the floor and stood up effortlessly. As he did so, he turned, so that now he was facing her. As if realising fully for the first time that his companion was a woman, his hand went up, removing the cap.

"He's dead," he said quietly.

The low-spoken words seemed to hang in the air. The girl kept her eyes on him, appearing unwilling to do anything that would force her to acknowledge the truth that he had stated so briefly. Rearden looked her directly in the eyes.

"He's dead," he repeated. "You understand?"

The intentional steeliness of his voice stirred her.

"Ah, yes," she said. "Dead." Rearden darted another glance at her, and then in one stride, reached the nickel-plated automatic lying at her feet and picked it up. As he stooped, he noticed two spent shells on the floor. He could smell the acid reek of exploded cordite still clinging to the barrel. He did not bother to look at the gun once he had straightened. He held it out, butt towards her.

"Yours, I think," he said calmly.

He had been so sure, so absolutely positive, in view of what he had overheard and of the convincing picture that had sprung into being when he had put the light up, that she could not possibly disclaim the automatic, that her reaction to his gesture left him momentarily nonplussed. As his hand with its deadly burden went out towards her, she shrank back. The blank look faded from the large, fine eyes, and in its place came an expression of incredulity mingled with fear.

"Mine!" she stammered. "But . . ."

And then, with a sudden rush of words, "You don't think that is mine? You can't think that I killed him!"

Rearden's eyes did not leave her face. Reading them, understanding the thoughts that they betrayed, realization came to her, and with it a breaking of the numbness that had kept her for so long from giving way.

"Oh God, you do!" she cried. "You do." He caught her as she awayed. A long came chair was near, and he managed to get her to it, half-guiding, half-carrying her. Once she was safely bestowed on this, he turned swiftly, scanning the room for something to pull her together. He saw what he wanted on a small brass-topped table in one corner: a syphon and decanters. But even as he poured a stiff whisky, splashing only a very little soda into it, he could not help remarking that even her pots were restrained; she had not been able to control her feelings altogether, but her breakdown was quieter, much less flamboyant and emotional than he would have looked for, under the circumstances, in a woman. He could not prevent a tinge of admiration creeping into his thoughts of her.

"Here, drink this," he commanded, returning to her with the drink.

OBEDIENTLY she sat up and allowed him to hold the glass to her lips. The fiery drink made her cough more than a little, but it brought the color creeping back into her cheeks. After the first couple of mouthfuls, Rearden gave her the glass, seating himself on the edge of the desk until she had emptied it. As he sat there, watching her, he was selling himself that he must get to the bottom of this, find out who she was, what her relationship with Cripps-Mumford had been, and why she had shot him. When, finally, she returned the empty noddler, her hand was almost steady, her eyes bright but tearless.

For a moment, then, they sat and regarded each other. He was the first to speak.

"You feel better?" His voice was unemotional, cold.

She nodded.

"Thank you."

"Right. Suppose you tell me what happened."

To neither of them did it seem absurd that this grim, unemotional-looking man should so calmly enter into the scene of the tragedy, taking control and demanding

explanations. Perhaps it was something in Rearden's carriage, an inflection of his voice betraying the innate confidence of one accustomed to command, that made his attitude appear quite natural. The girl raised her head, and with one white, long-fingered hand pushed back the heavy waves of glinting, auburn hair.

"What do you wish to know?"

"Everything," Rearden said. "Who are you; why are you here? What led you to . . ." he gestured, and then concluded in a softer tone, as if anxious to explain. "It is very important."

When he had gestured, she had started, made as if to interrupt, but stopped herself. Now that he had finished, she commenced to speak. Her voice was attractive; low, with a faint huskiness that gave it an uncommon quality.

"My name is Sheila Carstairs. He," the pause was nearly unnoticeable. "Lieutenant-Commander Cripps-Mumford was my first cousin; we were brought up together, although he was much older than I. I came out to Singapore shortly after he was appointed here; I was to housekeep for him, but . . ." again a pause. "that arrangement did not prove practicable."

She fell silent, some thought, some recollection, breaking the thread of her narrative. Rearden gave her a few seconds. Then—

"Yes," he prompted.

She started.

"Oh! Yes, that was impossible. So I continued living at my hotel. I stayed here for several reasons, mainly because I like Singapore. To-night, I came out here to see my cousin on a private matter—family affairs."

The last sentence was spoken softly, the final words being practically whispered. Although he did not believe her, Rearden let the statement pass; he could question her later when her full story should have been told. As if gaining courage by his failure to so more fully into the motives for her visit, Sheila Carstairs continued.

"Tom, my cousin, was here when I arrived. We had a long discussion, very long."

AT this point Rearden interrupted.

"You quarrelled?"

It was neither a question nor an accusation. She looked at him out of eyes that showed her surprise. There was no reluctance in her voice when she answered.

"Yes. I had come for . . . something that means a great deal to the family. He refused to give it to me. He was laughing at me when," she could not help shuddering, "the light went off. I heard two shots and then the sound of him falling. I was very frightened. I called him. I thought I heard something else. Then someone knocked against a piece of furniture and the light went on. You were standing near the switch. That is all."

Rearden nodded, not taking his eyes off her. Outwardly calm, his brain was working furiously. The story was very thin. She had been with Cripps-Mumford for over two hours, she had wanted something badly, they had quarrelled—all that he knew. Then had come the two shots and when, a minute later, he had switched on the light, they two had been the only living persons in the room, and a woman's automatic had been lying at her feet. How could she hope to get away with a denial of having committed the murder! And yet, . . . In spite of himself, the man could not feel satisfied. There was something about her that rang true. He dismissed the thought angrily, and began to question her.

"The business that brought you here to-night, what was it?"

Her eyes met his squarely.

"I have told you; it concerned my family."

"Yes," impatiently, "but I want to know something more specific. What was the precise nature of it?"

"I refuse to say."

The words were not spoken defiantly, but there was no mistaking the determination that rang in them. Steely grey eyes met hazel, were held, and dropped; the woman had won.

"Well . . ." Rearden shrugged. The hardness came back into his voice. "I can't make you answer. But coming to your story or what happened when you quarrelled. You deny having shot Cripps-Mumford?"

"I did not kill him. I have never owned or even fired a revolver in my life."

Her tone carried so much conviction that, in spite of himself, Rearden felt doubt arising once more. He ran strong fingers through his tousled hair. The action gave him a brief appearance of boyishness that heartened the woman sitting opposite. She gave no sign of this in her bearing, but her next words took the initiative away from him.

"There is something you have forgotten," she said. "I told you that between the time the light went out and the moment you stumbled, getting to the switch, I heard something."

Rearden's eyes narrowed.

"Go on," he said quietly.

"I could swear that the door leading into the hall creaked slightly, and, although I am less sure of this, I thought I heard a sound like a drawer closing in the desk."

"What!"

REARDEN had leapt to his feet, his jaw clenched, eyes blazing behind narrowed lids. Like a flash he reached the desk. There were only two drawers. Both were unlocked, and both were empty. For a few seconds he stood gazing down at those empty compartments. Then, with a speed that frightened Sheila Carstairs, he was back confronting her, hands like steel claws gripping her shoulders, eyes glaring down at her.

"Cripps-Mumford told you that what you wanted was in one of those drawers. Did you take it after shooting him? Answer me!"

Shaken as she was, the girl betrayed no sign of her feelings. She looked up at him bravely.

"I did not shoot him, and I took nothing."

For a brief few seconds he continued to look down at her, his jaw working. Then his arms dropped to his side. His gaze swept over her, examining the thin, green silk frock she wore. She saw belief flicker into his eyes.

"I'm sorry," he apologised. "Please forgive me. If what was taken is what I think, you could not be concealing it. And there would have been no time to hide it in the room. I'm sorry," he said again.

Although she did not reply, he saw that whatever fears his violence might have aroused in her had been allayed. Satisfied on this score, he paced restlessly across the room and back as if struggling with a problem. His mind made up, he stopped, directly in front of her.

"Miss Carstairs," he said, "shall I hazard a guess at what you came here to-night to get?"

"Oh . . ."

The exclamation seemed to be forced from her, the little color that had come back to her cheeks drained away again.

"You came here to-night," Rearden said deliberately, "to try to force Cripps-Mumford to hand over to you very important documents that have been missing for some time from the confidential files of the naval authorities here. Plans, most secret plans, of defences that are being constructed around Singapore that would be worth quite a lot to the person who knew where to sell them. Am I right?"

He waited tense with anxiety for her reply. Then, slowly, the auburn head nodded.

"I wanted . . ." she began.

But Rearden gave her no time to finish.

"By God!" he cried, "I thought so. I

knew that they were here." His excitement left him as quickly as it had come. He commenced to talk again, more to himself, now, than to her. "Hell, what a chance missed. Under my hand almost. But they were here, that's one point established. Question is, who shot Cripps-Mumford and lifted them? How many knew of the existence of those plans?" He resumed his pacing to and fro, only to stop as suddenly as he had started. "Van Deyton or Stanovitch for a thousand," he said softly, and then, after a pause: "The chase starts again. The Planora, say four days, maybe five. I've got to do it in that time!"

The girl had been watching him out of wide-open eyes. Now she stirred slightly, and the movement seemed to remind him of her existence. He started.

"Eh? Oh, sorry. I was trying to figure something out." A new thought struck him. "How did you know your cousin had those plans?" he shot at her.

Sheila answered him calmly.

"I happened to come in one day about a week ago. He wasn't expecting me. The papers were on the table, and as I came in suddenly, I gave him a terrific shock. It was impossible for him to disguise it. He pushed the papers into the drawer, and when I asked casually what they were, he said they were documents from his solicitor. I knew he lied. He'd shown me plans before—not confidential ones—and I knew I couldn't be mistaken. I don't know why I suspected him, unless it was that I'd known for years that he'd been living far and away beyond his income. I was fearfully worried. I taxed him with what I suspected after worrying for a couple of days. He denied it at first, but I've always dominated him in a way; he was weak even as a boy. Finally he admitted having taken the plans to dispose of to somebody who was prepared to pay well. He said he'd never be suspected, much less found out..."

HER voice died away. Rearden nodded grimly.

"And you?"

"I kept at him. I had to. There was the family to consider. His people have been wonderful to me. The disgrace, if Tom had been found out and court-martialled, would have killed his father."

"I see," Rearden said. "Nobody else knows?"

Her look satisfied him on that point. Suddenly, now that there was nothing to be obtained by questioning her further, now that it was plain beyond doubt to him that she was as innocent of Cripps-Mumford's murder as he was himself, and that the quest on which he was embarked had entered upon a new phase which would be unlikely ever to bring him in contact with her again, Rearden noticed her with new eyes—as a woman rather than as an individual who had become entangled in the knot which bound him so closely.

He observed for the first time that mass of glowing hair, the wide-apart, big eyes, the well-carved lips and nose, and, as she rose from the chair, her slim gracefulness. For the first time, too, he noticed her pallor, the dark circles that had appeared under her eyes, and the way in which she moved so as to keep from seeing that gruesome figure that lay behind the desk.

A realisation of the terrific strain she must have been under came to him, and with it contrition for the extra ordeal he had imposed upon her. A step took him to her side; his hand came up to her arm, steadying her.

"You look ill," he said. Can I...?"

"Don't worry about me. I'm quite all right. But..."

He read the meaning in her slight gesture towards the desk.

"How did you come here?" he asked.

"By car. I drove myself. I didn't want anybody..."

"Yes, yes. Were there any servants here when you arrived?"

"No. He was expecting me. He'd sent them all out."

"Good," Rearden's brow was clearing. "Where did you park? Did anyone see you coming in here?"

"The car is about fifty yards down from the gate," she told him. "You wouldn't see it unless you happened to be looking for it; it's in heavy shadow. Nobody saw me come in—at least, so far as I know."

"Splendid!" Rearden exclaimed. "There's not a thing to connect you with this. If you're questioned, which I doubt, you'll have to have some story ready to explain how you spent the evening. And now"—feeling her sag slightly—"another drink and we'll get away from this. You've been fine, so far; do you think you can keep it up sufficiently to drive back to your hotel?"

"Yes," she said. "I think so."

Her tone satisfied him. Two minutes later they were in the garden, the lighted room with its ghastly occupant behind them, making their way quietly and cautiously through the magnolia-scented, moon-drenched grounds to the road.

AT the gate Rearden halted, turning to face the girl.

"You'll be O.K. now," he whispered. Don't worry, and, above all, say nothing about tonight, or about me. Not to a soul. Rearden's my name. If I can serve you at any time during the next few days, leave a message at Li Sung's. His place is on the bank of the river, just upstream from Cavenagh Bridge. Anybody will direct you from the bridge. Where are you staying?"

"The International," she told him.

"Ah, yes. You won't need me. This affair won't touch you. But Li Sung's is there if you get to worrying." He held out his hand awkwardly. "You'd better get away first. Good-bye. We're hardly likely to meet again, but, if we should, you must act as if you've never seen me."

"I understand," she said. "Good-bye."

Her small hand touched his, and then she passed through the gate. She had only gone two steps when, suddenly, she stopped and returned.

"Oh," she exclaimed. "I forgot. I told you that nobody had seen me come in. Well, I am as sure as I can be of that. But, although it is probably of no importance, I have just recollected that, about a quarter of a mile back, I did pass a man coming this way. I noticed because he was the only person I had seen for about a mile."

"Yes," Rearden said. "You noticed nothing else about him?"

He asked simply as a matter of course, a precautionary examination of every possible clue.

"Nothing suspicious if that is what you mean. I would have forgotten him, I imagine, only for his rather strange walk."

"Strange?" Rearden's voice betrayed nothing but casual curiosity.

"Yes, he seemed to limp; his left foot appeared to drag."

"Yes, one would notice that, I suppose, in a lonely pedestrian." Rearden's tones were still calm, non-committal. He added:

"Well, thanks. Now off you go; the sooner you show yourself at the International and go to bed the better."

Irrationally, Sheila Carstairs felt chagrined at this casual dismissal. The feeling triumphed even over her sickness, her weariness, the sense of shock that seemed to have half-paralysed her.

"Good-night," she said once more and, turning, walked towards the spot where her car was parked.

A few minutes later Rearden heard the self-starter whirr, caught the faint grind of gears, and then the red tail-light retreated down the road. But he heard and saw these things without giving any part of his mind to them. Sheila Carstairs no longer existed

for him; he was thinking of a man who walked dragging his left foot, a man who, unless Rearden were mightily mistaken, had visited Cripps-Mumford the previous night with two companions and, furthermore, a man whom Rearden had last seen in 1917 being sentenced to be shot as a spy.

CHAPTER 2

SHEILA CARSTAIRS

sat alone at a small table in the lounge of the International. It was the hour when the white women of Singapore, and many of the men, take tea, and a deft "boy" had just placed in front of her the cup and saucer, the cream, sugar and pot of China tea for which she was thirsting. All about her couples and groups chatted vociferously—sport, business, gossip, providing the material for gay, light-hearted talk.

The girl sitting quietly at her table felt neither gay nor light-hearted. Outwardly calm, the horror of the previous night's happenings was still on her. Although, obeying Rearden's instructions, she had returned straight to her hotel, and, after one cocktail, had gone to bed, she had not slept; every time she had closed her eyes Cripps-Mumford's face had loomed up before her mind's eye, blotting out all else. Sometimes she could have sworn she heard his low, sneering laugh.

Towards daybreak she had risen, slipped on a kimono, and sat by her open window, looking out at the velvet blackness of the night. It had been easier than lying in bed, allowing the demons conjured up by memory and imagination to haunt her. It was not that the murdered man had been dear to her. True, they had been brought up together, she had even come East to look after him, but that had been merely the result of a sense of obligation to her family, combined with a long-existent desire to travel, to see other countries, different people.

Moreover, whatever link had bound her to Cripps-Mumford had been rudely shattered on her arrival in Singapore. It had not taken her long to discover the kind of man into which this cousin of hers—whose absence from England had kept them apart for about eight years—had developed. Dissipation was written on his features, but even without that, there had been the discreet warning from Mrs. Coutts, that charming, dowdy, shrewd, motherly wife of old George Coutts, of the Civil Service.

"My dear," Mrs. Coutts had said when Sheila, soon after their first meeting, had mentioned that she planned to keep house for Cripps-Mumford. "My dear, but do you think that altogether wise?"

There had been that in her tone which made Sheila feel uncomfortable.

"I don't understand," she had countered. "Tom and I were brought up together. We're brother and sister, or, at least, cousins."

"Hm," Mrs. Coutts had murmured. "Well, take an older woman's advice and wait a while."

She had adroitly changed the conversation, but Sheila had waited. As a result of that waiting and of what she heard and saw later, she had stayed on at her hotel. Discreet as Cripps-Mumford was, she could not altogether escape the talk of high-play, liquor, and women that centred about him.

And now, sitting at tea the day after the tragedy, Sheila Carstairs did not pretend that she felt any sorrow at his death. She was honest with herself: her upset condition was due, not to the loss of one who had counted for anything with her, but to the shock of being present when the killing took place, of having been forced to see his limp, sagging form on the floor, and, perhaps, more than anything else, to the horror of having been suspected by Rearden, even for so short a time, of having been a murderer.

Her hand shook ever so little as she

poured herself a second cup. Murderess! What a horrible sound the word had! Her thoughts swung to the man who had accused her; Rearden he had said his name was. She had been puzzling about him all day. She could not understand her reaction to him. By rights, when the lights had gone up, revealing him standing there, a stranger, clad in rough clothing, appearing so suddenly and mysteriously before the echo of the shots had scarcely had time to die, she should have been terrified. What, after all, had there been to suggest that he had not, himself, been the killer? Nothing. And yet, instinctively, as if he were someone she had known for years, she had fastened on his mere presence as a means to fight down the sickness and terror that had made her want to scream hysterically. There had been something, some aura of command, competence, clean assurance emanating from him that had made it quite natural for him to be there, and equally natural for her to have derived strength from his presence.

The clothes he had been wearing: soiled dungarees, rakish, shabby cap, had not deceived her; his speech at a time when the rush of events had made him betray himself—if indeed he actually desired to disguise his educated accents—had been that of someone other than an ordinary sailor out of a job. And then there had been his manner. . . .

A man, threading his way across the lounge, saw the girl sitting alone at her table and stopped, uttering a greeting. Brought out of her thoughts, Sheila looked up and acknowledged his presence with a smile. A few words and he passed on, sensing her desire to be alone. Her mind swung back automatically to the happenings of the past twenty-four hours.

She had opened her paper that morning expecting to see the news of Cripps-Mumford's death blazoned all over the page. To her astonishment, it had not been; she had to look carefully to find the tiny paragraph, at the foot of a column, that dealt with the affair in a scant six lines. To increase her surprise, there had been merely a bald statement to the effect that Lieutenant-Commander Cripps-Mumford had died the previous night at his bungalow at such and such an address. No talk of shooting or murder—it had been mystifying. And, although it was well known that she was his cousin, no inquiries had been made for her at the hotel.

Thinking again of this, she recollected Rearden's confidence that she would not be troubled. True, he had told her to prepare an alibi in case she should be questioned, but his manner had indicated that he did not think it would be necessary. Everything was a mystery: the shots that had killed Tom, the reference of the newspapers, and, above all, Rearden's presence at the bungalow last night, and his knowledge of, and interest in, the plans that had disappeared so strangely.

Another acquaintance stopped to exchange a few words a woman. When she had passed on, Sheila looked at her watch. Only a quarter to five! She had thought it must be much later. Suddenly she felt stifled at the thought of spending the next couple of hours in the hotel, waiting for the time to come to dress for dinner and going over the same thoughts, asking herself the same questions to which she could discover no answers. She rose suddenly, picking up bag and gloves. Better to do anything than that. She determined to hire a rickshaw and go somewhere, anywhere where there would be people moving, doing things that would distract her.

HER progress out of the crowded lounge was, of necessity, slow. Acquaintances bowed and smiled; she returned their salutations, betraying nothing, beyond a certain pallor and darkness

under the eyes, of her unrest. Tall and slim, gowned simply in a blue sheer linen frock, the well-tailored lines of which betrayed, without accentuating, the loveliness of her figure, her rich, auburn hair gleaming under the large white Bangkok hat, she was unaware at that moment, of the envious gaze of women and the admiring glances of men that followed her passage. Still preoccupied, she reached the steps leading down to the street. She stopped for a moment, drawing on her gloves, and gazing at the flowing tide of mixed races that passed; perspiring Chinese rickshaw boys in their peaked straw hats and blue dungarees; lithe, serious Indian coolies; bearded Sikh policemen; whites of all nations. A porter, catching her eye, summoned a rickshaw. She was about to get in it when a hurrying Malay brushed past her.

Her instinctive recoil was nearly as unnoticeable as had been the glancing shock of the man's body, but it was sufficient to be observed by a nearby policeman. He berated the offender thoroughly. Sheila Carstairs, however, neither saw nor heard anything of that. She was sitting in the rickshaw, being carried away from the hotel, and looking down bewilderedly at the piece of paper that had found its way into her hand as the Malay walked into her.

For some few seconds she continued to gaze at that crumpled, grimy pellet. Then, still unable to think that this could be any message intended for her, but unable otherwise to account for it, she unrolled the paper and smoothed it out upon her knees. It was a message. That in itself was astonishing enough. When her eyes took in the meaning of the words written in such neat script, in ink, astonishment turned to incredulity which was succeeded very quickly by terror. The note was brief. It ran:

"You were seen leaving Cripps-Mumford's bungalow last night. It is essential for your safety that you should interview the writer of this message. Be at the corner of Southbridge Road and Macao Street at nine to-night. An orange-painted rickshaw will pick you up and take you to an address where the matter can be talked over. You must not discuss this note with anybody. If you do, or if you fail to appear, the police will receive some interesting information regarding your cousin's sudden death." There was no signature.

THE rickshaw sped onwards. Borne through the crowded streets, oblivious to the traffic, the crowded footpaths, the direction even in which she was going, Sheila sat back, unable, under the terrible suddenness of the new threat, to control the feeling of sick fear that numbed her.

Gradually she began to pull herself together. She could not imagine who could have written the note, who could have seen her entering or leaving the bungalow the previous night. For a second, her mind swung to the man Rearden. But the thought that he might have been responsible for the mistake that had been thrust upon her was dismissed immediately it was born. Had it come from him there would have been some indication of its source, she was sure of that. Besides, he had been so emphatic on the point that she must fear nothing; this note threatened the police if she failed to keep the appointment. No, definitely, it was not Rearden.

Who then? She conjured up a list of the people she knew in Singapore, her friends or those who had known Cripps-Mumford. There was no one who would be likely to write to her in this mysterious fashion, to hold over her veiled threats of the police. The word Police started off another train of thought. What could be the purpose of this unknown in wanting to see her. If he—she assumed the writer to

be male—if he knew that her cousin had been shot, and believed that she had fired the gun, why did he not lay what information he had before the authorities?

At the mere idea that anybody might do this, the girl shuddered. During the day she had gone over, time and again, the events of the previous night. No longer did she wonder that Rearden should have believed that it was she who had fired the fatal shots. Anybody would have thought so on the evidence. The police, if they knew what Rearden had seen, would think so!

Facing this fact, she knew that, whatever her fears, she would be forced to keep that sinister-sounding appointment for the night. Unless. . . . A sudden recollection came to her of a tall, broad-shouldered figure, plainly seen in moonlight, saying to her: "If I can serve you at any time during the next few days leave a message at Li Sung's." Rearden!

It was strange the effect that picture had upon her. There was no doubt in her mind about the advisability of getting in touch with him. It seemed, indeed, silly that she should not have thought of him at once. There was new life in her actions when she leant forward and called to the rickshaw boy:

"Take me to Cavenagh Bridge. And hurry!"

On the way, as the boy threaded a passage through the crowded traffic, she allowed her thoughts to play about the man who had entered her life so abruptly the previous night. She wondered about the obvious difference between his clothes and his manner, wondered what he had done when she had left him. . . .

CHAPTER 4

FOR perhaps half a minute after the tail-light of Sheila Carstairs' rickshaw had disappeared, fleeing from Cripps-Mumford's bungalow, Rearden stood by the gate, deep in the shadow of a spreading magnolia tree, gazing unseeingly at the moon-drenched scene that lay before him. A man who dragged his left leg. Could it be Huysmans? It seemed impossible. The fellow had been shot for espionage during the war. And yet. . . .

Swiftly Rearden's mind considered the situation. Somebody unknown had shot Cripps-Mumford and stolen the plans. To Rearden's certain knowledge at least two men had been trying to get their fingers on those papers—Van Dreyton and Stanovitch. Very well, one had to assume, for a start at any rate, that one of these two men had been responsible for to-night's nasty affair. The question was which one?

Up to the moment Sheila Carstairs had mentioned the man with the limp, Rearden had been in a position where only the flick of a coin could have decided which of these two would engage his attention first. But the knowledge that this limping fellow had been in the vicinity made things different, inclined the balance towards Van Dreyton. Suppose, Rearden argued to himself, suppose that by some miracle Huysmans had escaped the firing squad in 1917. Right. The fellow was a trained spy, a man whose profession it had been for years. There'd be nothing strange then in his participation in a plot to get hold of admiralty plans that would command a high price from any one of half a dozen foreign nations.

All right. Assuming all that, who would he be most likely to be working with? Huysmans Rearden knew, was a Fleming, on his father's side, a Dutch citizen, an educated in Holland. Van Dreyton, too, was Dutch. It would be much more likely to find these two allied than to find Huysmans working with Stanovitch. There was another reason for this, one quite apart from the question of nationality. Van Dreyton also, to Rearden's certain knowledge, had a long career of espionage behind

him; had, in addition, an organisation. Stanovitch, on the other hand, was an adventurer, a Russian chased out of his native country by the revolution, and picking up a living by dabbling in any kind of shady business that came his way. Huysmans could have nothing in common with such a type. Their methods of working would be different. Between them would be all the antagonism that lies between the professional and the amateur.

Summing it all up, Van Dreyton and Huysmans must be working together. It was quite likely that Cripps-Mumford had been playing Van Dreyton against Stanovitch in order to get a better price for his treachery. Van Dreyton had deputed Huysmans to come to-night and get the plans before the Russian could either make a successful bid or steal them, and, well, Rearden had seen the result.

It was typical of Rearden that, having worked out a theory to fit the case, he did not hesitate to act upon it merely because at the moment his hypothesis rested upon an assumption that seemed impossible. Huysmans should be dead, but that did not mean that he had been executed, and since, apart from the clue of the man who walked dragging his left leg, there was nothing to indicate either Stanovitch or Van Dreyton as the instigator or perpetrator of the murder, Rearden had made up his mind to concentrate on the Dutchman.

Coming out cautiously to the edge of the shadow cast by the magnolia tree, he made another cautious survey of the garden and the road. Nothing stirred. There was no sound but the cool rustle of leaves and the tiny scufflings of night creatures in the shrubs. Satisfied, Rearden slipped through the gate, and, hugging the side of the road where the shadows lay thickest, started off at a run, away from the bungalow.

He did not abandon his swift lope for some time—not until bungalows began to group more closely together. Coming to this more settled section, he slowed down to a walk, still moving quickly, but alert to catch a stray rickshaw boy or taxi to take him back to the city. His luck was in. He had not been walking five minutes when a rickshaw pulled up in front of a brilliantly-lit bungalow and deposited a man in evening dress. The boy had just stowed away his fare, and was turning to go back when Rearden came abreast of him.

"Boy!"
The cool eyes slithered over the man who had called. They took in the rope-soled shoes, the stained dungaree trousers and jacket, the cap pulled rakishly over his eyes. A sailor, and not a prosperous-looking one. Any doubts that may have been in his mind, however, were satisfied by a meaningful fumble of coins in the dungaree pockets. He waited until the face climbed in.

"Cavenagh Bridge."

THEY set off.

For the remainder of the journey back, Rearden deliberately switched his mind from the mystery surrounding this man with the limp who had come so suddenly into the picture. Nothing was to be gained by wondering whether or not it was Huysmans. He was assuming that they were one and the same, and would hold to that until the contrary were proved. He had known for days where Van Dreyton was staying; had seen and followed him to the rooms behind the restaurant in the Chinese quarter which sheltered him, and it was there, Rearden decided, that he would have to investigate first. For the moment there was nothing to be done; no further conclusions to be arrived at.

In the meantime his eyes resting unseeingly on the joggling back of the rickshaw boy, he found his thoughts going back to the crowded events of the evening, and, in particular, to the girl who had been a principal actor in them, Sheila Garstairs! Without thinking of it con-

sciously he felt that it was a nice name. Good looking. Hm, beautiful almost. He could easily imagine men falling badly for that combination of auburn hair, hazel eyes, and slim, graceful figure. Good mouth and nose, too!

Well, no doubt she knew how to make use of all those attractions; women usually did. Rearden had seen enough in his day to satisfy him on that point, and to keep him a bachelor. Not that he was any angel. There was too much of the strongly masculine in him for that, but marriage, especially to a beautiful woman—no, by the Lord Harry, not for him!

The sudden halt of the rickshaw boy jerked him out of his meditations. Sheila Garstairs was forgotten immediately. They had arrived at the bridge. Rearden swung out on to the pavement and settled with the coolie. He stood for a few seconds until the rickshaw disappeared, and then, pulling his cap well further over his eyes, and plunging his hands into his jacket pockets, lurched with a true seaman's gait to the right, following one of the main thoroughfares towards the Chinese quarter.

A short walk, through streets that rapidly became narrower, and, in spite of the hour, more congested, led him into the heart of the Chinese section of the city. Here the reek of curries, dominating a hundred other Oriental odors, was thick. Native tradesmen, cobblers, workers in ivory and brass, tailors still sat cross-legged just inside or on the threshold of the flimsy hovels that were their shops; merchants and customers still chattered.

DISREGARDING all this, pushing his way through the crowd, Rearden slouched on towards his objective, ignoring the native girls who called to him or plucked at his arm even as he did the skinny-armed figures shovelling rice into their mouths at the foodstalls. At length he came to a snail-colored restaurant, resplendent in scarlet and gold. For a moment he hesitated, to all intents and purposes a somewhat fuddled sailor debating whether or not to go in for a meal. A slim Chinese girl clad in sky-blue satin jacket and trousers, raven hair pulled back and fastened with pins from an oval, heavily-powdered face, stopped to consider him. He passed on.

About fifty yards beyond the restaurant, a street turned left. Rearden took the turning. Here things were much quieter. Still not hurrying he walked down this dim-lit side street until, as he had anticipated, he came to a lane which ran parallel with the thronged thoroughfare he had just left. The back of the scarlet and gold restaurant would come out on to this alleyway.

At this stage, Rearden became more cautious. He lurched against a wall and kept there in the manner of a drunken man trying to pull himself together. Under cover of his arm he threw a swift glance to right and left. So far as he could see he was unobserved. He straightened up, lurched forward for a couple of paces, and next instant was in the lane.

Here it was very dark. The reflection of the lights in the main street glowed above the buildings on his left, but this only served to increase the blackness where he stood. He waited for a moment to see whether some curious Chinese or Malay might not come to investigate his entry into the lane—possibly scouting plunder—but none came. Then, keeping close to the decrepit line of fencing that separated the back premises of the buildings on his left from the alley, he began to move forward.

He had kept a note of the number of paces the restaurant had been distant from the side street down which he had turned; fifty, and now he counted his steps along the lane. The way was difficult. Filth and rubbish of all descriptions was littered

underfoot. At last he stopped. It should be about here.

A glance towards the black silhouettes of the buildings beyond the fence reassured him. Right where he was, the reflection of the street lights was particularly fierce, and the place being built a trifle on the slant he managed to get a glimpse of a tiny section of the frontage. Gold and scarlet! He could just see the colors. He was at the back of the restaurant.

HAVING got so far, Rearden halted for a moment to plan. Although he knew that Van Dreyton had a room or rooms at the back of this eating-house, he had not investigated sufficiently to discover just where they were. There had been no need up to now. But they must look out over this lane, since the restaurant was not sufficiently deep for there to be space for anything beyond the two large eating apartments—one on each story—and the kitchens on the ground floor, with one or maybe two rooms on the first floor behind the upstairs dining-room.

He looked up at the black bulk of the building that reared itself on the other side of the fence. At first glance the section over the kitchen seemed to be in utter darkness. This impression, to the casual observer, would have been due to the fact that the open door of the kitchen itself let out a track of light that, opposed to the darkness of the rest of the structure, drew the eye immediately.

But Rearden, unconcerned with the kitchen where half-naked Chinese cooks sweated and gabbled, trained his glance on the upper portion of the building. At first he could see nothing, but then, his eyes, growing accustomed to the dimness on which they were trained, noticed an oblong patch that seemed to be not quite so black as the rest. A window with a heavy blind shading the light within the room! A second later this was confirmed; a current of wind slightly stronger than its predecessors swept across the highly-spiced quarter, lifting and displaying fleetingly a narrow strip of lamplight. There was no doubt now; there on the first floor was an occupied room, and its occupier must either be there or expected shortly since it was lighted.

The man in the laneway drew in his breath sharply. Van Dreyton's hangout for a certainty! The question was: what now? Carefully, Rearden studied the position. It would be necessary for him to get over the fence to investigate the possibilities of climbing to that lamp-lit window. The main danger was the kitchen. That open door threw a light into the yard that would inevitably betray him to any of the workers inside who might happen to glance into the yard or come outside at the wrong moment. And, if he were discovered. . . .

Well, Rearden had no illusions about what would be likely to happen to him. His presence there could only label him a thief, and a knife between the ribs was the usual reward of pilferers who allowed themselves to be caught in this quarter.

He had no fear of Van Dreyton unless the man actually caught him eaves-dropping or rummaging about his room. Although he knew the Dutchman well, the acquaintance was not mutual. That led to another thought. He must continue to remain unknown to Van Dreyton; half his chances for a successful coup, should he not manage to get the plans to-night, depended upon him remaining unknown. The Hollander could not do much to impede or destroy someone whose name and face he was unfamiliar with.

Rearden pulled himself up. Enough of this damned, time-wasting consideration of risks. There was only one thing to do: get into the yard, risking the chances of detection, and find out how he could approach that window. Going cautiously, he

DEATH IN SINGAPORE

7

crept along the fence until he came to the far corner, the one farthest away from the light streaming from the kitchen door. He took another hurried glance; everything was as clear as it was likely to be. A sudden heave, a catch and tear of material as his jacket caught on a splintered piece of wood, and he was over, crouching in the corner, his heart going a little more strongly than usual, muscles tensed to meet any sudden challenge or rush. Nothing happened.

It was darker here than he had imagined it would be.

Satisfied that, unless somebody came blundering out, he would be reasonably safe, Rearden rose stealthily and peered about him. So far as he could see, the small yard was cluttered with bones, refuse, and baskets. He commenced to pick his way cautiously amongst this debris, aiming for a spot directly under the window he had seen from the laneway. He had not gone more than three or four yards when he stopped and bent forward to look, feeling that the darkness must be playing tricks with his eyes.

Right in front of him, leading up to the window which was his objective, stood a ladder!

Rearden had difficulty in repressing the whistle of astonishment for which his lips unconsciously pursed themselves. What in the name of everything holy was Van Dreyton thinking of to leave a ladder in such a position that anybody could climb up and peer into his room? Then enlightenment came, bringing with it a slow grin. The cunning devil Rearden saw it now. Van Dreyton was not to be trapped. Apparently he had this ladder put into position at night, knowing that it could not be seen from the alley, but knowing, too, that if the need arose it would furnish him with a speedy and sure means of escape from his room.

Well, it was just the Dutchman's bad luck that there should be somebody sufficiently interested in him to investigate closely enough to find the ladder. Rearden moved forward again, his major difficulty solved.

From the kitchen, the harsh sing-song of Cantonese still came clearly. Rearden cautiously felt the ladder; it was firm enough. He commenced to mount, taking the utmost care that he should make no noise. He was three-quarters of the way up, his head just below the level of the window, when the light streaming from the kitchen was partially blotted out as someone came to the door. Flattening himself against the rungs, hardly breathing, Rearden waited. A loud voice sounded above the clatter of pans; the man in the doorway replied, and then came into the yard. He passed right under the ladder, scuffling along in felt slippers and commenced rummaging about among a pile of bones. Looking down, Rearden could see him simply as a shadowy figure in the darkness, and heard him grunt as he tried to move a particularly large case. All at once, he stood upright, and called out shrilly. The loud voice inside answered. With what sounded like a chuckle, the fellow near the foot of the ladder turned and scuffed back into the kitchen.

For some few seconds, Rearden did not stir. Then his hand came away from his pocket. The palm was moist from the tightness of the grip he had had on the butt of his automatic. He breathed deeply, and then, quite unconsciously, passed fingers across his brow. That was moist, too. He smiled grimly to himself. "Nerves, getting old," he muttered softly, and, without another glance below, mounted two more rungs and came level with the window. It was open, but a blind of some heavy material, weighted at the bottom, hung down, preventing him from seeing inside the room. He was on the point of getting

out his knife in the hope of making a slit through which he might see, when, with a suddenness that made him withdraw his head as if a snake threatened him, somebody began to speak on the other side of the blind.

"Well, what about it?" was all it said.

But the heavy guttural tones, the changing of a w into a v, the trick of spitting out the t's between the teeth, betrayed the speaker as plainly as if Rearden could see him. That voice, the man on the ladder would have been prepared to stake his life, belonged to Huysmans.

CHAPTER 5

THERE was no chance of mistaking it. In 1917, when Huysmans had been arrested, Rearden had spoken to him on many occasions, cross-questioned him in an endeavor to extract information from him. That had been, Rearden grinned mirthlessly, before the end of the war, before the time he, Rearden, had come East, had come down to stopping about the underworld of Singapore, a down-at-heel, grimy sailor on the lookout for anything that might turn up trumps.

He had no time for letting his thoughts run along these lines, however. Huysmans was speaking again, more than the hint of a snarl in his voice.

"What about it, I say? Speak up, Van Dreyton. Do I come in on a half share, or don't I?"

There was silence for a second or two; Rearden could almost feel the suspense in the room. Then he heard a silky, nearly accentless voice—Van Dreyton's:

"My dear Huysmans, why this attitude? Are we not friends? You speak more as an enemy. You do not even address me in our native Dutch. I . . ."

"Yes, I can guess all you are going to say, my friend. So far as our native Dutch is concerned, I would repeat to your own words of warning: 'Keep to English. There is no reason why anybody should guess that we are anything but Englishmen or Colonials. It might be convenient to be able to disappear as Hollanders at a time when the authorities are searching for what they believe to be two Englishmen.' Oh yes, and you added—correct me if I am wrong: 'Walls have ears!'"

"Quite so, my dear Huysmans. Quite correct. Your reproof is justified. Walls have ears. . . ."

Rearden smiled grimly. It was funny to hear this hackneyed saying being bandied by the two men who little guessed how true it was at that particular moment. But Van Dreyton was speaking once more.

"But I would remind you, Huysmans, of our bargain. You have been and are being, well paid for your work. If I may say so, you are receiving more than any of my men. Why then, should you . . .?"

Huysmans' slightly accented voice interrupted.

"Listen, Van Dreyton! What you pay the others is no concern of mine. The point is this: I have what we want. I got them to-night at no small risk. Good! I now say to you, half-share or nothing. You understand?" His voice went lower. "Remember, there is nothing to prevent me finishing the business on my own account. After all," a throaty chuckle, "I have the, er, goods."

Van Dreyton's voice, when he replied, was silkier than ever.

"Quite so, my dear colleague. I agree. But . . ."

Suddenly Rearden's straining ears caught the sound of a chair scraping back against bare boards. Then, so rapidly that there seemed to have been no pause, Van Dreyton took on the conversation seats. Only now his voice had lost its urbanity; it was cold, deadly.

"But, my dear Huysmans, it is wrong to threaten me. You realise that, I see. You nearly fell backwards in your chair then,

didn't you? Don't move! That's better. This little revolver is very deadly, I assure you. You should always suspect a man whose sleeves are very wide—like mine. I learnt the trick of keeping a small gun up them many years ago, from a broken old gambler. That was in America. Do you know America, Huysmans?"

Huysmans' reply was inaudible.

"And now, my friend," went on Van Dreyton. "I'll have those plans. I will decide later just what to do with you. Unfortunately, my own position will prevent me handing you over to the police as a murderer. Two shots, you told me, Chummy! One should have sufficed."

Outside, Rearden's brain was racing wildly. So his hunch had been correct. It had been Huysmans who had killed Cripps-Mumford and taken the plans. And now there was a split between Huysmans and the big boss—Van Dreyton. What was the best thing to do? How could he get hold of the papers? Huysmans' heavy voice aroused him from a consideration of the problem. There was a sneer in it now.

"Very clever, Van Dreyton. For the moment, I admit, those little guns of yours upset me, put me off my balance. But really, do you imagine me to be so very inexperienced? Do you imagine I brought those plans here, right into the lion's den?" His laugh, mockingly guttural, rang out. "No, no, Van Dreyton! They are bestowed in a safe place. It did not take long; indeed, I will go so far as to say that I hid them en route to this interview, but, believe me, you will never find them without my co-operation. No, it is no use you commencing to threaten; I know you will not shoot and so run the risk of losing everything. That is better; I do not like the look of revolvers; it is much pleasanter for you to put them away."

HIS voice died away in another chuckle. Van Dreyton was the first to break the silence that ensued. His tones were once more suave, friendly.

"Congratulations, Huysmans. I should have known you would not be so foolish. Very well, then; we share. And now, where are the plans?"

His tone had been ingenuous enough to disarm anybody, but Huysmans was not to be taken in.

"Not so fast. That will come later. Tell me first: when are you to meet your principals?"

Van Dreyton's voice carried a hint of sulkiness as he replied:

"I can get in touch to-morrow, and arrange a meeting for to-morrow night."

"Where?"

"In this room would perhaps be best."

"Very good. I shall be here with the plans. But—" Huysmans' tones became ugly. "No tricks, you understand? I shall be prepared. You will hand over half and receive payment for half. I shall do likewise."

If any accident should happen to me either coming here with the papers, or getting away with my payment, my friends will have instructions to hand over to the authorities a certain envelope I shall leave in their hands. I trust that is clear?"

"Quite clear. You think of everything, my dear Huysmans."

There was no sign of emotion in Van Dreyton's words.

"Good. Well, what time shall we say?"

"Let us make it 10.30. By then the restaurant will be full and our friends less likely to be noticed."

"Half-past ten then. And now, I think there is nothing else."

Clinging tightly to the ladder, Rearden heard steps crossing the room, and the sound of a door opening. The two men spoke again, but he could not catch their words. Then came the click of a latch and the sound of somebody—Van Dreyton, no doubt, walking back towards the window.

"Pig!" Rearden had not thought that

so much venom could be put into the word. It was followed by a muttered flow of curses in Dutch. But Rearden did not wait to hear. He was carefully climbing down into the yard again.

At the foot of the ladder he waited, making sure that nothing stirred outside in the lane. Then, like a swift-moving shadow he slipped to the fence, swung over, and came, dry-mouthed, to comparative safety. Five minutes later he was lunching along outside the front of the restaurant, a shabby, broad-shouldered unit in the throng of Chinese, Malays, coolies and rag-lags of all nations.

CHAPTER 6

WHEN, on the day following Rearden's crowded night, first at Cripps-Mumford's, and then as a dropper outside Van Dreyon's room, Sheila Chesters found herself at Cavenagh Bridge determined to inquire at Li Sung's for Rearden, she had no clear conception as to why she should seek his assistance except that he had told her to call on him should she need him, and, secondly, that she trusted him.

Arrived at the spot to which she had ordered him to proceed, her rickshaw boy stopped, and turned to look at her inquiringly.

"You know Li Sung's?" she asked. She did not expect that he would; was quite prepared to have to make inquiries, but, to her gratification, the boy nodded. Yes, he knew. At her command to take her there immediately, he set off again.

The rickshaw was now taking her along a road which was apparently on the fringe of the Chinese quarter. Here, wealthy Chinese merchants had their offices and stores. Their names were written over their premises both in English and Chinese characters. At a distance of about half a mile from the bridge the rickshaw stopped.

"Li Sung," said the boy, and pointed. Following the direction of his finger, Sheila saw the place which Rearden had given as an address. In appearance it was no different to the buildings that stretched along the river on either side of it. Shutters covered what were no doubt windows. The narrow doorway was uninviting. Sheila imagined, even to those who might have business to transact. An air of reserve and quiet, remote from anything suggesting commerce, hung about it.

Sighing to her boy to wait for her, the girl descended and approached diffidently. Peering inside the door she saw, to her left, a counter behind which was a narrow space hemmed in by cheap, oppressive brown curtains. There was no sign of anybody about.

Conscious of the fact that her rickshaw boy was watching her interestedly, Sheila stepped inside. There was no bell on the counter, so she rapped sharply with her knuckles. In response, and in a manner ridiculously like a vaudeville magician's "turn," a yellow face surmounted by black hair drawn back and plaited into a pig-tail appeared through the curtains and peered gravely at her.

The suddenness of this appearance startled her, but she managed to control her voice.

"I want to see Li Sung," she said clearly. The head withdrew. Almost immediately the curtains parted again, this time to allow of the entrance of a middle-aged Chinaman dressed, somewhat to her surprise, in conventional western attire, and with close-cut hair. She had been expecting something different, something more in the nature of a picture-book celestial, and was even more confused when the newcomer addressed her in English well-nigh as pure as her own.

"I am Li Sung," he said. "You desire to see me?"

The girl fought back an impulse to laugh hysterically. But he was still swatting

her answer, looking at her questioningly.

"I, er . . ." she stammered, and then, with a rush of words, "I am looking for Mr. Rearden. He told me to enquire for him here. Could you ask him to see me?"

Li Sung's eyes had narrowed imperceptibly at the mention of Rearden's name. In some unexplainable manner he became more remote.

"Mr. Rearden . . ." His tone and the faint lift of his eyebrows seemed to indicate that the name was strange to him.

Quick to sense this, and yet certain that Rearden would not have told her to inquire here had he been unknown to the Chinaman, Sheila persisted.

"Yes, Mr. Rearden. He told me that I could leave a message here. Last night. It is frightfully important."

The fear that this inscrutable person on the other side of the counter might refuse to put her into touch with Rearden must have put additional sincerity into her voice. Li Sung relaxed a trifle.

"I regret," he said, "that Mr. Rearden is not available at the moment."

She did not take his meaning immediately, not feeling the change in him.

"But," she said, "just tell him I'm here. I know he'll see me. It is terribly important."

Li Sung shook his head. "I am sorry. You do not understand. Mr. Rearden is not here at the moment."

His words seemed to fall on the girl like a heavy weight. The fears that had flooded over her when she had first read that anonymous note came surging back. She did not dare disobey the command to be at Macao Street at nine o'clock. Rearden had been her only hope, and now he was not here.

The Chinaman had been watching her closely, and now, perceiving the dread that came into her eyes, he leant forward.

"Could you not leave a message?" he inquired. "I will see that Mr. Rearden receives it at the earliest possible moment."

SHE clutched at that, a new hope springing up within her. If he could only know about the note before the time came to leave the hotel everything might be all right. Her eyes thanked Li Sung even more than her words.

"Thanks, thanks," she said. "If only you could. I can't tell you how urgent the matter is to me."

He inclined his head gravely.

"Paper? A pen?"

"You are very kind," Sheila said.

He saw that she meant it, and stooped to get the necessary materials from under the counter. When they were placed before her, Sheila hesitated for a moment and then commenced to write. The note when finished was brief.

"Dear Mr. Rearden.—You may be annoyed with me for asking your help so soon after last night. If so, I'm sorry. But this afternoon I received an anonymous letter. I am leaving it for you to read for yourself. I don't know what to do. The whole thing has frightened me horribly. I thought that perhaps you might be able to advise me. I shall have to go if I don't hear from you, but I shall hope to have a telephone call from you at the hotel before I leave."

"Sheila Chesters."

Li Sung watched her as she signed her name and then, taking the anonymous letter from her bag, folded it with her own note and handed it to him.

"You would like to seal this up perhaps?"

She looked at him squarely.

"I don't think it is necessary. But I shall be very grateful if you will let Mr. Rearden have my message just as soon as you can."

She was moving towards the door as she spoke.

"You may depend on it," he assured her.

Then she was gone. Li Sung heard her voice ordering the rickshaw boy to drive her back to the International. His face

was as usual inscrutable, when, without turning, he called:

"Wang!"

The young Chinaman who had first appeared when Sheila entered came through the curtains. Li Sung addressed him in Manchu.

"You will seek out Mr. Rearden and inform him that I have news of urgency for him."

Wang bowed. A second later he, too, had departed. Li Sung retired to the back of his shop and the premises once more resumed their deserted air.

BACK at her hotel Sheila tried her best to persuade herself that everything would be all right; that Rearden would get her message and telephone before the time came for her to leave for the appointment she dreaded. The thought did enter her mind that, in the event of not hearing from him, she would not obey the command set forth so uncompromisingly in that letter, but at the thought of last night's happenings being made known to the police she shuddered. She could not face that. Innocent though she was, she knew how the circumstances must inevitably look to officialdom. No! Her one hope was Rearden. If he failed her she must go.

It was a quarter to seven when she got back. Carrying out her plan of acting as if all were normal, she retired to her room, bathed and dressed, and then came down for dinner. Her attempt at eating, if not successful, was at least courageous. Throughout the meal she was tense, expecting at any moment to hear herself paged for the telephone. But eight o'clock came, and she retired to the lounge for her coffee without any call.

The latest she dared leave in order to be on time at the corner of Southbridge Road and Macao Street was a quarter to nine. She had three-quarters of an hour to go. She pretended interest in a magazine she had picked up, sipping her coffee and flipping over the pages, but the effort to concentrate on the printed words was too much for her. She found herself, at eighty-thirty, standing over near the switchboard, praying incoherently for Rearden to call. It was useless.

She waited until the last moment, held on until further waiting was impossible, and then, with a black dread of the unknown bearing down on her, tore herself away from the switch and walked out through the lounge. It was to her credit that nobody, seeing her, could have guessed at the feeling of utter despair that filled her.

A porter called up a rickshaw. She gave him her destination and then leant back, utterly spent, too worn out by the anxiety of the last two hours to do anything, think of anything except the sinister nature of the interview before her.

The rickshaw arrived at Macao Street at about a minute to nine. Rousing herself as the boy stopped, Sheila peered out. There on the opposite corner was an orange-colored rickshaw. Its boy squatting on his heels as if awaiting a fare. She paid her own boy, and then, striving hard to control the shaking of her legs, walked over to the orange-colored conveyance. The coolie saw her approach, and rose. No words passed between them. Sheila got in, the boy placed himself between the shafts, and, as if the whole thing had been rehearsed a dozen times, they were off.

Later, Sheila Chesters had no clear recollection of where she went, through what streets she passed, or what period of time elapsed before the orange rickshaw pulled up. One thing alone was plain. A circuitous route must have been followed, since no brightly-lit thoroughfares were traversed, and yet the house before which Sheila was set down was quite obviously in the heart of the native quarter.

The rickshaw boy did not speak even

now. Instead, he gestured towards the house. Sheila saw that the door on to the street was open. She stepped towards it hesitatingly. The blackness within terrified her. She was still within a couple of feet of that uninviting entrance when a light went up inside, and a man appeared. She saw in her first quick glance that he was tall and spare, with a mop of greasy black hair falling over a hollow face in which small, close-set eyes and a thin, cruel mouth were the most noticeable features.

"Ah!" exclaimed the newcomer. "So you have come. I am charmed, my dear Miss Carstairs. Allow me to introduce myself. I am Paul Stanovitch."

CHAPTER 7

UNLIKE Sheila, Rearden had slept soundly and late following on the tragedy at Cripps-Mumford's and his successful tracking down of Huymans. He woke about ten, and lay on his mattress in a back room of Li Sung's warehouse, smoking and going over the previous night's events. Things had begun to happen much more swiftly than he had anticipated. Cripps-Mumford's death had not surprised him greatly; men who did what Cripps-Mumford did had to expect all kinds of treachery from those with whom they had dealings.

But he had been astonished to find that Huymans was still alive. His identification of the Dutchman merely on the score of that drag of the left leg pleased Rearden. It had been a shot in the dark, but the reasoning he had built upon that somewhat wild identification had been sound enough. As a result of his logic, and what he had overheard, he now knew that the plans would be at Van Dreyton's rooms at 10.30 to-night. Well, Rearden's jaw set squarely, it would be nobody's fault but his Rearden's, if they left the restaurant in the custody of anybody but himself.

He noticed the morning's paper lying alongside his mattress. Taking it up, he began to glance through the pages to find out what had been said about last night's affair. He found the small paragraph after some trouble. A sardonic smile spread over his face as he read.

"Fine!" he murmured. "Somebody'll be doing a lot of thinking over that."

Since he could do nothing now until night, he continued to rest, not even bestirring himself when Wang came in about noon with a meal. He simply gave the Chinese boy a grin, and then, when he had withdrawn, sat up and ate. Lying back again after the meal, enjoying a cigarette, he passed a hand over his chin and swore softly.

"Oosh, what a beard! Oh well. . . . And then a moment later, "A bath wouldn't be a bad idea, either, but still. . . ."

He ground out the butt of his cigarette on the boards, and placing a hand under his head, let his thoughts wander. They took him back again to last night, but strangely enough, to the girl, Sheila Carstairs, rather than, as he might have expected, to Van Dreyton or Huymans. Whatever color his memories of Sheila might have been, however, was not divulged by his expression. He saw her again crouched against the wall, an automatic at her feet, when he switched on the light; remembered the way she had kept herself in check during the period following, when he had questioned her remorselessly.

"... backbone. . . ." The word escaped him unconsciously even as he was picturing her appearance. It was strange how vivid a portrait of her his mind had carried away. . . .

It was half-past three, and he was still lying, when Wang came in with a message. Rearden did not even look around at his entrance, but the first few words were sufficient to bring him to his feet.

"What! In the Roads, you say? Your

man just phoned through? Great Neptune, and I didn't expect him in for two or three days! Wang, you're a pal. Where's my cap?"

He caught up the disreputable cap, jammed it on, and without even smoothing down the dungarees in which he had slept, made for the door. On the point of dashing out, he paused.

"Listen, Wang," he threw over his shoulder, the accent of accustomed command in his voice. "Telephone and order a boat to be ready for me at the waterfront. I want to get out to the Elenora without wasting a second. Get me? Oh, and let Li Sung know where I've gone."

With that he was away.

It took a display of money to induce a rickshaw boy to transport him: his unshaven face and crumpled, greasy clothes were no recommendation for credit in a port where broken-down sailors were not unknown, but he arrived at the front to find a Malay boatman waiting to take him out.

He could see the Elenora lying at anchor awaiting him, and his sailor's eye rejoiced in her trim grace as he approached her. Shorters must have brought her in under the auxiliary for her canvas, Rearden saw as he got closer, was not only furled, but snugged away neatly under tarpaulin covers. Her white sides and green waterline were spotless; she looked, in fact, more like a private yacht than a ship that poked her nose into all sorts of out-of-the-way ports in search of all sorts of queer cargoes.

The thought of himself, dirty and disreputable, climbing over the rail of Tom Shorters' pride made Rearden grin. It was too ludicrous, but it brought into focus another of Shorters' traits: his ship must be spotless, every rope in place, and every piece of brass polished, but he took his friends as he found them.

The boat was right under the Elenora's counter now. Incautiously the Malay allowed his craft to bump against the white-painted side. An immediate hellow of rage came from overhead. A huge, red face thrust itself over the rail and launched a torrent of abuse. Rearden rose and looked up.

"A dandy effort, Tom," he said. "But couldn't you lay off for long enough to chuck us a rope?"

THE invective died away. A look of astonishment came over the red face.

"Well, I'll be damned," Shorters said. "I wouldn't've known you. . . ."

Rearden interrupted him quickly. "Yes, it's Rearden all right." There was the slightest emphasis on the name. "And now, how about that rope?"

The rope came, and a couple of minutes later, the boatman paid off and sculling back, Rearden stood on the Elenora's deck trying to disengage his hand from Shorters' ham-like fist. Forward, several of the crew lounged about, taking discreet looks at the unkempt-looking individual who seemed to be so thick with the old man.

Shorters gave up his hand-pumping to ask questions, but Rearden cut him short.

"Not here, Tom," he said. "Let's go below. Darned if you've got a bottle of your special gin left, and I feel I'll talk better after a drink. But I didn't expect to see you so soon."

"Well," Shorters rumbled as he led towards the companion-way, "you said to be here some time this week, so I thought there'd be no harm in getting in a bit early. Way I looked at it was this: You might have everything cleaned up, in which case, so I figured, you'd be glad to get away just as soon as you could, while, if you were still working, I could find plenty of excuses for hanging around here a while. So here I am."

REARDEN stopped, and gripped his arm.

"Tom," he said, "You're a fine sort of cove to have on hand."

His tone was affectionate. It had a brisk, business-like note when he spoke again. "Now tell me this: can you be ready to sail again to-night? Stores, water, are they O.K.?"

Shorters nodded briefly.

"Tanks want refilling, but I can get that through. We could get away any time after sundown."

"Fine!" Rearden said. "And now let's get that drink before we do any more talking."

It was half-past five before the two men reappeared on deck. Shorters had instructed his mate to attend to the filling of the tanks, and the latter now reported the job as being well under way. The captain of the Elenora was dressed for shore and against his solid, cleanly respectability Rearden looked doubly disreputable. A boat was ready for them, and as they went to the rail, Shorters gave a few curt orders to his mate.

"We'll be sailing to-night, Mister. Have her all ready to slip out under her engine. I'll be back somewhere round about nine-thirty, but you'll have a second boat's crew stand by to go in for Mr. Rearden, here. All clear?"

The mate, a taciturn Scot, nodded.

"O.K. then."

Grunting with the effort, Shorters joined Rearden in the boat.

The sun was already dropping westward rapidly when they stepped ashore. When the boat had pushed off to return to the Elenora, Shorters turned to his companion. "Well, what now?"

"Rickshaw," Rearden said tersely. "There are a few things I want to tell you about that I can speak of more easily when I know that there's no hope of anybody overhearing us. Oh, I know," as Shorters went to interrupt, "I know that your crew is trustworthy to the last man, and that, at any rate, nobody would have dared listen while we talked in your cabin, but as a friend or mine observed very aptly last night, walls have ears. And that goes even aboard a fine, spanking schooner like the Elenora."

The big man shrugged resignedly and then scrambled into the rickshaw that came at Rearden's summons. After giving the boy instructions which Shorters could not catch, Rearden climbed in and they set out.

It was fortunate that rickshaw coolies are tireless. For two hours, Rearden and Shorters talked while their boy dragged them through the outskirts of Singapore, and then, finally, back into town. It was getting on for eight o'clock when they arrived back at the waterfront and disembarked stiffly.

"And now," Rearden observed when the rickshaw had gone, its owner well pleased with his afternoon's work, "and now I think I've told you the lot. You know as much as I do. Question is, can I rely on you to have your end all ready for a quick getaway to-night?"

His friend went red, seemed to swell, and struggled to express himself.

"What the hell. . . ." he began.

Rearden laughed.

"O.K. Tom. Yes, I know I can. I was only joking. Now what about a bite?"

A restaurant in a nearby side street was well known to Shorters, and they made their way there to satisfy a hunger that the long ride had developed to very fair proportions. Now that everything had been settled, neither referred again to the business on hand; their talk was entirely of past voyages, mutual friends and little known ports. They were idling over their coffee, still yarning, when Rearden felt a light touch on his arm.

"Mr. Rearden, sir."

He looked up. It was Wang. The sight of the young Chinese gave him a premonition of something gone wrong.

"What is it?" He spoke crisply.

"Li Sung, he say you come one-time." Shorters had not stirred. To all intents and purposes he had not heard. He sat looking at his coffee cup, his fingers playing with his spoon. Rearden spoke.

"I'll have to get away, Tom. Don't know what's up, but if old Li Sung—"

"Yes, guess you'd better cut," the big man rumbled. "Well, don't worry about me, I'll be ready. Boat'll be waiting for you from about ten-fifteen. A bit early, but just as well to be on the safe side."

"Good man," Rearden said. "Well, till later."

"Good luck."

They parted on that.

CHAPTER 8

It was five minutes to nine when Rearden arrived back at Li Sung's. On the way he had endeavored to find out from Wang what had occasioned this urgent summons, but the youth either could not, or would not, tell him. All that Rearden could learn was that Wang had been trying to find him for some considerable time; had been out to the Eleonora, and, drawing blank so far as the schooner was concerned, had been systematically searching the restaurants and hotels.

Li Sung was waiting when they arrived. In reply to Rearden's quick questioning he gave a brief account of Sheila's call that afternoon, finishing up by handing over the letter she had left. Even as he had been speaking the foreboding that Rearden had felt when Wang first appeared deepened. In the face of the hint he had given the girl that any communication between them would be dangerous to him, he was sure that only some very urgent need could have caused her to call on him so soon.

When Li Sung handed over the note, he unfolded it quickly. His eyes ran over her brief message and then passed on to the anonymous letter she had enclosed. For a moment, so unexpected were the contents, his mind refused to take in the significance of the few lines. Then phrases penetrated: orange rickshaw, corner Southbridge Road and Macao Street, nine o'clock, police. He dropped both letters.

"Good God, Li Sung! What's the time?"

"Nine o'clock."

Rearden swept the two notes over to him.

"Read that," he said between his teeth. "I'm going to phone."

It seemed ages before he managed to get on to the International, and then further ages to wait while the switchboard attendant had Miss Carstairs paged. At last the reply came through. Miss Carstairs could not be found; it was believed that she had gone out about a quarter of an hour earlier.

With a curse Rearden hung up and came back to Li Sung. Without bothering to understand why, he did not seek to hide from himself that this latest development, the last he would have foreseen, was more upsetting than he would have considered possible. Of course, whatever might happen to Sheila Carstairs could not be likely to affect Rearden's own plans for the night, but nevertheless the thought of the girl being blackmailed into keeping a mysterious appointment at nine o'clock at night in an unsavory quarter of the city, and going from there to meet some unknown, affected him badly. After all, this was Singapore.

Rearden assured himself that he'd feel the same way even if it were some girl quite unknown to him.

He became aware that Li Sung had finished reading, and was regarding him gravely. Rearden made a despairing gesture.

"She's gone apparently," he said. "They told me at the hotel that she'd gone out. I don't know..."

He commenced pacing restlessly up and

down, his brain working madly in an attempt to find some plan of action. Li Sung's soft voice interrupted him.

"If you had known?" the Chinese asked.

"If I'd known!" Rearden said. His unshaven face looked singularly savage in the electric light as he turned, jaw shot out, to answer the question. "If I'd known, I'd have tried to stop her, or at least seen that I was on hand somewhere to find out what it's all about and stop any monkey business." He banged his hand down on the counter. "You know your Singapore, Li Sung."

Li Sung nodded.

"I gathered it was something of importance to the young lady when she called," he admitted. "That was why I sent Wang out to search for you. She said it was urgent. When there was no sign of you by eight o'clock, I began to fear..."

Rearden groaned.

"Began to fear! If only I knew who could have sent it. It couldn't have been Van Dreyton or Huyamans; they'd have nothing to gain by getting their hands on her; they've got enough on their minds."

Li Sung allowed him to finish, and then continued blandly.

"I began to fear that you would be too late. As I have said, the young lady impressed upon me the fact that she wanted very urgently to get into touch with you. And so," even under these circumstances, the Chinaman's English sounded ridiculously perfect, "and so, I took the liberty of opening her letter and reading it, in the hope..."

"You what!" Rearden did not attempt to control his cry. There was no anger in it, but the beginning of hope.

"I opened it, as I have said, in the hope that, in your absence, I might be able to do something." He paused before adding courteously, "I trust I did not offend. Had she not been so troubled, so insistent on the importance of reaching you quickly, I should have hesitated. Further, I knew that only to very few would you give this address."

AN eloquent gesture completed the explanation. Rearden interrupted it by grasping his arm and bending down over him a face in which the eyes gleamed fiercely.

"Go on! By God, Li Sung, I've said so before, and I'll repeat it: you're a treasure! What next?"

"Very little, except that I sent one of my own rickshaw men to wait at Macao Street behind the orange rickshaw and to follow it and note carefully the address at which Miss Carstairs should be dropped, always supposing she should keep the appointment. My man should be back at any minute now if, as I think, the house to which she was taken is in this quarter."

Rearden heard him out quietly. When Li Sung finished the man in the greasy dungarees held out his hand. It was a simple action, in no way dramatic or affected.

"I'll remember this, Li Sung," he said quietly.

The Chinese smiled deprecatingly.

"You have done much for me," he murmured, "and it occurred to me that perhaps the young lady..." His smile made quite plain what he thought.

Rearden reddened beneath his tan.

"No," he said hastily, too hastily. "There's nothing like that in it. But she's white and she's got backbone. I'd feel the same about any woman in the same position." He broke off to ask abruptly: "What's the time? When can we expect this fellow of yours?"

"It is now about a quarter past nine," Li Sung told him. "It is impossible to judge to the minute just when my fellow will be back, but you may depend on it, he'll be

here just as quickly as he can run once he finds where Miss Carstairs has been dropped."

REARDEN had to be content with that. He resumed his restless pacing. What a night for something like this to happen! At ten-thirty Huyamans would arrive at Van Dreyton's with the plans. The others—those who were buying the documents—would be there at the same time. The business of handing over the plans in exchange for the money would not be protracted; Rearden was sure of that. All parties would be anxious to get the business over and scatter.

He glanced at the cheap alarm clock which stood on the table just on the other side of the curtains. Twenty past. Would that rickshaw boy never arrive! What would happen if, contrary to Li Sung's expectations, Sheila had been taken to one of the outer suburbs? In that case, word might not reach them for another hour or more. And Rearden knew that, whatever happened, he could not allow those plans to leave Van Dreyton's. Once that happened, he could kiss his hand to them.

The sweat was standing out on his forehead when, just on half-past, the three of them heard, through the open door, the quick patter of feet outside, and the clatter of rickshaw shafts being dropped. Both Li Sung and Rearden made a simultaneous move towards the door, but before they could reach it, the boy had staggered in, panting, and halted in front of his master. Gasping, he poured out his story in Cantonese. Li Sung heard him to the end, and then turned to the fretting Rearden.

"As I thought," he said. "The place is not far distant, but they took her by a roundabout way to confuse her and also, I imagine, to prevent her being seen. My boy says he can take you there in ten minutes."

Even as he spoke the last words, Rearden was half-way to the street. Li Sung stopped him.

"There is nothing I can do?" he asked. "Nothing," Rearden snapped, and then, a thought striking him. "Yes there is. Follow on, if you will. I might have some trouble in getting away. If I do, I'll want someone to hold them back or draw them away on a false scent."

Li Sung nodded.

"I understand. You may depend on me."

"Thanks, Li Sung."

With that Rearden was gone.

CHAPTER 9

CONFRONTED by the man who introduced himself as Paul Stanovitch, Sheila instinctively drew back. There was something indescribably sinister about that tall, bony figure, something evil which had nothing to do with the ugliness of his eyes and mouth or his generally unprepossessing appearance.

He seemed no whit disconcerted by the aversion that was so plainly manifest in her. Instead, he bowed, lips parting in what was meant for a reassuring smile.

"An unconventional meeting, I am afraid, but necessary, very necessary," he said softly. "But you will come in, will you not?"

Before she realised his intention, he had stepped out into the street and seized her arm. There was nothing hurtful in the way he gripped her, but at his touch she had to choke down a violent desire to scream. He commenced to urge her towards the open doorway, still talking as he did so.

"The conventions must sometimes be ignored, n'est-ce pas? There are times for all of us when one must forget them. As, for example, your visit last night to your cousin. A most unfortunate affair, Miss Carstairs. Permit me to offer my condolences."

Subtle threat mingled effectually with

ingratiating oiliness in his voice. Terrified, and yet too terrified to make an effort, Sheila allowed herself to be half-led, half-pulled into the house. Side by side, they passed into the hallway. Despairingly, she looked behind her as Stanovitch made to close the door, but there was no help there; even the orange rickshaw had disappeared. The door closed and the Russian was at her side again, waving her towards a room that opened out on the left. She obeyed him and entered.

She noted very little of the place except that it was sparsely furnished. A table covered with a red cloth stood in the centre of the room. On it was an oil lamp. Two chairs were drawn up as if awaiting occupants. Stanovitch went to the lamp and turned the wick so that it would give a brighter light. Then, turning to Sheila:

"You will take off your hat?"

She shook her head.

"No."

As she spoke, she experienced a feeling of thankfulness that, although she had changed for dinner, she had put on a street frock rather than an evening gown. The thought of this man gazing at her bare shoulders made her shudder. He shrugged.

"As you will. But I think you would find it more comfortable."

"No," the girl said, again, and then, bravely, "I should like to know the meaning of your letter, and your purpose in bringing me here to-night."

Her eyes and the upright defiance of her bearing betrayed nothing of the secret fears that were preying on her. Stanovitch gazed at her admiringly.

"Ah yes, my letter. But need we proceed so quickly to our business. Perhaps you would join me first in a glass of wine. Is not that one of your English customs; to drink a little before talking affairs?"

HE laughed insouciantly, displaying large, yellow teeth. Sheila caught his eyes squarely.

"Thank you, I should prefer not. Please let me hear what you have to say. I am anxious to return to my hotel as soon as possible."

The Russian's eyes clouded at this rebuff; his lips drew down unpleasantly at the corners.

"Very well, since you insist. As you are aware, I know of your presence at your cousin's bungalow last night. You will not deny it, I presume."

The girl stiffened.

"Why should I?"

His laugh was definitely menacing.

"Why should you? Well, to give you only one reason, because the poor Cripps-Mumford was murdered last night, and I imagine, mademoiselle, that you would not be particularly pleased should the police hear of your presence there."

Striving hard to control her voice, she answered him:

"I fail to understand you. The papers this morning said that he died at his home. Had there been any hint of foul play, I assume they would have mentioned it."

As she spoke she realised the hopelessness of attempting to keep up such an attitude, and his reception of her words confirmed her belief. His laugh was sneering.

"Ah, the papers. You cannot understand, of course, that they might say this or that, under instructions from the authorities, in order to lull the murderer into a false security. You cannot imagine such a thing, naturally."

"I am not acquainted with what they would do, even if things were as you say. And at all events, I fail to see..."

She got no further. Tiring of his playful attitude, he brought his hand down on the table.

"You fail to see!" He made no effort now to disguise the menace in his voice and expression. "Then you must be made to see. Let me tell you this. You were

with Cripps-Mumford last night. How do I know? I saw you enter, yes I, who was myself anxious to see him. I go away to attend to one or two small matters, but I return. The light is still burning. I approach cautiously. There is no sound of voices. Ah, I think, the girl, she is gone then. And so I enter to do my business with your cousin. And what do I find? I ask you again, what do I find?"

His voice had risen, and he was glaring at her out of bloodshot eyes. In spite of herself, Sheila shrank back in her chair. At that moment, the man looked unbalanced. But as suddenly as his fury had arisen, it subsided. He drew out a silk handkerchief and wiped his face. His voice was quite normal when he resumed.

"I find my good friend, Cripps-Mumford, dead. Yes, dead. Shot! I look and find two wounds, and on the floor is the revolver that did the killing, a small revolver," he smiled hatefully, "one such as a lady might carry."

Sheila watched him with fascinated, horrified eyes as once more he passed the handkerchief over his mouth. He looked at her mockingly, as if inviting her to speak, and when she continued silent, he chuckled.

"So you have nothing to say," he said. "But let me tell you more. My good friend had been shot, as I have said. But I had gone there on very definite business—a little matter of purchasing some papers your cousin had procured for me. They had been there, I know that. It had been agreed that they should be there, waiting for me. I search, but do I find those papers? I ask you, mademoiselle, do I find them? Ah, I see by your face that you know well that I did not."

"I know nothing of any papers," Sheila said, her voice miraculously steady. "I don't even know whether my cousin had any in the house, or what business he might have had with you. I cannot help you."

Stanovitch rose suddenly, and, in one stride was bending over her, hands gripping her shoulders, his fingers boring into her flesh like steel claws, and bloodshot eyes glaring down at her.

"You lie! You hear me? You lie. You shot Cripps-Mumford, shot him, and then took those papers for yourself, knowing their value. Ah..."

One hand came away from her shoulder and poised, long, nicotine-stained fingers working as if he were itching to strangle her.

SOMEWHERE, in another room, a clock chimed the half-hour. The silvery, light notes sounded ridiculously strange.

The noise seemed to affect Stanovitch as if cold water had been dashed in his face. His hand dropped to his side. He released her shoulder and took to pacing restlessly up and down the room. Sheila fell back in her chair. For perhaps half a minute she saw nothing, knew nothing. A wave of blackness rushed over her, engulfing her, sweeping her into unconsciousness. Her faint must have been brief, however, for when she reopened her eyes the Russian was still pacing the room silently, shoulders hunched forward, thin lips moving as if, noiselessly, he were conducting a conversation with himself. He was smoking now; every few moments he would put the long cigarette in his mouth, draw savagely, and then inhale the smoke in a greedy, gulping manner that was revolting.

The girl felt weak, exhausted. Incautiously she stirred. The movement seemed to distract Stanovitch from his thoughts. He turned to her again, and she saw that he was smiling now, that ingratiating smile which was so repellent.

"You must pardon my excitement," he said, "but I worked long with your cousin to bring that business to a successful conclusion. You say you know nothing of any

papers. Bien! I see my fault!" His smile became knowingly cunning. "Business, as your people say, is business. I have not been approaching you in the correct manner, mademoiselle," he bowed formally, "would you let me know your price for handing over to me those papers?"

"My price?"

She could not understand what he was driving at. From the moment she had seen him, she had been convinced that he was not quite sane, and this new approach seemed to confirm her impression.

"Yes, yes," Stanovitch said impatiently. "Come, must we keep up this fencing? What is your price? I admit I did wrong in attempting to frighten you into giving me what I want without any reward, but now I am agreeable to talk price. After all, what is it to me whether I buy of Cripps-Mumford or yourself? Very good, then. Let me hear your suggestion."

Sheila strove to keep back the hysterical laughter that threatened her. He really thought she had the papers, was trying to bargain with her for them! Was she mad or was he, or was the whole thing just a ghastly nightmare from which she would soon awake? Stanovitch was becoming impatient.

"Come, mademoiselle," he said roughly. "Enough of calculating. What is your figure?"

THE girl looked at him helplessly.

"It is no question of price," she said as calmly as she could. "I have already told you: I have not the papers, nor do I know anything of them."

Stanovitch had seemed to lose control of himself before, but at this further denial, he seemed to lose all command of his reason. His fist crashed down, knocking aside the lamp so that the flame jumped madly and the lamp itself rocked perilously on the edge of the table. With another wild gesture, he caught up his chair and swept it clattering against the wall. This time he did not attempt to lay hands on the girl, but his face had all the malignance of a fiend as he stooped over her.

"So, you still persist in your stupid lying! Perhaps you imagine you will be able to secure a better price than Stanovitch can pay you. That is so, is it not? But do not delude yourself. Either those plans come to me—for nothing now!—or, do you know what is going to happen to you?" His flaming eyes glared at her. "Answer me! Do you?"

Unable to remove her gaze from his, Sheila answered in a low voice which, ever yet, managed to conceal her dread and terror.

"No."

"I will tell you. I have a friend who needs beautiful young girls in his business. Oh, so badly does he need them." The Russian's voice was silky now. "I, myself, have helped him before this; at a price, of course. Well, then, it is to this friend, I think, that I will send you. That will be nice for him, and," he tittered, "so much does he like having nice young girls in his house that he pays well for any such, et introductions."

Sheila had risen. Gone now was the mask of calmness. All the horror that she felt was plain upon her face. One hand went up to her mouth.

"Oh, you couldn't!" she cried. "You..."

He checked her, a grin twisting his mouth.

"Yes, that is what I shall do. And then, after I have left you there, let us say, for six months, the police will receive a little note telling them where they may find Cripps-Mumford's murderer."

"No!" Sheila's voice was wild now. "You can't do that. The police, but not that other. Oh..."

She crumpled up in her chair, the nerves that had stood so much over the past

twenty-four hours absolutely gone. Her face was dead white, her blue eyes sunken when, at last, she managed to look up and say in a whisper:

"Your threats cannot alter the fact that I haven't got the papers, and can't give them to you."

It was her last throw, and even as she spoke the words she saw that they were having no effect. The expression of Stanovitch's face did not clear. Moistening his lips with the tip of his tongue, he bent forward.

"And now," he said, "I shall tell you what it will be like in my friend's house."

At that moment there came a knocking at the door.

It was queer to notice the effect that sound had on the two occupants of the room. Sheila sat in her chair as if turned to stone. It seemed impossible that this should be anyone who could help her, and yet hope leapt up in her mind; there might be a chance, even if the caller were a friend of the Russian, of making an appeal.

Stanovitch stood, still bent forward, his mouth twisted and little eyes flickering. He looked like some beast of prey, suddenly alarmed and straining every sense to detect further signs of danger.

In the sudden silence the second series of knocks seemed terrifically loud. There was a note of urgency, even of warning, in them. Stanovitch seemed to feel that, for he moved over towards the hallway, and then paused on the point of leaving the room. He appeared doubtful as to what to do. A third series of knocks, more imperative now, decided him. His hand slipped round to his belt and reappeared with a knife. This he showed significantly to Sheila, a sign of what her fate would be if she made any disturbance or called for assistance. Then he went into the hall and disappeared from sight.

Left alone, the girl realised for the first time how utterly weak she was. She rose with difficulty from her chair and, supporting herself by leaning on the table, listened breathlessly to hear what was going on outside. There came, very faintly, the click of the front door latch, and then the low murmur of voices. Creeping over towards the hall, she managed to see something of what was going on and overhear scattered words.

The Russian had only opened the door a scant few inches. His foot was wedged against it to guard against any effort on the part of whoever was outside to force an entrance. The watching girl caught the glimmer of lamplight on steel as he moved the hidden hand that held the knife. Words came to her.

"Important," she heard a man's voice say from the street, and then, "never mind how I know."

Stanovitch broke in, his words tumbling so rapidly that Sheila could catch only one here and there. She heard:

"Who are you . . . how am I to know . . . bluffing."

He stopped, and there came once more the deeper tones from the street. They seemed to utter a name.

"Van Dreyton," Sheila thought she heard. Stanovitch drew in his breath with a hiss. The name seemed to put him quite off his balance. Involuntarily he drew back, and as he did so it happened. There was a crash as the man outside threw himself against the door. Overwhelmed by the unexpectedness of the attack, the Russian reeled back, thudding against the flimsy wall. The knife flashed as his arm came up, but, in that instant, someone came leaping into the hall.

Gazing spellbound from her position in the room, Sheila saw a big man clad in dirty greasy dungarees, a worthless cap jammed down over wild-looking hair, come like a streak through the door. She saw

the ugly-looking automatic in his fist and involuntarily tensed herself for the crack of shot. But there was no shooting. Even as Stanovitch, half-stunned by the violence of his impact against the wall, brought up the knife to strike, a hard fist snaked out and caught him under the chin.

His head went back. It made a sickening sound as it came up against the wall. The next instant, there was another lightning-like movement, followed by another thud as the butt of the heavy automatic came down on the Russian's temple. His knees collapsed under him; sliding down the wall, he fell in a limp bundle to the bare boards.

The man in dungarees did not give the inert figure a glance. Immediately the blow with the gun had been delivered, he turned and, in three strides, had entered the room and was at Sheila's side. He gripped her arms and looked down at her.

"That damned swine," he said. "Did he harm you? Are you all right?"

The girl looked up at him. She seemed to be seeing things through a mist, but she could distinguish steel-grey eyes looking down fiercely from a brown face which had not felt a razor for some days.

"Yes," she managed to say. "Rearden . . . oh, thank God!"

Everything went blank then.

CHAPTER 10

WHEN Sheila Carstairs came to herself she found that she was in the open air, in a rickshaw, and being transported rapidly through dark narrow streets deserted except for an occasional slouching figure clad in native dress. For a second or two she found it impossible to account for her surroundings, and then, recollection of the night's sufferings rushing back on her, she shuddered.

The man sitting at her side was quick to feel her movement. His hand came down over hers.

"Easy now," he said. "No need to worry. You're quite safe now." Then he added, strangely enough, "For the moment, at all events."

She looked up and caught a sight of his square-jawed, lean face outlined against the faint light of the stars. This Rearden, who was he? Was he fated always to appear at moments when she needed help most? She said:

"How did we get here? Where are we going?"

"I had this rickshaw waiting outside Stanovitch's place. When you went out to it, I carried you. That's all."

He was silent for a space, and then said:

"Trouble is, what am I to do with you now?"

Something in his tone alarmed her.

"Why, can't you take me back to my hotel? Surely . . ."

He interrupted her sombrely.

"It's not as easy as that. In the first place, you won't be safe in Singapore while friend Stanovitch is footloose. Think it over for yourself. You've seen what he's like—a dingo, but a mad one, a dangerous one. You've escaped him, but he won't forget you. And you can't go to the police for protection with things as they are."

He brooded for a moment and then added: "Hardly."

Sheila felt a chill of apprehension pass over her. What a change had come about in her position since she had gone to the unknown last night.

"What am I to do?" she asked.

For the best part of a minute Rearden did not reply. Then all at once he made a gesture as if he had come to a decision.

"Listen, you'll have to trust yourself to me. There's no help for it. Quite apart from anything to do with Stanovitch, I can't take you to your hotel now. I have an urgent matter to attend to at half-past ten, and it's quarter past now. I could send you back in this rickshaw, but unless

I'm mistaken I'll be in need of making a quick getaway, and I can't afford to depend on picking up a passing boy. This rickshaw will have to wait for me."

He paused, obviously debating with himself how much more he could say. Then:

"I can't expect you to understand all this, but as soon as I pull off this business I've mentioned, I've got to get away to sea. There's a ship in the Roads waiting for me now. It'll be a case of straight to the waterfront and off."

As his voice died away, Sheila thought: but why is he telling me all this? She could not see what he was driving at.

"Very well," she said. "Can't I wait for you; go down to the waterfront and then to my hotel when you've finished with the rickshaw?"

He laughed, but there was little of mirth in his laughter.

"You could," he said. "But you're forgetting Stanovitch. That boy's capable of anything, and, as I've said, your position, after last night's little affair, isn't particularly happy."

The obvious reason in what he said frightened her. Stanovitch! She shuddered at the thought of falling again into that man's hands. The idea of being denounced to the police as a murderess was hardly less inviting. And Rearden was leaving Singapore. At the thought of being left alone in her present position, a wave of terror passed over her. She could not face it. She turned to the silent man at her side.

"My position is rather nasty, isn't it? What do you suggest?"

He hesitated before replying. When he did his voice was curt, almost brutal.

"There's only one thing, so far as I can see. You'll have to come away on the *Eleonora* until things have blown over. He felt her sudden shuddering, and added hastily: "You'll be quite safe. Tom Shorter, the skipper, is a first-class chap, and you needn't be afraid of me." He laughed. "Do I look a lady-killer?"

The question was rather ridiculous. Sheila had a mental vision of rope-soled slippers, impossible dungarees, unshaven face and tousled hair. In spite of herself, she could not restrain a tremulous laugh.

"No, I wouldn't say you do. But . . ."

"It's the only way out. I can't stay in Singapore. Very soon, if I'm lucky, I'll have not only Stanovitch, but a much more dangerous pack on my heels. I'll have to disappear if I don't want some stray coodle to find what was once me lying in a back lane one of these fine mornings. But I can't go knowing what you'll be up against if you stay here. After all," the words were uttered apologetically, as if in explanation, "the business we went through together last night more or less forces us to stick together."

He ceased, evidently waiting for her to give him an answer. When nothing was forthcoming, he said curtly:

"Well, what about it?"

"I suppose there's no other way out," the girl said in a low voice. "Tell me what I have to do."

As she made and voiced her decision, Sheila was conscious of a quickening of her pulse. Without realising its full significance, she felt that Rearden's proposal was not as difficult to accept as a few hours previously she would have considered it. Far from regarding the prospect with unconcern, she realised, to her astonishment, that she was looking forward to it with eagerness, with a sense of adventure. Her cheeks flushed in the darkness. Rearden's quiet voice interrupted her thoughts.

"Good. Now listen carefully. In about two minutes we'll be at the place where I get off. While I'm away you'll have to put up with a bit of discomfort. I want you to get down in the bottom of the rick-

shaw and cover yourself with the cloth the boy keeps for wet weather.

"You have a watch? Good! I should be back within half an hour—say, by eleven. If I don't arrive by then something'll have happened. Don't wait any longer. Drive hell-for-leather to Li Sung; tell him what's happened and get him to put you aboard the *Elenora*. Once you're there you'll be O.K. Explain everything to Tom Shorters. He's her old man—captain—and tell him I want him to look after you until everything's right again. You can trust him. Do you get all that?"

She understood, understood only too well. This "business" he was going on was dangerous. He might not get back. That was plain enough. At the thought a tremor that had nothing to do with her own safety shook her.

SITTING beside her, Rearden waited impatiently for her to answer.

"Well?" he asked at last. "Is everything plain?"

Her voice sounded low but musically clear above the thrud of the coolie's running feet.

"Yes. You may depend on me."

A second or two after she had spoken the rickshaw stopped.

Rearden got out carefully and glanced around. They were in a quiet street, a way lined on either side with dark hovels in which no life appeared to stir. Over the roofs of those on the right-hand side, Sheila could see the glare of a brightly-lit thoroughfare. One particularly bright patch of illumination caught her eye, and she glimpsed in its radiance the top of a building painted in scarlet and gold. The hum and throb of seething native life came from the region of the lights.

She saw that Rearden was bending over to examine a black automatic. She caught the click of mechanism, and then, thrusting it into his pocket, he turned to her.

"I'll have to hurry," he said. "Down with you."

The words, though brusque, were not unkindly spoken. The girl prepared to crouch in the bottom of the rickshaw. Rearden stood by to cover her so that chance passers-by might not see her. Just as he was on the point of spreading the grimy cloth, she spoke.

"You will take care?"

She said it quite simply, naturally. Rearden paused. Something in the short sentence seemed to stab him. It was so long since any woman had evinced any anxiety for his welfare. Men, pals of Li, yes. There had always been a casual "good luck," a sense of leaving behind someone who would be sorry to see you go out, but this was different. He stammered as he replied.

"Why, yes. Of course I will." And then, with a rush: "Don't worry. Expect me back within half an hour."

A final word in broken Cantonese with the rickshaw boy and he was gone, melting into the shadows that fringed the street as if he were part of them. A minute later, peering from beneath her covering, she saw his figure slouch into the light at the corner of the next street, and disappear. She wondered why he walked as if he were half-drunk.

But while Sheila Carstairs went on thinking about him all the time he was away, Rearden forgot her the rickshaw—everything—once he walked away. Every fibre of him was tense in preparation for the job that now faced him, his mind was occupied in weighing chances, deciding how best to carry out, single-handed, the raid he had in mind.

Keeping up the pose of semi-drunkenness which accorded so well with his clothes and unkempt, unshaven appearance, he shuffled along until he came to the corner of the wide road on which the wide-fronted, scarlet and red restaurant blazed down. The scene was unchanged; even as they had done last night, artisans labored

in their open stalls, stitching, hammering, moulding; painted girls of a dozen races watched and swooped on their prey; claw-like hands wielded chop-sticks.

As if pondering what to do, Rearden stood swaying, fingers fumbling in his trousers pockets as if for money. A watcher would have said that the search was unsuccessful, for, with a shake of the head that pitched the broken-visored cap further over his eyes, Rearden resumed his lurching walk, continuing down the side street towards the black patch that marked the opening of the laneway he sought.

Here, again, he paused and took a quick look around. Nothing stirred. He slipped into the lane, and familiar now with what to expect underfoot, made quick progress along the fence until he came to the back of the restaurant. Arrived, he made another swift reconnaissance, and, satisfied, turned his attention to the restaurant itself.

Conditions were better to-night than they had been the night before. The door of the restaurant kitchen was shut, so that the whole of the yard was in complete darkness except for a few slivers of gold where the light from within filtered out through chinks in the woodwork. The noise of rapid speech, confused and dulled by the closed door, was audible.

Playing safe, Rearden proceeded to the far corner of the yard before scaling the fence. A keen upflung glance disclosed the fact that Van Dreyton's window was still protected by its heavy curtain, but, knowing to-night what to look for, the man in the lane easily made out the faint lightness which indicated that inside the room, a lamp was burning. It was impossible to tell from this distance and against the blackness of the wall whether or not the ladder had been removed. Rearden hoped fervently that it had not been touched; if it were not there, his whole plan of campaign would need to be altered.

A LAST look around, a quick hand to his automatic to make sure that he could get at it easily, and he was over the fence and crouching with straining ears in the corner. No, he was safe, unobserved. Carefully, he began to pick his way across the littered yard to the wall. He had nearly reached the spot directly under Van Dreyton's window when a soft "ah!" escaped him; the ladder was still there.

Rearden did not hesitate. Speedily, but careful to make no noise, he stepped on to the bottom rungs of the ladder and commenced to climb. His head had not come above the level of the window-sill when he caught the mutter of voices.

Going now with infinite care, he mounted a further two rungs so that he could put one knee on the sill. The heavy curtain swayed slightly in the night wind. Holding himself tense, Rearden strained to hear what was going on inside. Came Van Dreyton's voice.

"Patience, gentlemen. My friend will be here shortly. It is but a few minutes after the half-hour, and anything a traffic jam, a minor accident, may have delayed him."

A quick-sneaking staccato voice broke in: "I do not understand. This is the first intimation that anybody but yourself was dealing with us. I do not like this introduction of an unknown of whose discretion—"

"Hah!" Van Dreyton was softly contemptuous. "Can you imagine that I should be allied with anyone of whose discretion—"

He did not finish, but the listening Rearden could imagine the expressive gesture that filled the gaps. Somebody else began to speak, a suave heavy-toned voice.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, of course we have every faith in our friend and his friends. How otherwise—"

Those inside apparently heard something

that was imperceptible to Rearden's ear. He heard Van Dreyton mutter.

"Huysmans!" and then, in a louder tone: "Unless I am mistaken, my friend arrives now."

Followed the sound of steps and then Huysmans' cool, slightly accented English: "Good evening."

His greeting was echoed by the others. The suave-voiced man began to speak, but Van Dreyton interrupted.

"You will understand me, my friends, when I suggest a truce to further courtesies. This is business that will be the better for getting over quickly. You have the plans, Huysmans?"

"With me."

Somebody, Rearden could not decide who, gave an exclamation of satisfaction, Huysmans spoke again.

"Before we proceed, how is payment to be made?"

"Immediately, of course," Van Dreyton sounded impatient.

The staccato stranger cut in.

"In English currency of small denomination if that is what you mean. Ten pound Bank of England notes, I presume that will be satisfactory. It is here."

A noise as of a bag being thumped down on a table came through the curtain. Rearden prepared to act.

First of all, he swung one leg in through the window, first satisfying himself that the curtain was long enough to hide his rope-soled shoe. A quick movement and he had a razor-edged sheath knife in his left hand, while in his right he grasped his automatic. His next two actions were virtually simultaneous. With one swift slash he cut down the middle of the curtain. At the same moment he swung inward his other leg, and then, carried forward by his own impetus, he brushed through the long slit in the curtain and was in the room.

THE four men into whose presence he burst so dramatically stared open-mouthed at the figure confronting them, taking in the keen eyes screwed up against the sudden glare of light, the beach-comber's clothes and the deadly black muzzle that menaced them. Rearden had become adjusted to the light before anyone spoke. He saw Van Dreyton half-way between the window and a small table on which stood a black hand-bag obviously belonging to the two men who stood behind it, both sallow-skinned, dark fellows, well-dressed, but one short, wiry, and wearing a closely-cropped moustache, the other tall and heavily-built, clean-shaven. Huysmans stood on the other side, nearest of them all to the door.

"What...?" began Van Dreyton.

"Shut up!" snapped Rearden, and then: "If any one of you bats an eyelid, I'll plug him. Understand?"

Nobody replied, but their expressions indicated that they understood quite well. Rearden stepped lightly over to Van Dreyton and, still keeping the group under the menace of his automatic, ran his hand over the Dutchman's figure.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "Naughty boy!"

The gun that he drew from Van Dreyton's hip was thrown into the far corner of the room. Huysmans was found to harbor a similar weapon. His scowl deepened when it was taken from him and tossed aside. The two strangers took their disarming unceremoniously.

Rearden completed this part of his work without any further talking. The murderous looks that were bent on him while he was doing so failed to move him. Huysmans was on the point of bursting out into speech at one stage, but a snarled threat and a flick of the gun in his direction silenced him.

When he had finished, Rearden grouped all four of them together, and then, without taking his eyes off them, stepped to the

table and took the bag. As he lifted it, the short, wiry man spoke for the first time. "You'll be sorry for this, my friend," he said malevolently.

Rearden was very much the fough. "Shut your trap!" he snarled. "I'm not finished yet."

Bag in hand, he backed to the door, placing it down in such a position that he could snatch it up as he went out. Four pairs of eyes burnt into him as the significance of this manoeuvre was borne in upon their owners. Van Dreyton darted a look at the guns lying where they had been tossed in the corner. Rearden caught it and laughed mockingly.

"Not a hope," he said. "Think I'm going to leave 'em there?"

As he spoke he was walking over towards them. He halted directly in front of Huysmans.

"Your turn now," he said.

The Dutchman went white. Van Dreyton took a step forward, but he was checked by Rearden's threatening movement.

"He's got nothing," Van Dreyton said hoarsely. Rearden saw the sweat glistening on his face.

"Don't bluff!" Rearden said, and then in a steely voice to Huysmans. "Come across. You know what I want—those plans!"

A strangled cry broke from Van Dreyton. "You swine! By God, I'll..."

"You'll keep quiet unless you're looking for a dose of lead," Rearden said harshly, adding to Huysmans: "Hurry, before I get impatient."

Huysmans was breathing stertorously. Drops of moisture were oozing down his pale face. For a second it looked as though he would resist, but under Rearden's implacable eyes his hand went to his breast pocket and drew out a thick wad of papers. Rearden snatched them, stuffing them inside his own jacket.

"Come on!" he said grimly. "Now the rest."

A N inarticulate sound broke from Huysmans' livid lips, but he obeyed, dredging into his pocket again, and coming to light with a second bundle. Van Dreyton was cursing softly, but bitterly. The two strangers were looking on as if fascinated. Rearden's eyes flickered over the second wad of papers.

"Good," he grunted as he stuffed them away. "The lot, I think."

He backed away, smiling grimly at the four men who were only held back from murder by the black, threatening muzzle of the automatic that was trained on them. His foot knocked against the scattered guns he had robbed them of, and, stooping slowly he felt behind him with one hand until he had picked them up, putting two away in his pockets, and holding the other two in his left hand. Then, still under a barrage of hate-filled looks, he backed towards the door.

A key was in the inside lock. He dropped the two automatics he was carrying and gropingly removed the key before opening the door. His hand on the knob he spoke to the four men, voicing his words softly but clearly.

"If any of you gives a peep when I open this door, it'll be the last one he'll give. Get that! I'm going now, but don't be in too much of a hurry to rush out when I'm gone. I'd like you to know that I'm by way of being a dead shot with a gun."

Nobody replied to this. In the heavy silence that followed the words Van Dreyton's muttered cursing and Huysmans' stertorous breathing sounded unnaturally loud. Rearden's fingers closed around the knob of the door, the key of which he was still holding in the same hand. The knob turned, and at his pull the door opened. He felt the knob against the small of his back.

"Not a sound!" he continued in a whisper,

suggestively moving his automatic. The four men watched him as if hypnotised.

FROM downstairs there now welled up into the room the clatter and hubbub of the restaurant. Gropingly, Rearden's foot found the two automatics he had dropped and pushed them into the passage. The handbag was treated in the same way. Then, before the others could make a move he was outside, the door had slammed, and he was fumbling to put in the key and turn it.

Rearden had just succeeded in doing this, hearing as if from a great distance the sudden clamor of voices from the men he had held up, when from the room came the crash of a shot. The bullet smashed through the flimsy three-ply of the door and into the opposite wall. Only the fact that he had been stooping to pick up the bag saved him. Cursing himself bitterly for not having gone over his visitors more thoroughly, Rearden ducked aside, scooping up the bag as he did so. He sent a stream of bullets crashing through the door, and then, automatic in hand, leapt for the stairs.

Half-way down his headlong progress was threatened by a knot of Chinamen, waiters and cooks, attracted by the sound of shots. Yelling fiercely and brandishing his gun he charged down at them. They broke and fled.

He had reached the door leading into the restaurant proper when another shot rang out behind him. Something seemed to wrench at his rope-soled slipper, tearing away the sole. Poor shooting! The thought flashed through his mind, but he did not stop to retaliate. Instead, he rushed into the dining-room, racing between tables from which amazed Chinese half-rose to escape his hurricane invasion.

Another shot crashed out. It seemed to Rearden that somebody had struck him a strong blow in the right arm. His automatic was nearly jerked out of his hand, but he managed to retain it. The next instant he had taken a flying leap down the four shallow steps that led from the door to the road, and was in the street, pushing his way through the crowd.

Behind him, he could hear the uproar in the restaurant. A warm stream was trickling down his arm, but he was certain there'd be no more firing—not here, at any rate. Too crowded. Only about thirty yards to go now before he would be out of this crush. Then a turn to the right, another turn to the right, and he'd be at the place where the rickshaw should be waiting. He hoped it was not eleven.

He found that he was running again, and wondered how that was possible in this crowded road. Then he remembered his gun; it was still in his hand. He caught a vision of himself, wild, fierce-looking, his right sleeve dripping blood, and a heavy automatic clutched in his fingers. No wonder the crowd was giving him passage. He grinned painfully.

At the corner he threw a glance over his shoulder. The street was in a turmoil. Chinese and Malays were staring after him, and through the crowd a little knot of Europeans were trying to make a way. Van Dreyton, Huysmans and the others were hot after him.

He felt a sick feeling creeping over him, but fighting it down he broke once more into a run. Twenty yards, and he could turn right again. He reached the corner before Van Dreyton and the others had reached the street off which he turned. But there'd be plenty of spying eyes to see where he had gone and to report. He was now in the back street where he had left the rickshaw. Panting, he put on speed. Thank God! It was still there. He reached it just as he felt that his strength had given out. Li Sung's coolie was already in the shafts, waiting; the Cantaine girl was sitting, hand out-

stretched to help him in. Even in his spent condition, he noticed the whiteness of her face, and, in the starlight, her wide-open, anxious eyes.

"Here, take this," he grunted, and swung the bag at her.

He felt her arms relieve him of its weight, and then her hands drawing him into the rickshaw.

"Waterfront," he called. "One-time if you want any of us to get out of this with a whole skin."

Whether or not he understood, the boy was already off. Rearden realised that much, but that was all he did realise for a while. Spent and sick, he lay gasping, half on, half off the seat.

CHAPTER 11

THE rickshaw sped swiftly, avoiding brightly-lit thoroughfares and hugging that side of the various streets it followed which was thickest in shadow. Pushing under her feet the bag Rearden had handed her, Sheila bent down and endeavored to pull him into a sitting position. He was too heavy; she could not move him, although she persisted in her attempts until he muttered to her to leave him; he'd be "all right in a couple of shakes."

Troubled, she straightened, listening to his heavy breathing and glancing anxiously to the rear to see whether there were any signs of pursuit. Although she had no means of knowing what had happened, she had heard an uproar coming from the direction in which Rearden had gone, and his state, when he returned, had been sufficient for her to realise that he was fleeing from some danger. Nothing, however, happened to make her think that Rearden's enemies were following them. If they were, then they were some distance behind.

It seemed to her that Rearden's breathing was somewhat easier now. Stooping again, she seized his arms to help him on to the seat. As her fingers closed about his right arm, he winced and drew away. She found that her fingers were sticky. A horrible feeling of fear for him came over her.

"Rearden!" she cried. "What is it? You've been shot!"

At the sound of her voice he moved and struggled up until he was sitting properly on the seat alongside her.

"It's nothing," he said thickly. "Just flesh wound. My arm. Nothing to worry about."

Sheila paid no attention to his words. Suppressing the sickness that rose in her at the thought of the wound, she slid her hand down to his wrist. Yes, it was still bleeding; she could feel the drip of the blood down the sleeve. She turned in her seat and faced him. When she spoke, her voice was firm.

"We've got to stop that bleeding," she said. "Would you sooner stop the rickshaw while I attend to it, or must we keep on?"

"Keep on," he said. She could not see, in the darkness, the weak grin that had curved his lips at her tone of command. "But," he objected, "it'll wait until we get aboard."

"It won't," Sheila herself was surprised at the dominating note in her voice. "I'm not going to have you bleed to death in the same rickshaw as I am! I'll help you peel off that jacket."

Strangely enough, he obeyed her. She noticed, when he did so, that he wore nothing underneath but a thin singlet. The sleeve of the jacket was soaked. In the darkness she could see very little, but, in spite of the disadvantage, and the jolting, lurching motion of the rickshaw, she managed to locate the wound. Her fingers told her that it was still bleeding freely, and it seemed to her that the bullet had gone right through.

There was nothing available to serve as

bandages, but undeterred, and with no thought of shame, she lifted her skirt, and, with a quick movement, ripped at the silk underlip she wore. It tore raspingly. Rearden made a weak motion of protest, but she silenced him with a word. A second later she had a fairly large piece of silk available, torn anyhow, but serviceable. Using part of it as a pad, she bandaged the arm, and then helped him back into his jacket. By then he seemed almost himself again, in spite of the fact that her unavoidably rough handling of his arm must have hurt him. When she had finished,

"Thank you," he said.

Sheila unaccountably found herself blushing.

"It was nothing," she replied, and then spent the next half-minute wondering why she should have said anything so stupid.

They were crossing the Cavenagh Bridge now, getting into the brightly lit European section of the city. Both of them shrank back into the rickshaw unwilling to be noticed. They were being borne along at a good pace. As they approached the neighborhood of the "International," Rearden spoke.

"You're quite satisfied with your decision to leave Singapore for a while?"

The girl nodded.

"Yes."

"Even after what's just happened? No, wait a minute: it does look suspicious; don't think I don't realise that."

"It makes no difference to me," Sheila said in a low voice. "You explained my position before. I admit I know nothing about you. You may be a criminal, but I'd prefer your sort of criminal to Stanovitch. And, for that matter, if the police learn of what occurred last night, I dare say I'll be regarded as a criminal, too. So there's not much between us."

REARDEN heard her out. When she said: "You may be a criminal," his mouth twisted in a grimace, but his face was grave enough when she finished. "Right—oh, then. So long as you've decided. I think you're acting wisely. You'll be safe aboard the *Elenora*, no chance of birds like Stanovitch getting hold of you, while, as for me, or anybody else aboard for that matter, there'll be no need for you to come in contact with me. We'll even be able to arrange for you to have your meals separately if you want it that way."

"Oh . . . !" she exclaimed.

She wanted to tell him that that wasn't at all what she'd meant. She hadn't thought to convey the idea that she regarded him as a crook. Indeed, to-night she had been far too concerned for his safety to spare any time to wonder what he might have been doing. What she had wanted to say was that even if he were a criminal she would far prefer being under his care to being in Stanovitch's hands. She was on the point of trying to explain, but gave it up. How can one explain these subtle differences that depend on the mere inflection of a word? But she promised herself that she would make her attitude plain by her actions once they should be aboard this *Elenora* of which he spoke so much.

A sudden thought struck her.

"Clothes!" she exclaimed. "What am I to do about clothes? I can't go . . ."

Rearden interrupted her dryly.

"I'm afraid you'll have to. In the first place, we have no time to stop. I've had a boat waiting for an hour now. Shorters will be wondering what's gone wrong. Secondly, there's the question of safety. Stanovitch was 'out' to it when we left, but he won't be inactive for long. You can take it from me that either he or one of his offshoots is trying to pick you up right now."

Sheila was silent. She realised the truth of what he had said. The prospect of going

off on a voyage of uncertain duration with only the clothes she wore—and those torn—was not inviting, but there was nothing else for it. He felt her shrug.

"Well, there seems no help for it," she said.

Her calm acceptance of the situation, her failure to fuss as most women, under similar circumstances, would have fussed, impressed him. His hand closed over hers.

"That's fine," he said.

His words comforted her. He was, she thought suddenly, a very comforting person altogether. The thought flashed through her mind that she had only met him last night, that in clothes and unkemptness he was the exact opposite of what she would ever have considered as being reassuring in a male, but above these considerations came a recollection of the clear-cut lines of his features, of the strong chin, steady eyes, and, above all, of his unvarying capacity to meet a situation.

WHETHER or not it was telepathy, Rearden's thoughts were passing through somewhat similar channels. It was strange, he ruminated, how extraordinary circumstances develop a relationship between two people at a rate that would be inconceivable under normal conditions. Take this girl at his side: a decent kid, attractive in her fashion. But had he met her, say in the old days, at home, there'd have been politeness between them; possibly after the lapse of a few months and given sufficient opportunities to meet, even a casual friendliness. Whereas now, after a brief twenty-four hours he was loading himself with the care of her, and accepting the responsibility, moreover, as being entirely natural. She, too, it seemed, did not find the position strange. It was funny . . .

He awoke with a jerk from his meditations as Sheila Carstairs moved.

"Don't move," she said. "I'm just feeling a bit cramped."

She stretched her legs, and, as she did so, her foot knocked against something heavy. Leaning forward, she stooped to pick the object up. . . . was Rearden's automatic. The rickshaw had just passed the neighborhood of the International, the street was well lighted, and, as she straightened, she looked straight into a rickshaw that was rolling along in the opposite direction. The street lights enabled her to see quite plainly its occupant, even as he could see her. As she jerked upright, stifling a cry, the black automatic in her hand, the two rickshaws drew level and passed.

"What is it?" Rearden was gripping her arm. Then, catching sight of the gun.

"Oh, that!" His voice held an amused note.

He was leaning across her, and had already taken the automatic from her unresisting fingers, when she spoke.

"No, your revolver didn't scare me. It was that rickshaw."

"What rickshaw?" Rearden's voice was sharp.

"The one that has just passed us, going the other way."

"Yes?" His tone was a command to continue.

"Stanovitch was in it."

"Ah!"

Sheila felt him stiffen, heard the swift intake of his breath. Then he said:

"You're certain?"

"Positive. I knew him even with a bandage around his head. That face . . ."

She shuddered. Later she could never tell how much of genuineness was in Rearden's laugh and how much of a desire to reassure her. But he laughed, deep chuckles coming up from way down in his chest. In spite of the fright Stanovitch's sudden appearance and evil face had given her, she could not help joining him.

"I'm glad about the bandage, anyhow," he said in explanation of his mirth. He then asked casually, "Think he saw you, recognised you?"

The question, in spite of its easy carelessness, sobered her.

"I'm certain of it," she told him.

"Ah! Well, don't worry about it. We'll be right out of his reach very shortly."

But she noticed that he spoke sharply to the rickshaw boy, who quickened his pace, and that he kept looking back at intervals. The automatic he slid loosely into his outer jacket pocket.

Neither spoke again during the short remainder of their ride. As they approached the spot where Rearden had arranged with Shorters to have a boat waiting, skirting the warehouses that presented black faces to the wharves, she looked seaward. The moon was rising, its silver disc just pushing itself above the velvet-black horizon. Riding lights of ships dotted the roads, but these were dimmed by the blazing magnificence of the tropic stars. Moving glimmers of light showed where boats were passing between the anchored ships and the shore.

Sheila was still absorbing the scene when, at a sharp command from Rearden, the rickshaw stopped. Hastily, Rearden stepped out, holding out a hand to help the girl down.

"Hurry!" was all he said.

He leaned into the rickshaw again and pulled out the handbag. Then, with a curt word to the boy, some reference to Li Sung, Sheila thought, and a glance along the road to where two or three rickshaws were approaching leisurely, he took her hand.

"This way," he said, and set off.

Sheila had to half-run to keep up with him. He led her over to where a shallow flight of steps led down to the water. A ship's boat was rising and falling to a slight swell, all ready to cast off, only kept in position by the boathook held by one of her crew. Rearden only spoke one word.

"*Elenora*?"

"That's our ship," came a voice from the boat.

"You're expecting me? I'm Rearden."

"Aye, aye, sir. Going aboard?"

Without bothering to reply, Rearden moved past a couple of loungers, sailors waiting for their own boats, who were leaning over the rail, smoking, and helped the girl down the slippery steps to the boat. He seated her in the stern-sheets, and then followed, after stowing his bag under the thwart.

"All right," he said in a low voice. "The sooner you get us aboard the better."

THE boat was already drifting away from the steps. The

loungers above saw the oars being shipped, heard the knock of the rowlocks as the crew commenced rowing, and then watched the white shape fade into the night. Soon even the regular beat of the oars was lost.

It was just about then that another rickshaw drew up at the point just opposite the head of the steps. From it climbed a man with little, close-set eyes and a cruel mouth. Under his hat the white edge of a bandage was visible. He approached the loungers at the rail, and, angling one out, addressed him.

"I'm looking for a friend of mine," he said suavely. "A sailor. I believe he escorted a young lady to the steps here. I wonder if you happened to see him?"

Adroitly he slipped a piece of silver into a receptive palm. The response was immediate.

"There was a feller just went off. Hard-

case by the look of him. With a girl."

"That would be him," the man with the bandaged head sounded excited. "You can't tell me what ship he has gone off to?"

"Easy." In the darkness his informant

grinned. "Boat's been 'ere over a hour. I been yarnin' with 'er crew. Schooner *Elenora*."

"Ah!" The questioner seemed about to

turn away, satisfied. Then a further thought struck him. He spoke again, hesitatingly this time, as if doubtful of being able to get the information he desired.

"You would hardly know, I suppose, to what port the—er—schooner is bound?"

"Well, I couldn't even say no to that. Happens I remember a cove in the boat saying as how 'e'd 'eard the old man mention somethin' about Macassar to the mate just afore they brought the boat in." He turned to a fellow-lounger. "It was Macassar 'e said, wasn't it, mate?"

The man appealed to spat deliberately before replying.

"Aye," he said at length. "Macassar, so 'e said."

This additional piece of information appeared to please the man with the bandage. His hand went into his pocket again, there was another clink of silver. Leaving the small group he walked back towards his rickshaw. As he passed under a street lamp, the light revealed his face plainly. A grin in which there was no mirth distorted his lips.

CHAPTER 12

IT was late on the following morning when Sheila Carstairs awoke. She opened her eyes to a scene so unfamiliar that, for a second or two, she wondered whether she were still asleep and dreaming. Then she remembered.

Lying there, she allowed her mind to run over the details of the previous night before taking stock of her cabin. She had been tired, very tired. Once the boat had pulled away from the steps, taking her out of reach of mad Russians, police, and all the happenings which had put such a strain upon her, she had felt a deadly weariness overcome her.

She must have slept during that row out to where the Elenora lay anchored, for now, the morning after, she could remember nothing of what took place between the time she lost sight of the loungers at the head of the steps, and the moment she found Rearden helping her over the schooner's side and introducing her to a big man who, she recalled, was named "Captain Shorters." But even that memory was very vague now. Snatches of things came back to her: Rearden helping her along to what he called "your cabin"; Rearden appearing again with a suit of pyjamas. Beyond those anaphoras, however, all of which seemed to centre about the one figure—nothing.

Now she looked about her. Her woman's eye noted first that everything—white panelling, scrubbed planks—was spotlessly clean. She was lying, she found, on a narrow bed just above which was a porthole. Smiling, she corrected herself; she couldn't, mustn't, call this a bed, it was a bunk. Overhead hung a polished brass lamp. It swayed gently to and fro. Watching it, she became aware for the first time of the slight lift and drop of the ship, and caught the rush of water along the sides. They were at sea! She did not know why the idea excited her so.

An easy chair stood in the far corner of the cabin and against the forward bulkhead was a desk. It had, quite evidently, been tidied up; it was bare of pictures or photographs. The girl smiled to herself as she imagined the decorations that possibly stood on it under normal circumstances.

She was still luxuriating in a sense of freedom, of well-being induced by a good sleep after the racking torment of the past two nights and a day when there came a tap at her door.

"Come in," she called, half expecting to see Rearden enter in response to her invitation.

It was not Rearden, however, but a Chinese steward. He stood bowing and asking whether she would like her break-

fast to be brought to her. She told him yes, conscious now of the fact that she was decidedly hungry. She remembered, in explanation, that yesterday she had eaten practically nothing.

Her breakfast was excellent. Somebody, she thought she could guess who, had evidently taken trouble to see that it was served in a manner somewhat more tasteful than, she imagined, was usual on a trading schooner. The food was well cooked; she ate the omelette, and the fish that followed it, with enjoyment, and then sat back to enjoy her coffee. It was then she discovered that even cigarettes had been included on her tray.

Blowing a band of smoke luxuriously towards the door and sipping her coffee, she smiled. He was nice, she decided, and, having come to this conclusion, made up her mind to dress so that she might tell him so, although not, perhaps, quite so plainly. She slipped out of her bunk, and then discovered that at the foot of it were a big bowl for washing, a pail of water, and, folded neatly on a low trunk, an outfit consisting of a man's white trousers, a shirt, and a pair of grass slippers with woven rope-soles. Rearden had kept his promise to outfit her.

It did not take her long to wash and dress. When she had done so, she stood for a moment self-consciously. The feeling soon wore off; she had gone about sufficiently, when on holidays, in slacks and a shirt to find the wearing of these clothes quite easy. A mirror was screwed to the bulkhead, and from hooks hung a comb and a brush. She moved over to do her hair, but paused even as the brush was raised to pass over her long thick auburn tresses, and surveyed herself.

The face that looked back at her showed no signs of the shocks that had commenced with Cripps-Mumford's death and terminated only so few hours before. Sleep, good, comfortable sleep, secure in the feeling of her own safety, had done miracles for her. Her eyes, this morning, were wide and clear, unmarred by heavy shadows beneath them; her skin was creamy with just a hint of color on the cheeks; the mouth was no longer pulled down at the corners by fear.

Bending to brush the thick masses of her hair, she saw the reflection of the passing waves, caught by the slanting porthole, glinting in it, bringing up its rich coloring; the sight gave her an almost child-like satisfaction. It added to her general sense of well-being. With a last look at the glass, she put down the brush, and left the cabin.

She had no difficulty in finding the deck. The Elenora was not a large ship, and, coming out into the alleyway from which her cabin led, she saw the companionway just a yard or two to her right. She ran up it lightly, balancing herself easily to the slight rise and fall of the vessel, and so came on deck.

For a moment, when she emerged, she stood still, caught by the beauty of everything. The sun was beating down, flashing on every piece of polished brasswork, and striking splinters of glass from the crests of the waves. The morning was not yet advanced enough for it to be very hot, and the breeze before which the Elenora was running was just pleasantly warm. The sky arched blue overhead, only rivalled in color by the sea, and against this brilliance, the Elenora's sails strained a mass of white.

SHEILA noticed men working forward; she herself was standing amidships. Instinctively, when she recovered from the first breath-taking beauty of the scene, she looked for Rearden, but could not find him. Instead she saw, reclining in a long chair near the wheel, under an awning, a big man clothed in white duck. He was smoking a cheroot, and had a bottle and glass on a small table at his elbow, but

immediately he saw her, he rose, his red face lit up by a smile.

Returning his smile, she went towards him. He advanced to meet her, waiting at the head of the few steps that led to the Elenora's small poop. His greeting was hearty.

"Well, well, Miss Carstairs. No need to ask if you enjoyed a good night. Looks speak for themselves, hey? That's fine. And your breakfast—everything in order? Sure?"

Rattling on, giving her no time to get a word in he led her beneath the awning and motioned her to take his chair. She tried to protest at this, but his wide gesture silenced her.

"Fu!" he shouted. "Fu!"

The Chinese steward materialised from the companionway.

"Another chair."

Within a minute it was there, but while waiting for it, and even as he eased himself into it, Shorters kept talking. His opening remarks had been natural enough, the normal pleasure of a good host at seeing that a guest had been comfortable. This ceaseless flow of words, however, most of which, now, meant exactly nothing, puzzled Sheila. Then, during a lull, she saw the captain mop his brow and glance anxiously at the companionway as if expecting someone and hoping to heaven he would appear. That panicky look betrayed everything; the redoubtable Tom Shorters, gay Lothario in practically every port east of Suez, was talking in an endeavor to hide his embarrassment.

THE discovery brought the girl to the verge of laughter. It really was so funny to see this big man perspiring and stumbling in his effort to keep rolling the ball of polite conversation. She let him go until he came to the end of a sentence and paused, quite obviously seeking for further inspiration. Then she said:

"There's no need to, Captain. Really."

"Hey?"

He gave her a startled look.

"There's no need to entertain me, you know. I'm not a regular passenger on a regular liner who's likely to write and complain to the company if the ship's officers are not polite and attentive."

His eyes were sticking out of his head, but she continued remorselessly:

"Not that I'd do that kind of thing at any rate. Not even on a mailboat. I hate that kind of female, don't you, Captain Shorters?"

"What the . . . ?" he began, and then caught the gleam of mirth in her eye. "Well, I'll be damned," he said, and commenced to laugh.

Sheila joined him. After the strain of the past five minutes, Shorters found laughter so good that he roared. It was infectious. Sheila joined him, the sound of their mirth echoing over the ship. They were both caught in one of those gusts of uncontrollable merriment in which, just as one manages to control one's own guffaws, the sight of another pair of streaming eyes sets one off as badly as ever. They were in this state when Rearden came upon them.

Owing to the grass slippers he was wearing, his approach was so quiet that neither Sheila nor the big man was aware of his approach until he stood before them, looking down quizzically.

"Seems to be a good joke," he remarked dryly.

"Oh!" Sheila sat up, conscious of her tear-filled eyes.

Shorters was still shaking, but he managed to control himself.

"So here you are," he gasped. "Well, I'll leave you to look after Miss Carstairs. She's been too much for me." He rose and stood alongside Rearden, looking down at the girl. "Best laugh I've had in years," he said. "I think you and I'll be friends."

With that he went, muttering something about marking off the chart. The sound

of his chuckles still came to them as he disappeared down the companionway. Rearden dropped easily into the chair he had vacated.

Now that they were alone, both of them felt constraint creeping upon them. Out here, out of sight of land, with no link between them and what they had left but a smoke smudge on the horizon that was a steamer heading for Singapore, the bond that had bound them together the previous night seemed to have fallen away. It was natural enough. Quite apart from their different surroundings, they themselves were different.

Stealing a glance out of the corner of her eye at Rearden, Sheila realised with a shock that she would have found it difficult to recognise him now had she met him, say, in a crowded hotel lounge instead of here. The disreputable dungarees had gone; in their place were white ducks, perfectly creased trousers and a white jacket whose only resemblance to the one she had identified with him was that it buttoned up to the neck. He still wore native shoes, but they were trim slippers now, not the sloppy, rope-soled pair he had worn ashore. The bristling growth of beard was gone; without it his reddish-brown skin was singularly attractive. His hair had benefited more than she would have believed possible by the attentions of a comb.

Only the strong jutting chin was as she remembered it. That, and, she suspected, his eyes. Unfortunately, she could not decide the latter point. She could hardly, she reflected, ask him to turn around and allow her to gaze into them to see whether they were steel-grey or not.

WHILE Rearden's surprise had not been as great as the girl's, he had not escaped his own little shock. The Sheila Carstairs he remembered had certainly been good looking, had possessed auburn hair, good, large, hazel eyes, a good nose and mouth. But she had appeared older, somehow; her eyes had been shadowed; he had heard her laugh once or twice, a small, shaky laugh, largely a matter of easing nervous tension, but he had never heard her laugh as this girl had been laughing when he came up. Altogether, the Sheila Carstairs he encountered this morning was much younger than he had imagined her, was much more beautiful and had hair that rippled and shone more brightly than he remembered it.

The silence began to grow heavy. Rearden was the first to speak.

"I hope you had a good night."

The girl seized eagerly on the remark.

"Splendid, thanks. I slept like a top, and . . ."

Seemingly possible thanks, he hastened to interrupt her.

"That's fine. Clothes all right, I hope."

He half turned towards her as he spoke, and caught the gay friendliness of her smile.

"Couldn't be better," she told him, and then: "Don't they look it?"

She asked the question seriously. For a moment he had suspected her of fishing for a compliment, but her expression satisfied him.

"They do," he assured her gravely.

"Could have been made for you."

He saw her glance at him, and then watched a puzzled frown gather on her forehead.

"But I don't understand quite," she said.

"That's just it, although I hadn't thought of it before. You're . . ." her eyes went over him speculatively, "well, I should say about six feet, and big in proportion, and Captain Shorters is, or, fairly well built."

She looked from him down over her own slim figure, and then added, as if to make her meaning clear: "You don't make a habit of carrying young women, do you, and keep a permanent wardrobe for them?"

He saw what she meant then, and at the thought of her in his own or Tom Shorters' clothes, he grinned. She liked his grin,

it took years off him, made him look singularly attractive.

"Oh, I see," he said. "No, you're not in either Tom's or my cast-offs. And we don't keep a special wardrobe for young women."

The look she gave him was puzzled.

"Then I don't quite understand," she said.

"Surely you didn't go ashore last night just to . . ."

He shook his head; she noticed that his eyes were twinkling.

"No," he said. "They're Pua's."

"Whose?"

"Fu. The steward who took in your breakfast."

He was laughing openly now, and after a dismaying second she joined him. It really was ludicrous. She remembered the quiet, impassive young Chinaman who had come to set up the second chair under the awning.

He had not glanced at her, but she wondered what secret amusement he had got out of the sight of her sitting there in his clothes.

Their laughter seemed to break the ice between them. When they stopped, the feeling of constraint that had been there before had quite disappeared. Rearden said:

"Well, now that you're on the high seas, how d'you like it?"

Her enthusiasm, when she looked up to answer him, was quite unfeigned.

"I love it! I know it sounds impossible, but I've forgotten all about the last two days. I'm not going to remember it until I'm forced to. This," the wave of her hand took in sky and sea and the swelling white sails, "is something quite new and beautiful."

He nodded.

"Mm. It does get you at first. Of course, you're lucky in a way. I've been on quite a few ships, but I've not seen a trading schooner, or any other ship outside the Navy, that's kept as the Elenora is kept."

Tom Shorters, you know, loves her. Looks after her like other men look after their wives. Don't know how he manages it, but no matter what cargo she may be carrying, and she takes some queer ones at times, she always looks the same."

"I like your friend Captain Shorters," Sheila said.

Rearden smiled.

"He'll be flattered to hear that. Between ourselves, he was in a sweat last night when I arrived with you in tow. Tom's a regular devil among the girls in port, but when he moves up a couple of rungs his nerve leaves him."

"So I noticed," Sheila said smiling.

She gave Rearden an account of Shorters' reception of her that morning and the manner in which she had dealt with it. He laughed.

"Well," he summed up, "now that you've made him laugh like that, he'll be your friend for life."

They fell silent for a while after that, content to sit back and watch the dip and lift of the Elenora's jibboom and the glint of sun on the occasional flying sprays. The breeze had shifted round a couple of points, and under the mate's directions, hands went to the sheets to haul her a trifle closer to the wind. Overhead, ropes and cordage were thrumming, occasionally the main-top-sail would flutter as the ship fell slightly away from her course.

Sheila was the first to break the silence.

"I haven't thanked you yet for all you did for me last night and the night before."

"Well don't," Rearden's tone belied the brusqueness of his words. "It was nothing."

But the girl was not to be side-tracked.

"It was quite a lot," she insisted. "There was no actual need for you to bother yourself about my concerns. I know now that you had enough worries of your own last night without having to look after me. And now you have me here . . ."

REARDEN slewed round in his chair and looked straight at her.

"Look here, Miss Carstairs," he said:

"Believe me, you're under no obligation to me, or at least," forestalling her comment,

"Only a very small one. Don't forget, I know you didn't kill Cripps-Mumford. Well then, knowing that, could I let Stanovitch denounce you to the police, or, worse still, terrorise you in all sorts of foul fashions. No man worth a tinker's damn could have calmly left you to that. Besides, I'll be quite frank, it didn't suit me either to leave you in Stanovitch's hands or to have you questioned by the police. That's all there is to it."

"All right," Sheila replied, "we'll leave it at that, but I want you to know that I'm grateful."

"Oh, he'll!" Rearden muttered, but she was not offended. She simply smiled at him and changed the conversation by asking to what part they were bound.

"Macassar," she was told. "We'll put in there for a day or two—just until we get a message I'm expecting, and then, if everything's in order, back to Singapore."

She longed to ask him if the message he was to receive would also inform him whether Singapore would be safe for her, but since he did not seem inclined to pursue the subject, she resisted her inclination, contenting herself with listening while he talked busily, and fascinatingly, of the Dutch East Indies, its history, romance and the great navigators who had first sailed these seas.

She was still listening, Singapore forgotten, when Fu appeared on deck, solemnly smiling a gook to intimate that luncheon was served.

CHAPTER 13

THE two days that followed were a pure delight to Sheila. Brought up in a conventional, upper-middle class English home, educated as thousands of others in a similar position were educated, and then allowed to enjoy only those pleasures which were accepted by her circle, the freedom that was hers on the Elenora came as something new and completely captivating.

Even when she had come out to Singapore, escaping from home to hotel surroundings, her life had been very restricted. Cripps-Mumford's and her own social position had acted as a check on any desire she may have had to live freely, doing what she wanted to. She could only "know" people of a certain position, could only enjoy the pleasures they enjoyed, share the ideas they had. Actually, it had been very little different to England.

Now, however, she found herself in surroundings that bore no slightest resemblance to any in which, previously, she had moved. This was ship board living as she had always imagined it; not the grand-hotel ship-board of a big liner, whose glass windows and shelter decks keep away even the tang of the ocean, but the actual thing: wind-filled sails, the hum of cordage, the soft crash of waves under the ship's forefoot, and at night, in her bunk, the hiss of water on the other side of the Elenora's planks.

She found, too, more pleasure in the company of Rearden and Shorters than she had thought it possible to find with men. More particularly was this so in Rearden's case, but that, she imagined was because he was younger, in his thirties as against Shorters' fifty odd. In this companionship there was a feeling of unrestraint that had been lacking conspicuously in her association with males. Then, there had always been a consciousness of sex difference, a subtle antagonism, a searching for hidden meanings underneath lightly spoken words. There was none of that between herself and Rearden, or Shorters, she would add hastily when she thought of the matter.

Just how much time she spent in Rearden's company, she did not realise. But there were long talks on nearly every subject under the sun, hot arguments, or long hours when she was happy just to lie back and

listen to his pleasant voice describing countries he had visited, their peoples and their histories. He seemed to have a keen interest in the past, and a quick eye to pick out the romance of a period plus the imagination and the tongue to recreate it for a listener. They were delightful, those talks.

There, too, were her lessons in seamanship. Under his tuition she learnt in an astonishingly quick time to distinguish a sheet from a halyard, to know the difference between a gaff tops' and a square tops'; she had even taken the wheel for one short spell with him at her side to keep her from landing them in trouble. He had promised to teach her more about steering.

And yet, while conscious of the large place Rearden filled in her time and her thoughts, Sheila did not think of taking stock of her feeling towards him except to acknowledge to herself that she enjoyed being with him. Of his background she had learnt nothing. Except that he followed the sea, and had done since boyhood, she knew not a thing except what came directly under her notice while she was with him.

Sometimes she wondered why he had been in Singapore, obviously on the rocks. Occasionally, too, she thought about his strange appearance on the night of the murder of his interest in the plans Crippa-Mumford had stolen, and of his strange conduct on the night they had sailed on the Elenora. He had never made any attempt to explain these things, appearing to avoid any reference to them. He discouraged even any inquiries about the wound in his arm.

To her shame, she had forgotten to ask about it that first morning on the schooner. She had recollected at lunch, noticing his clumsiness in cutting his food, and overwhelmed with remorse at her own thoughtlessness, had addressed him impulsively.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, I forgot to ask how your arm is to-day."

"Please don't mention it. Quite O.K., thanks."

The response had been friendly enough, but his "please don't mention it" had not been merely a polite phrase. It had been obvious that he meant it. She had taken the hint and had made no more inquiries.

But even her easy, unquestioning acceptance of these mysteries did not make Sheila sit down to a really serious self-examination. That did not come until the evening of the third day out from Singapore. Midway in the afternoon, Shorters came up to where she and Rearden sat in their accustomed place, talking languidly. Ever since that first morning, the red-faced, burly skipper of the Elenora had made no secret of his friendliness towards the girl. Now he looked down at her smilingly.

"Land at last, Miss Sheila," he said. It had been "Miss Sheila" since their first meal together; Rearden had picked it up too, now.

At the word "land" she sprang to her feet.

"Where? Show me."

Laughing at her eagerness, Rearden and Shorters accompanied her to the rail, and the latter pointed to where, far away, on the horizon, a couple of points on the starboard quarter, a faint, cloud-like smudge rested.

"There you are," he said. "If the breeze only freshens a bit, we'll make Macassar just after sundown."

But the breeze refused to freshen; the Elenora continued to make way, but it was well after dinner when the mate came below to report that they were right off the harbor, and to ask whether Captain Shorters intended to take her in himself. Captain Shorters stated in no indefinite terms that he certainly did intend to take her in himself, adding that he knew Macassar harbor as well as he knew the palm of his hand and that if any local pilot

thought he was going to make a few dollars out of the owner of the Elenora, he, the pilot, was due for a very nasty surprise. After which declaration of independence Captain Shorters went on deck to justify his boast, accompanied by the amused Rearden.

LEFT to herself, Sheila wondered whether or not she should go to her cabin and thence to her bunk. She found that after the unaccustomed, salt-laden air, she was always ready for sleep, but to-night, with land so close, emanating all the mystery and allure that a port always has for somebody approaching it for the first time, she felt strangely disinclined to retire. She decided to go on deck just for a while.

Climbing out of the companionway, she looked aft and saw Shorters and Rearden near the wheel, their faces dimly illumined by the hinnacle lamp. Shorters was giving a low-voiced command to the helmsman. Not wishing to disturb them, she passed forward, halting just by the mainmast to view the lights that lay ahead, beckoning the ship in.

Acting on an impulse, she continued towards the bows, only stopping when she had climbed the low fore'st'le-head and stood under the big shadow of the jib. She was now as far as she could go. On either side of her the bulwarks curved in, and the heavy butt of the jibboom gave her little room to stand.

It was very pleasant here. She could hear the suck and gurgle of the water under the Elenora's forefoot, and could watch the slow approach of the lights of Macassar as the ship felt her way in. After a while she grew a bit chilly, and, crouching down between the jibboom and starboard bulwark, pulled about her the folds of an old sail that had been left there to await the early attention of the hand who acted as sail-maker. In this position, she must have drifted off to sleep.

The sudden loud rattle of the anchor chain aroused her. She heard the plumes as the hook took the smooth water of the harbor. She felt warm and comfortable, and so did not stir even when she heard footsteps on the fore'st'le head behind her. One of the deckhands, she thought, and decided to wait just a little longer until he should go.

Footsteps sounded again, lighter this time; there must be two men she thought. Then somebody spoke.

"Well, we're in, Rearden. A fair enough trip. What d'you think will you go ashore to-night or wait until the morning? I s'pose you could find out at the cable office whether anything is through, even at this hour."

The speaker was Shorters. The girl heard Rearden reply.

"To-morrow, I think. There's no hurry. I won't be sorry if I don't hear anything for a day or two."

"Bm." The sound Shorters made was carefully non-committal.

Sheila made no effort to make her presence known. Just why she would have found it difficult to explain to herself. It was probably because she would have found it hard to tell why she was crouching up here in the bows. The attractiveness of beckoning lights, star-studded sky and the gurgle of water are hard things to put into words. She thought that Rearden and Shorters would soon go aft, giving her the opportunity to slip below unobserved. She heard Shorters clear his throat and walk over to the rail.

"No, I don't s'pose you will mind a few days' delay."

There was a half jocular, half serious note in his voice.

"What d'you mean?"

"Well, it's been a nice trip, hasn't it? Bit of a change to have a woman on board." A pause, and then, casually, "Nice girl, Sheila Carstairs."

This was greeted with silence for a moment. When Rearden answered, his voice was as casual as Shorters'.

"Yes, very nice. I was a bit scared about bringing a girl on to a small packet like this. You understand: we're all more or less forced on each other. But she's all right. Make a damn good pal."

Eavesdropping under the old sail, Sheila felt herself warm all over as she heard this masculine praise. It was rather nice to know that Rearden liked her. But Shorters' next words caused this comfortable warmth to turn into an embarrassing hotness that seemed to burn all over her body.

"Pal? Well, yes, I suppose so. But I thought, perhaps, there was a bit more to it than that."

"What in hell..." Rearden's voice was sharp.

"Now don't be silly. You know I don't mean anything nasty. But, man alive! she's the kind of girl a fellow with red blood in his veins would want to be more than pals with. If I were twenty years younger..."

For the first time, Rearden laughed.

"Yes, I know. Gosh, what a heart breaker you must've been when you were a lad, Tom. But as for..."

He broke off. The listening girl heard him walk to the rail where he evidently stood peering shoreward. Shorters moved and coughed.

"All right. But I've been watching you. Don't be so sure about this 'pal' stuff until you think it over thoroughly. Another thing," he chuckled, "the little lady herself'll have something to say about that, unless I'm mistaken. Hair and eyes and mouth-like hers aren't usually satisfied with milk and water."

"Oh, shut up!" Rearden's voice was curt. Then he said, with a return to his usual easy tones, "You ought to chuck up the sea and live ashore. What a match-maker you'd make!"

THEY commenced to walk away. Sheila heard them descend from the fore'st'le head to the deck, and caught a whiff of tobacco as one of them lit up. Then she was alone again. She lay there quietly, her cheeks burning, wishing furiously that she could tell Tom Shorters just what she thought of him. The big, clumsy, impudent oaf! How dare he! Of course, there was nothing but comradeship between Rearden and herself. Only a man of coarse mind...

But here her natural honesty made her pause. Lying here, alone, the stars shining down coldly on her, there was no need for pretence. Was it just friendliness that she felt for Rearden? She thought of the unquestioning way she had accepted him, of the way she had entrusted herself to his hands after a bare two meetings. Their association on the Elenora, had she got nothing out of that but a pleasure that any other man's company would have given her? There was no need for her to hesitate over the answer.

It was, something else, however, that put her real feelings beyond all doubt. Shorters had mentioned the possibility of a message actually awaiting Rearden ashore. If it were, and if it contained the news he hoped for, it would mean an immediate return to Singapore. That would give them only another three days together, and then would come an inevitable parting. She might never see him after that.

The mere thought of that made her heart contract. Never to see him again! Facing that prospect, she knew, beyond doubt, that, so far as she was concerned, it was no longer a question of palship with Rearden; unknown to herself she had drifted into quite different waters; she loved him.

She lay thinking. She could not face the prospect of losing him, and yet he had been so sure of himself; his words to Shorters had been so positive. She'd made a good pal. That was what he had said.

Pa. Well, she had no doubt that she could be that, too, but for herself she needed something more.

Sitting up abruptly, she smoothed down a strand of hair that had come loose. The ship was very quiet. From a big sampan anchored to port came the mournful notes of a Chinese fiddle. Somebody in a boat hailed his ship. The echoes of the cry died away softly up the harbor. Sheila put a hand on the rail and pulled herself up. A quick glance showed her that the way was clear. Moving noiselessly, she slipped down to the deck, along to the lighted companion-way and down. She reached her cabin unobserved.

She felt tired now. Quickly she removed her clothes and donned the lurid green-and-hellotone pyjamas that Rearden had provided. The legs concentrated down about her ankles, the coat would have covered two of her size. She could not help smiling at the thought of the picture she must make. Picking up her brush, she went to the mirror to give her hair the final brushing of the day. It was when she caught the reflection of its shining, colorful mass that a sentence of Shorters' came back to her.

"Hair and eyes and mouth like hers aren't usually satisfied with milk and water."

Unexpectedly Sheila smiled, displaying white, perfect teeth. Shorters had been right! She wouldn't be satisfied with anything but Rearden's love. Her finely-formed lips came together, giving her a delightful look of determination. She knew that Rearden liked her, well, she'd see that she went a bit further than that. As she snuggled down into her bunk, she murmured to herself:

"I'm going to marry you, Rearden."

All of which, of course, was quite unknown to Rearden, who, in Shorters' cabin, was trying to banish disturbing pictures of a certain face crowned with auburn hair by playing cribbage.

A young person who went after what she wanted was Miss Sheila Cartwright.

CHAPTER 14

THE old fortifications of Macassar are an entrancing sight for people who have an eye for color and the type of mind which can switch itself back some centuries and people these grass-grown battlements with the Portuguese captains and men-at-arms who patrolled them in the days when Portugal was a power in the Indies and ships came out with marble for the big palace-like houses of the officers and merchants, and to load nutmeg and spices for the return passage.

Sheila and Rearden lounged on the huge blocks, and looked down at the rich green jungle-growth that spread below them. It was hot, but neither of them noticed the burning quality of the sun. Rearden pointed out a rusting cannon, half-hidden by encroaching vines, its carriage long since dust.

"All that is left of them," he said. "A rusty cannon three centuries old, and this." His gesture embraced the fortifications.

She nodded. He had told her the history of Macassar, and she had thrilled to the story of adventurousness, privations, and courage. A hard came out from a chink between two heavy blocks of stone. Its iridescent scales flashed in the sun; its tongue flickered in and out.

"Oh look!"

Rearden followed her pointing finger.

"Yes, lovely little fellow, aren't they?"

Conversation languished again. It was a day for quiet, lying rather than talk. The man tilted his torso further over his face, and gazed through narrowed eyes down the terraced hillside to the town and harbor. This was ideal, he was thinking; quiet, unconstrained. He wondered what Sheila was thinking of.

She did not leave him long in doubt. Carelessly shredding the leaves off a strip of vine she held, she said casually:

"Was there any news from Singapore when you came ashore this morning?"

Startled, he glanced at her sharply.

"No, why?"

"Oh, I just wondered. You said you expected a message to come through to you here, and I just thought..."

Rearden said, with slightly more emphasis than was necessary:

"But we only got in last night. May not hear for two or three days." A sudden thought struck him, but he did not betray how unpleasant it was as he looked at her again, and asked, "Getting restive? Anxious to get back to Singapore?"

She glanced at him from under lowered eyelids. Perhaps he had not disguised his feelings as well as he imagined he had; he could have sworn there was a glint of amusement in her eyes as she replied.

"No, of course not. But I thought you might be. Important business or something like that."

There was no mistaking, now, the mocking note in her voice. Rearden sat up stiffly, and looked accusingly at her.

"Are you trying to make fun of me?"

His voice was a trifle uncertain, different to his usual downright manner.

"Making fun of you!" Her tone was demurely shocked. "Why should I do that? But you seemed in a bit of a hurry the night we left Singapore, and I thought that perhaps there were things you had not had time to attend to. You know the kind of things men usually have to fix up."

Rearden could not restrain the smile that came to his lips and yes, "A bit of a hurry" to describe their headlong flight from Van Dreyton and Stanovitch was a bit rich. She knew what was amusing him, and joined his laughter.

"But, anyhow," she said when the joke had been thoroughly enjoyed, "I'm glad your message has not come through yet."

She could not be sure, but thought she detected a hint of eagerness in his voice when he asked:

"Oh, and why?"

"Well," she spoke deliberately, gazing at him with eyes that were disarmingly and disconcertingly free of guile. "Now that we're here, I'd like to see a bit more of Macassar."

Rearden grunted, trying to conceal his disappointment. He would have liked her to say something along the lines of: "Well, our companionship is rather jolly, don't you think? May as well enjoy a short holiday together before we separate." The absurdity of the hope was plain to him immediately; he realized, too, that the grunt might have sounded ungracious.

"Yes, of course," he said hastily. "Lots to see. If we have time there's quite a lot I'll be able to show you. Tom Shorters, too, of course," he added lamely. "Tom knows this place better than I do."

This time the girl hid her amusement.

"That sounds nice," she told him. "If Captain Shorters is not too busy, I'll have to ask him to spare a few hours."

Rearden's attention seemed to be too occupied with another lizard for him to reply.

Shortly afterwards they began a leisurely return to the harbor-side.

By the time they were once more in the streets of Macassar any constraint that may have been between them had vanished. They walked slowly, watching the mixed races that brushed by them, amused by the portentous gravity with which elderly Hindustani, Chinese, and Malays pedalled bicycles along the road, and ever ready to pause at some stall or shop to observe the native tradesmen at work.

When they reached the harbor-side they stood for a moment gazing at the Elenora dreaming at anchor. She looked beautiful. A hand was working, in a sling rigged from the main topmast, varnishing the mast itself; two others were in a boat alongside, touching up with white paint a section of

the side which did not please Shorters' keen eye.

"She's nice, isn't she?" Rearden asked.

"Lovely." The sincerity in her voice impressed him. "Just the kind of ship to..." She broke off abruptly.

Rearden looked at her questioningly, and was amazed to see that she was blushing furiously.

"Yes," he prompted.

"Oh, nothing," and then, hurriedly, "What do we do now, ball a boat?"

That proved to be the procedure. But pending its arrival and while being rowed to the Elenora, Sheila was strangely silent. How could she possibly have told him that the sentence she had so nearly uttered had been: "Just the kind of ship to take a honeymoon in?"

LUNCHEON on board was a bright affair. Shorters, since Sheila had become an unexpected passenger, and had found her way into his regard, had had a few words with his cook and Pa, the steward, with the result that the unexpected dishes which found their way on to the table provided a target for Rearden's good-natured chaffing. The jovial skipper of the Elenora took it all in good part; he made no secret of the fact that he liked the girl, and, in fact, exerted himself to be entertaining in his turn. And when Tom Shorters did that, he was worth listening to.

After coffee, all three went on deck to take up their favorite position under the awning. Sheila's presence did not prevent Shorters having his bottle of gin at his elbow. As he explained:

"I've taken it for as long now that it doesn't affect me—while I keep on having it. Pickled, I guess. But I don't leave off."

He gestured comically.

The conversation was languid; a few words would be tossed into the circle by someone, replied to, and then silence would fall again. It was very restful.

Somewhere round about four-thirty, Rearden rose and stretched.

"Feel like a spot of business, Tom?"

He stood looking down at Shorters. The big man groaned.

"I don't, but I suppose I'll have to."

"You'll excuse us, Miss Sheila?" Rearden asked.

"Of course." Then, more with the idea of making them feel that she could quite easily amuse herself. "As a matter of fact, now that it is getting cooler, I've half a mind to go ashore and..."

The effect of her casual words was astonishing. Shorters took a step forward, consternation on his face. Rearden's eyes became veiled for a moment. Then he spoke quickly.

"No, you mustn't do that. Please don't. Under no circumstances leave the ship unless Tom or myself goes with you."

Too astonished to question their attitude, she murmured something and picked up a magazine that lay on the deck near her chair. They accepted their dismissal, muttered another apology, and left her.

When she was alone, she dropped the magazine into her lap and gazed unseeingly towards the shore. Why this anxiety that she should not land alone? It was puzzling. Suddenly her brow cleared. The dear things! Probably full of ideas about unescorted white women mingling with natives; afraid of her being subjected to some insult, or seeing some sight that might offend her.

Laughing softly, she picked up her paper once more. But even now she did not read. Her mind was off back in the old fortifications, reliving every moment of her morning with Rearden. Had she been mistaken, or had he shown signs of interest? The trouble with him, she decided, was that he was too self-controlled; wouldn't allow his feelings to be seen.

Well.

She continued to dream.

CHAPTER 15

IN a small room over a cobbler's shop, situated in the more unsavory section of Macassar, three men sat talking. The cheap tallow candle jammed into a bottle neck, the only light in the room, threw flickering shadows over each countenance, distorting every expression, making the features somehow grotesque even in repose.

Two of the men were fair, heavy jawed, and, while unlike each other in actual appearance, had a certain similarity such as is sometimes apparent between men of the same nationality. The third was a different type entirely. Black, lank hair, which even oil could not keep in place, fell about a sallow face. The mouth was cruel, and the two small, close-set eyes gleamed redly, cunningly, in the flickering candle light. This man was speaking.

"I like it no more than you do," he turned to one of the fair men. "I have always worked alone, but..."

He shrugged. The third man took a cheroot from his mouth and spoke smoothly. His voice had a silky quality.

"Quite so, quite so, my dear Stanovitch. I am sure my friend agrees with us that while, under normal conditions, co-operation between us would be inadvisable, the present position leaves us with no alternative."

His "friend" moved restlessly. When he spoke it was in a voice that was slightly accented. Speaking in English, his words showed a tendency to become *vis-à-vis*; his came from between the teeth.

"Yes, I know what you are going to say, Van Dreyton, but I should like to know..."

"One moment, my dear Huymans! Let me summarise the position so that we may see once and for all where we stand. After the business of the other night, we ascertain that the man who held us up is one Rearden, and that he has left Singapore on the schooner Elenora for Macassar. Very good; we are lucky to find out so much in so short a time. What then? We are fortunate enough to secure a passage on a tramp steamer sailing to Macassar next day. We embark, make ourselves as comfortable as we may, and then find..."

He paused dramatically. Stanovitch's sallow face was split by a sardonic grin. Van Dreyton resumed.

"We find that we have a fellow-passenger; our friend, Monsieur Stanovitch. Huymans growled something in Dutch. It seemed to be the word "friend," repeated sarcastically. Van Dreyton silenced him with a glance and went on.

"We are known to each other, we three. We know, for example, that in Singapore, you and I, Huymans, were endeavoring to secure something that was of interest to our friend here. Good! In Singapore that was well enough. But how things are different. It is plain that all three of us are on the same errand: no man travels from Singapore to Macassar on a tramp steamer for pleasure. No! But still we do not discuss the business that has brought us so far afield."

He paused for breath. Stanovitch's lip was curled.

"You did not trust me, perhaps," he sneered.

"Nor you us," Van Dreyton retorted. "We knew that this man had the plans, and a large sum of money. You thought the girl had the papers. Neither we nor you felt inclined to share what we knew."

Huymans stirred and muttered something that sounded like "naturally." Van Dreyton ignored him.

"But, since arriving, we have found how impossible it will be for either party to be successful without the other. To-day, for example, when Rearden and the girl were at the fortifications, there were several opportunities so far as we were concerned,

But," he shrugged, "I do not flatter myself that Monsieur Stanovitch would have stood quietly by while we got away with what we have come for, leaving him empty-handed."

"Your reasoning, my dear Van Dreyton," said Stanovitch dryly, "is not at fault."

"Exactly! Any more than we, should you manage to secure the plans, would allow you to depart quietly. You see," turning to Huymans, "Macassar is not Singapore. There are not the places in which to lie low, particularly for us, strangers and, further, there are not the means of escape, boats do not leave here every day."

Stanovitch murmured his assent. "And so," Van Dreyton went on, "after two days of thinking over the problem, I have concluded, and I think Monsieur Stanovitch is prepared to agree, that our only way out is to join forces, dividing the spoils amongst the three of us rather than risk ruining everything by foolishly trying to grab all for ourselves."

As he stopped, Van Dreyton looked expectantly at Huymans. His fellow-Dutchman shuffled; his thick fingers drummed on the table. The Russian was watching them both eagerly. A moth flew straight at the candle and fell with fluttering, singed wings to the table.

"Well," Huymans said at last, "it seems the only way. But I don't like it! I don't trust Stanovitch, and I say so to his face."

Van Dreyton said smoothly:

"And Stanovitch does not trust us. Neither side can expect trust. But," his heavy fist came down on the table, "we must work together, and we must work quickly. This schooner, the Elenora, got here last night. To-day has been wasted. We dare not lose a moment now in attempting to circumvent each other. Even now, dawn may find both Rearden and the girl gone again, and this time leaving no clue by which we may trace them. This question now is: how are we to secure those plans and," he added as an afterthought, "the money that Rearden got away with?"

A chair scraped against bare boards as Huymans drew closer to the table. Stanovitch's little eyes had a greedy look. All three heads drew closely together.

ABOARD the Elenora all was quiet except for an intermittent murmur of conversation under the awning near the wheel. Rearden and the girl were sitting there, enjoying the coolness of the night air. The end of Rearden's cheroot glowed redly at intervals as he drew on it; Sheila enjoyed the aroma of the smoke—not quite so nice as that of a cigar, but nice, masculine. Tom Shorters had gone ashore.

Sheila lay back basking in the feeling of well-being that she got even from this quiet companionship. Rearden, she reflected, was not talkative to-night. Not that it mattered. Words meant nothing, what mattered was this sense of fitting-in, of being with someone in whose presence she felt quite comfortable whether speaking or silent. As if conscious of her thoughts Rearden spoke.

"We don't seem to have much to say to-night."

She answered lightly.

"Does it matter?"

"No," his voice was strangely serious.

"No, curiously enough, it doesn't. That's rare though, isn't it?"

He could not see her smile as she answered.

"Yes, it is rare."

Rearden smoked on in silence for a while. Then he said casually:

"Afraid I won't be able to take you ashore to-morrow."

"Oh!"

The disappointment in her voice was apparent. He went on quickly:

"Tom and I'll be busy most of the day. Business..."

As if conscious that this word "business" had been used very often over the past few days to excuse hours spent below with Shorters, he added:

"Rather lame for you. I'm sorry. Hope this trip hasn't been too boring."

Before she could restrain herself, Sheila found the words rushing out.

"Oh, it hasn't been boring. It's been wonderful."

She pulled herself up abruptly, so abruptly that the silence seemed more than a bit strained. Rearden stirred uneasily.

"Well, I'm glad." His cigar glowed; he seemed to be drawing at it nervously. His next words surprised her. "Jolly sporting of you to've settled down the way you have. What I mean to say," hurrying on as she tried to interrupt, "you don't, after all, know anything about me, or Tom, either, for that matter. We might be the biggest pair of crooks on the face of the earth for all you know. In fact, on appearances, anybody in their sane senses'd say we were."

"Don't be absurd," she suddenly stormed.

"You're just being ridiculous now, Crooks!"

His quick movement made her conscious of her own excitement. She became conscious of the fact that her cheeks were burning hotly, and was glad of the darkness which hid her from him. He said:

"Well, that's nice of you. Other people might think differently, but I'm glad that's how you feel."

Was it imagination, or did his fingers brush lightly over her hand? Tingling at the slight contact, she hoped for a repetition of it, but he was speaking again.

"There's a lot of queer business about the past couple of weeks. You know some of it. I hope I'll be able to explain it all soon. It and myself..."

That was all he said, actually, but her feelings read something deeper into the words. What else would he explain?

A loud hail from Shorters on the waterfront, however, put an end to further conversation.

CHAPTER 16

THE next day dawned flawless. Against a background of sky of the clearest blue imaginable, the hills of the island rose lush-green. In the early morning air Macassar itself seemed strangely clean and quiet. On the harbor, the ships at anchor lay peacefully, smoke already beginning to ascend in straight unwavering columns from their funnels.

Sheila came on deck before breakfast, and stood at gaze, revelling in the beauty and freshness of the scene.

On the Elenora men were swabbing down decks, and the water trickling into the scuppers sparkled clearly in the sun. Both Rearden and Shorters were already about. They greeted her cheerfully and agreed enthusiastically to her suggestion that they should breakfast on deck under the awning, and so miss no second of this, the best part of the day.

They dalled over the meal. Rearden mentioned again regretfully, the necessity of himself and Shorters spending the morning below working. Sheila replied jokingly, accusing them of disappearing to play poker.

She spent the morning happily enough in a desultory fashion, reading a little, dozing a little, and thinking a lot. Luncheon came, and she enjoyed the society of the two men for another hour before they disappeared once more. When they had gone she tried to compose herself to rest under the awning again, but found it difficult. Always active, her morning of lounging had left her full of energy, and the thought of passing the afternoon in the same fashion dismayed her.

Throwing down the magazine she was holding, she rose and drifted over to the rail, looking out across the water to the harbor side. On shore men labored at loading bales and cases into lighters.

White-clad Dutch figures moved leisurely to and fro. A car passed along the waterfront. It all looked singularly peaceful and civilised.

Watching she felt for the first time since leaving Singapore a desire to be in her own hotel, to have a well-appointed bathroom and, fresh from a steaming shower, to go to a wardrobe hung with frocks and select one that would fit her mood. The desire was a fleeting one only, and would have been forgotten in a second had she not happened to glance downward at the moment and no notice the clothes she was wearing.

Fu, unfortunately, had only a limited wardrobe. Rearden had managed to bribe him into giving up two pairs of trousers and two shirts, but more than these he could not hand over without reconceiving himself to serving at table in a lincloth. The second set Sheila was now wearing, but, as this was her second day in them, they were not looking their best.

The white duck trousers were crushed, bagging at the knees. She had brushed against something, the wheel perhaps, and a black grease-mark, small enough, but plain, stood out near the knee. The shirt was crumpled, showing badly the need of laundering.

Seeing these things for the first time, the girl suddenly experienced a feeling of unattractiveness. And out of this was born a sudden resolve. She would go ashore, make a swift raid on the shops, and astonish Rearden and Shorters by appearing at dinner as a charming, attractive woman instead, as she phrased it to herself, of the unsightly hybrid that she now was.

The boat that was used for taking any of the Elenora's complement ashore was drifting astern. Down on the deck a couple of men were lying in the shade cast by the deckhouse, yawning. Her mind made up, Sheila approached them, and asked to be put ashore. They showed no surprise at her request, seeming to regard it as natural, and got up willingly enough to row her over. Probably, she thought, they were bored with the inactivity of lying in port with little to do, and welcomed the chance to break the monotony of loafing.

Climbing down into the boat, and listening to the talk of the men as they shipped their oars, her only fear was that Rearden or Shorters might come on deck and so spoil the surprise she was planning for them. But neither appeared. She soon found herself set ashore, and watched the boat pulling slowly back without any sign of activity showing on the Elenora's deck.

Now that she was actually on land, alone in a strange community, she felt rather strange and very conscious of how she must look to the solid Dutch merchants and officials who passed. The feeling soon left her. She set out for where, on her jaunt ashore the previous day, she had seen shops.

It was not until she came to the section she wanted, and began to think more clearly of what she intended to buy, that she realised that she had no money. She stopped dead. Annoyance was her first reaction, and then amusement at her own expense. It was so ridiculous. Ever since she could remember, actual money had played but a small part in her shopping. The shops she patronised both in England and later in Singapore, had been only too pleased to extend credit, with the result that ninety per cent. of her purchases had simply been a matter of walking in, selecting what she wanted, murmuring: "Charge it to my account, please," and then forgetting all about the matter until the monthly bill came in. She could hardly do that here, where she was unknown.

But now that she was ashore she determined not to return to the ship without having a look around. She could at least pick out what she wanted, and then, borrowing money from Rearden until they should return to Singapore, make the purchases next time she landed.

With this idea in mind she commenced to loiter along the street, stopping to examine promising-looking shops, and wandering unconsciously further away from the main part of the town. A cool-looking laneway in which jolly, pot-bellied native children were playing drew her. She strolled down it, gazing with interest at the houses on either side. She had gone some distance when she realised that she had wandered further than she had intended.

Quite spontaneously Rearden's injunction not to go ashore alone passed through her mind. She had forgotten it entirely. Not that the recollection of it bothered her at all. She had put it down to male fussiness. Certainly there had been no hint of annoyance this afternoon. The natives she had passed on the streets had accorded her even less attention than the whites she had encountered. These latter had at least shown a slight curiosity.

BUT the afternoon was drawing on. She noticed the lengthening shadows. An alleyway, leading back diagonally from the lane in which she was, seemed to promise a more direct route to the main thoroughfare, and thence to the waterfront. She decided to take it and set off, walking swiftly and smiling to herself as she pictured the expression Rearden and Shorters must have worn when they discovered her absence.

The alleyway twisted about a lot, but she was sure she was heading in the right direction. There were no children here. It seemed an unfrequented place altogether. She had just turned again, this time to the left, when she thought she heard behind her the thud of running feet. She had half-turned to see whether she was not mistaken when a man came rushing around the corner. She made an effort to step out of his way, but was not quick enough. He crashed into her. One arm went around her, the other, to her mingled surprise and fear, came up towards her head. It was at that moment she caught her first clear glimpse of the face of the man who was clinging to her. The shriek of terror that rose to her throat was stifled by a damp hand that fastened over her mouth. She struggled madly, but somebody else had come now, and was pinning her arms behind her back.

She caught another glimpse of that first face bending down malevolently over hers, and then she fainted. Even five days with Rearden had not blotted out the recollection of the night Stanovitch had forced her to call on him, and it was Stanovitch whose sallow features and cruel eyes and mouth had just been gloating over her.

CHAPTER 17

ABOARD the Elenora, Rearden sat back with a sigh of satisfaction, pushing away from him the papers that lay on the table. Opposite him, Shorters still labored; it was strange to see how hastily the pen moved in the big fellow's stumpy fingers. Somehow, one did not associate Tom Shorters with pens.

Rearden lit a cigarette and inhaled deeply. "Nearly finished?" he asked.

Shorters grunted.

Waiting for the other to cease writing, Rearden's eyes screwed up against the tobacco smoke that curled up from his cigarette, ran a critical glance over the papers he had just pushed away. Well, thank God, he thought, that's done with. Only a matter of waiting now...

an immediate return to Singapore, and then good-bye to these halcyon days on the schooner with Sheila.

Sheila! His mind repeated the name. Astonishing how quickly the friendly intimacy between them had grown. He remembered Shorters' conversation with him, on the fo'c'sle head a couple of nights ago—the night they had arrived here. The big man had laughed at his statement that their relationship was or would continue to be one of palship. Well, Rearden was honest enough to admit to himself that, so far as he was concerned, Shorters had been right.

Of course, so far as the girl was concerned, things were probably different. Women of her class, Rearden had always thought vaguely, were different to men. Not that he'd had too much to do with them—always been too busy, at sea or up to his ears in it with other matters. But where—as a man could see a woman and fall in love with her within a couple of days, women, he imagined, would probably want longer to make up their minds. Especially, he reflected, with a fellow like himself. God knew what Sheila must be imagining about him; probably thought him a combination of Robin Hood, Al Capone, and straight-forward, strong-arm man?

Shorters' pen was still travelling swiftly over paper, and Rearden was still smoking and brooding when there was a tap on the door.

"Come!" Rearden called.

Fu poked in his sleek head.

"Cable boy, he come," he announced.

Rearden was on his feet in an instant, his chair falling back under the vehemence of his rising. Shorters was looking up, a puzzled expression on his face.

"En?" he was saying, "eh? Cable boy? Here?"

Rearden spoke swiftly.

"Yes, I arranged with 'em yesterday to send out any message immediately. Just a matter of a little palm oil." Then, to Fu, "Here, give the boy this and bring the cable one-time."

He tossed over a coin. Shorters had risen now, and stood fumbling an unlighted cheroot.

"Well, we'll soon know now," he said.

Fu reappeared, a white cable envelope between his fingers. He handed it to Rearden and retired. As Rearden fumbled to open it, Shorters went to a drawer and brought out a small, dumpy book.

"The code," he explained, as Rearden's eyes fell on the flimsy he had just opened out.

But Rearden tossed the sheet over to him.

"Don't need it," he said, and deliberately bent forward to press his cigarette into the ashtray.

"All O.K." Shorters read aloud.

Apparently there was no signature. A short silence was broken by Rearden.

"Well, that's that!" he said, and grinned. "We'll be able to finish off those reports now."

Shorters, too, smiled as if some heavy weight had been lifted from his mind.

"Fines!" he exclaimed. "All signed, sealed, and delivered. Job over, and nobody to say what comes next."

"Well," Rearden stretched his tall, lithe frame, "there's one thing: a man'll be able to step into his own skin again."

Shorters smiled to himself.

"Well," he said, "I think we'll have a peg, just to celebrate."

A few minutes later, over the rim of his glass, he glanced questioning at the younger man.

"Those beauties of ours ashore," he said. "What about them?"

Rearden smiled.

"Finish! I'll call off the dogs to-night, Slip ashore after Sheila—Miss Carstairs goes to her cabin. They'll wake up to-morrow to find us gone and all their nice trip and careful work gone for nix." He broke into a laugh. "I'd give a poultice, though, to

see their faces when they find that the Elenora's disappeared.

Still chucking, he finished his drink.

"Better dash up and see how our lady passenger is getting along," he said. "We've given her a pretty good dose of solitude to-day."

ON deck, he stood for a moment snuffing the air, delightfully fresh after the tobacco-laden air of the cabin. There was no sign of Sheila; he assumed that she had gone below to her cabin. The sun was just about to dip over the horizon, so that he concluded the girl must be preparing for dinner. He thought hastily that it would be as well if he did the same. He was on the point of going below when the mate came aft on some errand. Rearden nodded pleasantly, and then asked casually:

"Miss Carstairs below, I suppose?"

The mate looked at him with surprise.

"Why no. She had a couple of the hands take her ashore two or three hours ago. I've been expecting to hear her hail for the past half-hour. I thought..."

But the rest was lost; Rearden was already halfway down the companionway. When he came bursting into the cabin, Shorters took one look at his set jaw and blazing eyes, and put down the glass he held in his hand.

"What...?" he began, but Rearden cut him short.

"Sheila. Went off ashore this afternoon, and hasn't come back."

The big man's face lost something of its high color.

"Hell! You don't think...?"

"Don't I?" Rearden was rummaging in a locker. His hand came out carrying his heavy automatic. As he swung a holster under his arm, he talked. "It's a certainty they've got hold of her. Run it out for yourself. Both lots will have been watching the ship like cats at a mouse-hole. They'd see her come ashore, and if Van Dreyton hasn't got his claws on her, thinking to use her as a hostage, you can bet your life Stanovitch has. And don't forget, the Russian thinks she actually got away with the plans the night of the affair at the bungalow."

Shorters, too, was busy stowing away a heavy gun. Rearden moved quickly to the door.

"You ready?"

Shorters grunted. A second later they were on deck, the big man making the hands move more smartly than they had ever done before to get a boat away.

Seated in the stern-sheets, watching the landing jetty approach, both were grimly silent until Shorters asked:

"What do we do first?"

"We'll get hold of this fellow of mine who's been trailing Van Dreyton. He'll be able to tell us where Van Dreyton is hanging out. Stanovitch, too, probably. Once we know that, we'll be able to move. You can look after Van Dreyton, and I'll visit Stanovitch. And this time," his voice was ominous, "if this is Stanovitch's work, he'll be a hospital job."

The fleeting troick duck had just fallen when they landed.

CHAPTER 18

WHEN Sheila came to herself she found that she was lying on a shabby divan in the corner of a room in which the only other articles of furniture were a table, two chairs, a kerosene case, and hanging from a nail in the wall, a smoking lamp. Unable for the moment to understand what she could be doing in such surroundings, she struggled to a sitting position and peered about her in the uncertain light.

Then her memory functioned, and she had to repress the exclamation that rose to her lips. Stanovitch! Practically she

tried to convince herself that she could not have seen correctly, that the Russian could not possibly be in Macassar. What could have brought him there? She could not see how he could have known that she was on the Elenora, much less the ship's destination.

But, despite all her efforts to convince herself that it could not possibly have been Stanovitch who had overpowered her, the recollection of his gloating face was too strong to be argued away. It had been Stanovitch! She must force herself to look that fact in the face and prepare herself for the inevitable scene with him.

Quickly she ran over in her mind the reasons that could have led to him following her here. It could not be revenge only. Half-mad as the man undoubtedly was, she could not credit him coming to Macassar simply to avenge a desire for vengeance. Then the explanation occurred to her. He must still think she had taken the plans on the night her cousin had been killed. And since she had escaped so quickly from Singapore, thus giving color to his supposition, how could she hope to convince him that she had never seen, much less handled, them.

Somewhere in an outer room she heard a door open and shut, and then the subdued burr of voices. By the poor light of the lamp hanging on the wall she could see the closed door that led from the room she was in to that from whence the voices were coming. Rising cautiously, she tiptoed over to it and stood, one hand against the wall, straining to hear what was being said. The words, however, were indistinguishable.

All at once she heard steps approaching the door at which she was listening. Hastily she withdrew, so that, when the key turned in the lock and the door was swung open, she was standing in the centre of the room.

The man who confronted her was not, to her surprise and immediate relief, Stanovitch. This was a fairly tall, plump, fair fellow of middle age. He bowed and then addressed her in perfect English.

"Ah, Miss Carstairs. I am glad to see that you have recovered from your slight, or, indisposition. Our friend Stanovitch, I am afraid, was a trifle rough, frightening indeed. You feel no ill effects, I trust?"

The girl was standing erect, all signs of her inward panic at the mention of the Russian's name carefully veiled. She distrusted this man's voice. It was too suave, too silky to be honest. He was obviously awaiting a reply to his question.

"I am quite recovered, thank you," she said. "And now, may I...?"

The man whom Rearden would have recognised as Van Dreyton made a polite gesture of interruption.

"One moment, my dear young lady. I have no doubt you have a dozen questions to ask. Believe me, they will all be answered—very shortly. But for the present, since you are able to walk, could I ask you to step outside, into this other room? My colleagues..." He waved vaguely.

Keeping her eyes on him, Sheila moved to the door. He stood aside courteously to allow her to pass through. Since she had expected as much, the sight of Stanovitch standing in the room she now entered did not betray her into giving any sign of surprise or fear. She ignored the unpleasant smile with which he greeted her. Another man was standing over by a window which was covered by pasted-down newspaper. This man, too, was fair. His sullen face did not change as she came in. He shot a glance at her from beneath heavy overhanging brows and then moved round towards the Russian. Sheila noticed that he dragged his left leg a little as he walked. Van Dreyton closed the door quietly and advanced.

"Miss Carstairs, gentlemen," he said ceremoniously, and then, to the girl: "Monsieur Stanovitch, I think you know.

This," he moved towards the man with the limp, "is my colleague, Huysmans. And my name is Van Dreyton."

With the air of one who has observed all the necessary conventions of polite society, Van Dreyton now drew a chair out from the rickety table on which two candles flickered palely.

"Will you please sit down?" He caught her puzzled glance at the candles. "No," he said, "you have not been here so very long. It is barely night. But in this room, even during the day, the light is bad."

He drew out a chair for himself and sat down opposite the girl. The other two men took their places, one on each side of her. There was an air of unreality about the whole proceeding.

Suddenly the man Huysmans broke out in a harsh voice:

"Well, what are we waiting for? Are you going to speak, Van Dreyton, or shall I?"

From Stanovitch came an approving noise. Van Dreyton looked at the speaker coldly.

"I think it was arranged that I should handle this." But he wasted no more time. He looked directly at the girl and spoke brusquely. "Miss Carstairs, you are no doubt wondering why you are here; why you were brought here so, or, forcibly."

Under the influence of his eyes, the girl nodded.

"Very good. I shall tell you. I think you were with your cousin one night, less than a week ago when he met his death. Not. There is no need for you to answer. We know. Cripps-Mumford had certain plans in which several parties were interested, among them Huysmans and myself and our friend Stanovitch here. Very good! After your cousin's death it was found that the plans had disappeared. Stanovitch, knowing that you had been in the bungalow, thought that you had removed them. I understand that you have already had a conversation with him in that connection."

AT this reminder of her ordeal with the Russian, Sheila could not repress a shudder. Van Dreyton noticed it and nodded.

"I see you have not forgotten," he said. "But, as we know, Huysmans and myself Stanovitch was mistaken. You didn't take those plans; they found their way, in fact, to us; that is, my colleague, Huysmans, and myself."

Startled, the girl looked at him open-eyed.

"But..." she began. He did not allow her to continue.

"One moment and you will understand. You are wondering perhaps why in that case we are bothering with you. Let me go on. As I have said, those plans found their way to us. But the following night they were stolen again. No doubt you are aware of that."

This time Sheila managed to say something.

"I know nothing about it!" she cried. "I have never even seen the plans."

Stanovitch laughed sneeringly; Huysmans grunted. The third man, however, gave no indication of his thoughts.

"That is beside the point," he said smoothly. "The fact remains that they were stolen, taken by a man named Rearden, with whom you left Singapore on the schooner Elenora."

The words that she had been waiting to utter broke on Sheila's lips. Rearden had the plans. So that was the "business" he had had to do after rescuing her from the Russian; that explained his flight, the shots, the slight wound in his arm. It was significant of her feeling for him that even now, knowing that he had taken such risks to obtain valuable plans stolen originally by her cousin she should not doubt him. Her voice was steady when she said:

"I left Singapore on the *Elenora* with a friend of mine called Rearden; but I know nothing of the plans."

Van Dreyton nodded as if he expected this reply.

"That statement, too, means exactly nothing. Whether or not you were aware of your friend's, or, activities, the fact remains that it is to you we look to help us recover our property."

At this she burst out hotly:

"Your property! Those plans were never your property; never even my cousin's. They . . ."

Too late she realised her mistake and stopped. Stanovitch was grinning evilly. Even the sullen Huysmans' mouth twitched. Van Dreyton's expression did not change.

"All these things," he said wearily, "are quite beside the point."

"The thing you must understand, my dear Miss Carstairs, is that you are here, quite at our mercy, and we insist that you lend us your assistance to recover what in our estimation is ours."

The man's unvarying politeness and mask of staidness were wearing down the girl's nerves. She mastered an increasing desire to scream, do anything to make that cold face change its expression.

"I fail to see how I can do anything," she said.

The Russian leaned forward to speak, but Van Dreyton's eyes checked him.

"We can soon inform you on that point," Van Dreyton said.

"You will write a letter to Rearden telling him of your situation, telling him also that Stanovitch is here, and advising him that, unless those plans are left in a certain place by nine to-morrow morning something will happen to you of which you can hardly bare to think, much less put on paper."

SHEILA felt the blood drain out of her face. Her heart seemed to stop beating. The statement had been made so cold-bloodedly, with such an absence of any feeling, even of malevolence. But Van Dreyton was speaking once more. "From what Stanovitch has told me of your friend Rearden's behaviour a few nights ago, it seems hardly likely that he will be able to receive unmoved the news that you are once more at the mercy of our Russian friend."

The last two words were hesitated over as if the speaker himself felt a certain contempt for the man of whom he spoke.

Sheila closed her eyes to shut out the picture of those three men grouped around her, each utterly merciless, determined to use her ruthlessly to get what they desired. In the few seconds that she stayed like that, fighting hard to gather up her reserves of strength, a picture flashed through her mind of Rearden. She saw him running hard to the rickshaw in that back street in the Chinese quarter, a bag in one hand, automatic in the other. Heard his panted order to the boy to get going. Another memory came. Rearden shaved and bathed, sitting by her side under the awning on the *Elenora*.

Those two quick flashes gave her a different feeling towards him. Before, she had not questioned, had not cared what he might have done. But now, seeing him so plainly in her mind's eye, she was convinced that he must have had good reasons for seeing the plans, and, moreover, that possession of them must be terribly important to him for him to have run the risks he had run to get them.

She opened her eyes and stiffened herself.

"And if I refuse to write this letter that you speak of?"

Van Dreyton's eyes narrowed. He shrugged.

"You will not refuse, my dear young lady; I know your history. It was necessary for me to know that of all Crippen-Mumford's associates, you are no demi-mondaine. You are a young lady of re-

finned upbringing. Why then should you jeopardise yourself simply that an adventurer should be able to profit by stolen plans? I ask you, is it reasonable?"

Huysmans moved as if to speak. The girl ignored him, addressing her reply to Van Dreyton.

"I'm glad you know so much of my background. You may perhaps believe me then when I tell you that I have no doubt at all that Mr. Rearden can explain perfectly well, and to my full satisfaction, what his intentions are in regard to the plans."

A stilted reply. She knew it. But the effort it cost her to speak helped, in a paradoxical fashion, to steady her. Huysmans said something angrily in Dutch. Stanovitch laughed loudly and sneeringly; Van Dreyton alone was unmoved.

"Very pretty sentiments," he said coldly. "Perhaps this altruistic friend of yours will also be able to convince you that his intentions were quite honorable when, at the same time as he took the plans, he stole five thousand pounds in ten pound Bank of England notes."

ACRY broke from the Russian. It was plain that this was as much a disclosure to him as it was to the girl. Sheila did not move. Her brain was racing. So there had been money in the bag. She passed a hand wearily over her eyes. Everything was impossibly complicated and confused. She could cling to one thought only. She would not write that letter. Van Dreyton's voice cut the silence like a knife.

"Well?" he said. And then: "You will write what we ask, I think."

"No," Sheila said in a low voice.

Watching him, she saw a deadly look flash for a moment in his eyes, then disappear. She rose unsteadily, leaning on the table, but Van Dreyton did not stir beyond raising his head a trifle so that he could continue to look full at her.

"I wonder," he said softly, "whether you realise what you are saying. Stanovitch is still here. I beg you to remember. He has one or two little memories he would like, oh, so dearly, to wipe out. Huysmans and myself are leaving this house shortly, but you will remain—with Stanovitch. That is, unless you can see reason."

Sheila's eyes were wide with horror. Unconscious of what she was doing, knowing only the necessity of getting as far away from these men as possible, she backed away from the table towards the wall. Stanovitch and Huysmans rose and stood looking at her. Stanovitch's eyes were inflamed and horrible, his tongue kept playing about his lips. Van Dreyton alone remained seated, staring at her unblinkingly. He spoke again.

"But I think you will write that letter."

"No." It was the barest whisper.

Stanovitch moved forward a pace stealthily. Sheila was not looking at them now. She knew that if she caught sight of the Russian's face again her nerve would break. She fastened her gaze on the space behind Van Dreyton.

The wavering candlelight was reflected on something shining. Desperately she forced herself to concentrate, to find out what it was. Ah, a doorknob. Her mind kept repeating foolishly: A doorknob. That must be the door leading out towards the street.

Van Dreyton was moving. While keeping her gaze on the door—symbol of freedom, of spaces where free people walked and rode—she saw, half-unconsciously, that he was placing a watch on the table in front of him. He spoke.

"I shall give you just one minute to alter your decision. Huysmans and myself will leave then. It will be for you to decide whether you shall ask us to stay and write that letter, or remain here with Stanovitch."

She did not answer. What was there

to say? She would not scream. Her mind kept repeating that. Not scream, not scream. The candlelight danced over the brass doorknob. Strange how that flickering light gave an illusion of movement to inanimate things. She could have sworn the doorknob was turning. Ridiculous, of course! Her nerves must be going. Now it seemed to her that the door itself was moving. Afraid that, if she continued to watch, her last faint hold on consciousness would go, she looked away. Van Dreyton glanced up from his watch.

"Your minute is up. Will you write that letter?"

Only the dead silence in the room allowed any of them to hear the faint sound that came from her lips.

"No."

"Stanovitch," said Van Dreyton softly.

The Russian commenced to sidle towards her. Frantic with terror she looked towards the door in the hope that she might be able to reach it before the others could stop her. It was moving! Stanovitch's hand came out and grasped her arm. It was then that she gave way.

Her scream rang out at the same moment that the door was flung back and two men automatic in hand, rushed in. They stood for perhaps a split second taking in the scene. Then:

"Cover the other two, Tom!" ground out the younger.

Even as he spoke he was leaping towards Stanovitch. The Russian stood as if paralysed, eyes goggling and jaw fallen. Sheila backed away, hands twisting and untrusting, unable to believe that what she saw could be true.

A hard fist shot out, taking Stanovitch under the jaw. He went down like a shot rabbit, but the man who had hit him stooped and plucked him to his feet. The fist shot out again, smashing the sallow face. The Russian was crying like a beaten child. Each time he fell he was jerked upright again to receive further punishment. Van Dreyton and Huysmans, herded together by the second intruder, watched the scene with fear-distended eyes.

Stanovitch was silent now, but still one hand held him up while the fist swung mercilessly. Sheila could never determine later just how long this went on. Suddenly she seemed to recover herself, seeing clearly for the first time Shorters guarding Van Dreyton and Huysmans, and an entirely strange-looking Rearden mauling Stanovitch. She gave a cry as she saw the latter's face, and, running to Rearden, seized his arm.

"Rearden," she called. "Rearden, stop!"

He did not appear to hear her. His fist drew back again.

"Rearden!" She pulled at him desperately.

Her voice seemed to reach him this time. Still holding the Russian, he looked down at her. His eyes were blazing, his jaw set like iron. At first he did not seem to recognise her, and then suddenly a different light came into the grey eyes, his jaw relaxed. He loosened his grip on Stanovitch's collar, allowing the horribly-beaten man to drop to the floor. Then he put both hands on the girl's shoulders. To her surprise she felt him trembling.

"Thank God, you're safe!" he said huskily.

"Oh, my darling!" Sheila said.

Careless of Shorters, Van Dreyton, or Huysmans, she found herself lying against him while his arms held her close. Rearden, too, seemed to forget everything else as she found relief for her feelings in tears, holding him tightly as if she feared that he would go, arms locked around his neck.

CHAPTER 19

FU tapped gently at the door of Sheila's cabin. Two voices simultaneously informed him that interruptions

were unpopular. Smiling one of his rare smiles, he departed.

Inside Rearden was sitting on the foot of the bunk while Sheila, huddled in her over-large pyjama coat, lay propped against her pillows looking at him.

"I think you'd better start from the beginning," she was saying. "You're getting into an awful tangle."

He grimaced.

"All right, that's an order, I suppose."

"It is. But wait! Before you start, you'd better light up. I know you're dying for a smoke."

"Right."

He produced cigarettes and offered her one. Lighting it for her gave an opportunity for an entirely unplatonic few seconds, but further dalliance was checked by the girl.

"Come on," she said. "You can't get out of it that way. Story first, love-making later."

Rearden grinned.

"Very good, sir." He lit up, inhaled deeply, and then commenced. "I'd better start off, I suppose, by telling you that I'm a navy man, still on the active list, lieutenant-commander, in fact; same rank as Cripps-Mumford was. We were snotties together on my first ship. Well, during the war the powers that be discovered what they thought was a fair for secret service work in me. I did quite a bit in that direction between 1915-18, and afterwards if there was any special kind of job I was always liable to be called in.

"Well, as everybody knows, we've been doing quite a bit of work around Singapore. Spending millions, in fact, on important construction and defence work. Jolly important, really. Pacific base and all that kind of stuff, you know."

The girl nodded, her eyes not leaving his face.

"All right," he resumed. "Now a lot of the work that is going on there is frightfully secret, and yet our people learnt that things were leaking out. Not terribly much up to date, you understand, but enough to make us realise that there were some pretty clever heads at work.

"About three months ago plans were completed in England for a particularly important section of the work. A kind of key position, if you understand what I mean. I was called to the Admiralty and told of these plans, and told, too, that it was going to be my responsibility to see that they reached the right hands in Singapore without a soul outside getting the slightest inkling of what was in them.

"Well, you'll be able to understand that I did some tall thinking. I knew that there was a leakage in Singapore itself. I knew, in addition, that official papers had been tampered with on several occasions while en route from England to the East. Lastly, I knew that there were people who'd stop at nothing to lay their hands on this particular lot once it became known that they were on their way. It's amazing how these things become known.

"I eventually hit on a plan that seemed pretty tight. I had myself appointed to carry the plans East. I did this in my own proper character—no pantomime business of disguise—and when the time came I sailed on a P and O boat. I won't go into details now regarding the attempts that were made to take 'em from me on the way. They failed; 'nuff said. I got to Singapore all right and handed 'em over."

He paused and looked at his cigarette. The ash was an inch long.

"The floor," Sheila said. "Fu! I clean it up before our fussy skipper claps his eye on it. Go on!"

"Where was I? Oh, yes. I delivered the plans O.K. And then, stupidly, I allowed them to be pinched." He chuckled. "Fancy letting somebody get away with

documents of such immense importance as that. Worse still, every spy within a radius of twenty miles got to hear of our disgrace within twenty-four hours. Disgusting, wasn't it?"

He looked quizzically at the girl. Her eyes were bright. Understanding flashed in them.

"You don't mean . . ."

He nodded, grinning.

"Of course. They were dummies. Quite worthless. Looked very impressive, but not worth a single solitary damn. My part had been to draw the enemy's fire. The real article was following along later by a trustworthy messenger, but poor old Cripps-Mumford wasn't to know that. Nobody in Singapore did outside myself, except one man."

Sheila's brow knit.

"But then I don't see," she said, "why you had to run so much risk to recover them, and then come sailing down here to Macassar."

REARDEN smiled again. "Two reasons. First, we didn't want those dummy papers to go to anybody who might have the time to detect a flaw in them, and second, much more important, by pinching them back myself, in the role of a down-and-out adventurer, I'd have the whole gang—Van Dreyton and his crew, and Stanovitch, both of whom we know to be the most dangerous spies on the island—putting at my heels instead of being free to nose about, and maybe stumble on the real thing before they could be handed over to my chief in Singapore. Understand now?"

She nodded soberly.

"I see. You had to play the red herring, no matter what danger there was in it."

"There wasn't so very much," he assured her hastily. "You see, I planned to raid Cripps-Mumford's bungalow, but Huysmans, who was working for Van Dreyton, got in first. Yes, nothing her start, 'it was Huysmans who shot Cripps-Mumford and got away with the stuff. A slippery customer, that lad! I ran against him in 1917.

"Your appearance rather upset things. I was acting unofficially and didn't want to advertise my presence in Singapore by being forced to testify for you if the story of your presence when the killing was done got to the police. Our people managed to keep the affair fairly quiet, but policemen have a nasty habit of wanting to get to the bottom of things. Still, I thought you'd be fairly safe until our friend Stanovitch started to get busy. That made things nasty.

"You see, I couldn't tell you to ask for police protection. The Russian might have landed you in trouble by blowing the gaff by anonymous letters. And I couldn't leave you to his tender mercies after I'd beaten him up. It was obvious that he thought you'd taken the papers. That was why I had to bring you along.

"Well, you have a fair idea now of how I held up Van Dreyton and Co., and got away. You were there. That leaves very little more to explain."

"There are quite a few things yet!"

Sheila contradicted. "Such as . . ."

"Who's telling this tale? Are you, or am I?"

"You are. Fire ahead, Lieutenant-Commander."

Rearden grinned at her.

"You're probably wondering how our pleasant little playmates came to make such a beeline for Macassar. Easy, my dear Watson. Our seamen, in the first place, were very indiscreet. And just in case they should not have been indiscreet enough, I took care to leave enough traces of myself behind for blind Freddy to have been able to follow me."

"What a clever man you are!" Sheila murmured.

He looked at her suspiciously, but she returned his gaze innocently.

"Don't be funny, my girl," he warned. "You're not married to me yet." He drowned her indignant rejoinder by going ahead quickly. "I knew that once they knew where I'd gone, they'd be after me like the rats followed the Pied Piper of Hamelin. As they did!"

"Wonderful, my dear Holmes!"

He ignored the sarcasm.

"I think that's about the lot, except that you may be wondering how we managed to arrive so opportunely last night. Well, knowing that they'd be along, we had someone watching out for those boys, and keeping an eye on them from the moment they arrived. When we discovered you had gone ashore—damned foolishly, I may say—it was a matter of locating my man, and being led to the love-nest."

Even now Sheila could hardly keep back a shudder at the thought of what would have happened had they not arrived. She repressed it and asked:

"Just two small things. What has Captain Shorters to do with all this, and what about the money you took when you got the plans away from Van Dreyton?"

Rearden whistled.

"You don't miss much, do you? Must make a note of that against the future." He dodged the pillow that came hurtling at him and went on imperturbably. "Tom! Well, he's a friend of mine who's helped in quite a number of jobs. A properly certificated master mariner and naval reservist. A great chap.

"As regards the five thou, it's no use you imagining that we'll be able to use that to furnish our future home. That'll be turned in when we get to Singapore. Why did I pinch it then? My dear young lady, tenners have numbers on them. Shortly, a diligent young man will be enquiring at the local banks to see against what particular accounts those particular tenney have been debited. And thus, with a little more work after that," he concluded dramatically, "still further enemies of our proud country will be discovered and indexed."

"Wonderful," Sheila said admiringly. "On second thoughts you should be a politician."

But he was moving towards her.

"Before anything else, a married man," he proclaimed.

She did not attempt to stop him as he bent to kiss her. It was he who drew back this time.

"By the way," he said, "a feature of our lightning courtship is the fact that you don't even know my Christian name."

Sheila stared.

"Not. How funny!"

"It's James," he told her.

"Mrs. James Rearden," she said tentatively, and was astonished to hear him explode into laughter.

"It's too funny," he said when he could speak. "I'd forgotten. You didn't even know any part of my name. Rearden was just adopted for the occasion." He drew himself up. "Allow me to present myself: Lieutenant-Commander James Weston. Will you marry me?"

They were still laughing when Shorters put his head cautiously through the door. "You two all right?"

"All right! Just the man I want." Two strong hands reached out and whirled him inside. "You're going to witness our marriage to-day."

"What!" Captain Thomas Shorters gaped. Then he grinned and looked at the flushed face of the girl in the bunk. "That in order?" he asked.

Sheila nodded.

THE END

(All characters in this novel are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.)

Printed and published by Sydney Newspapers Ltd., Macdonald House, 221 Pitt Street, Sydney.